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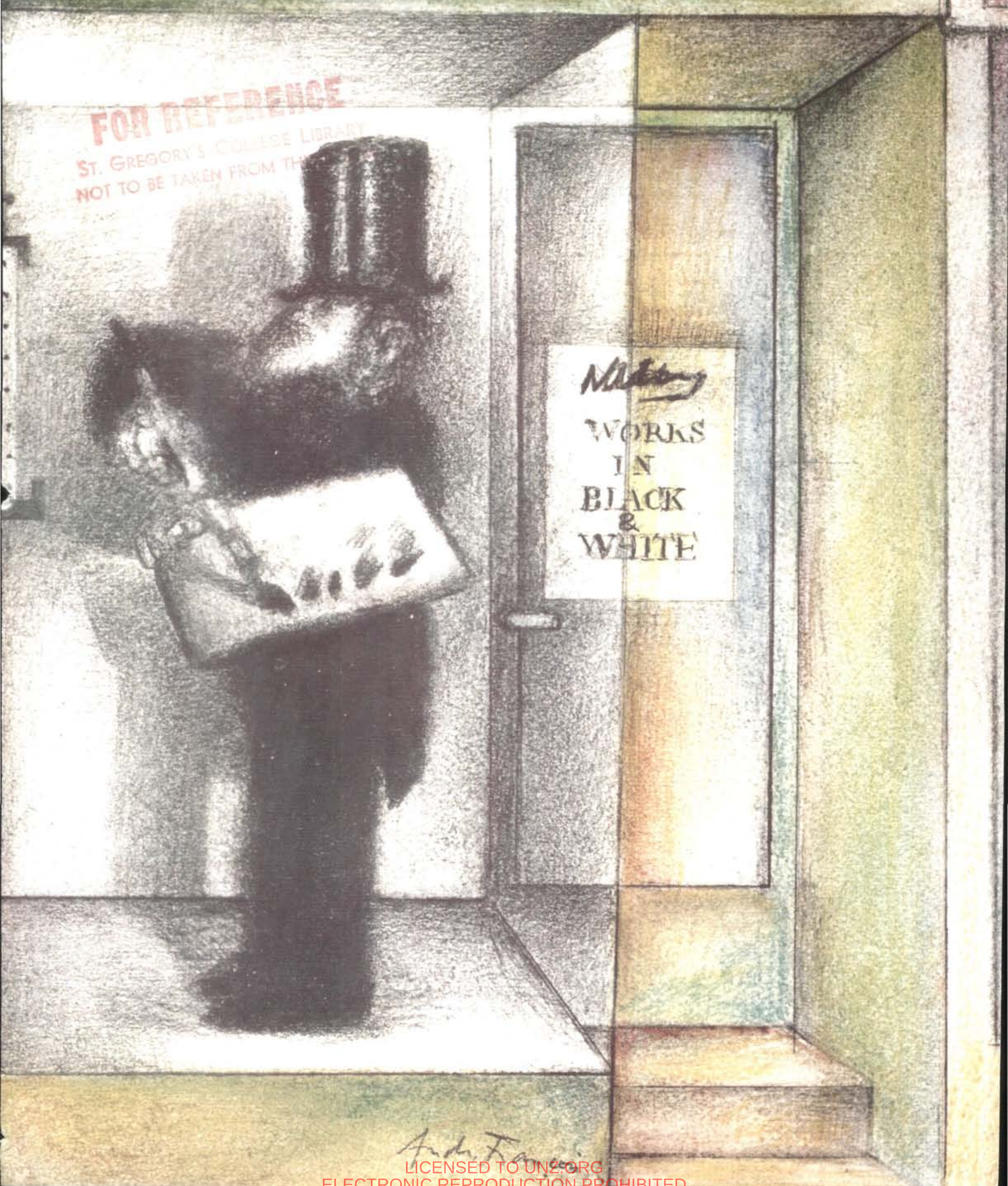
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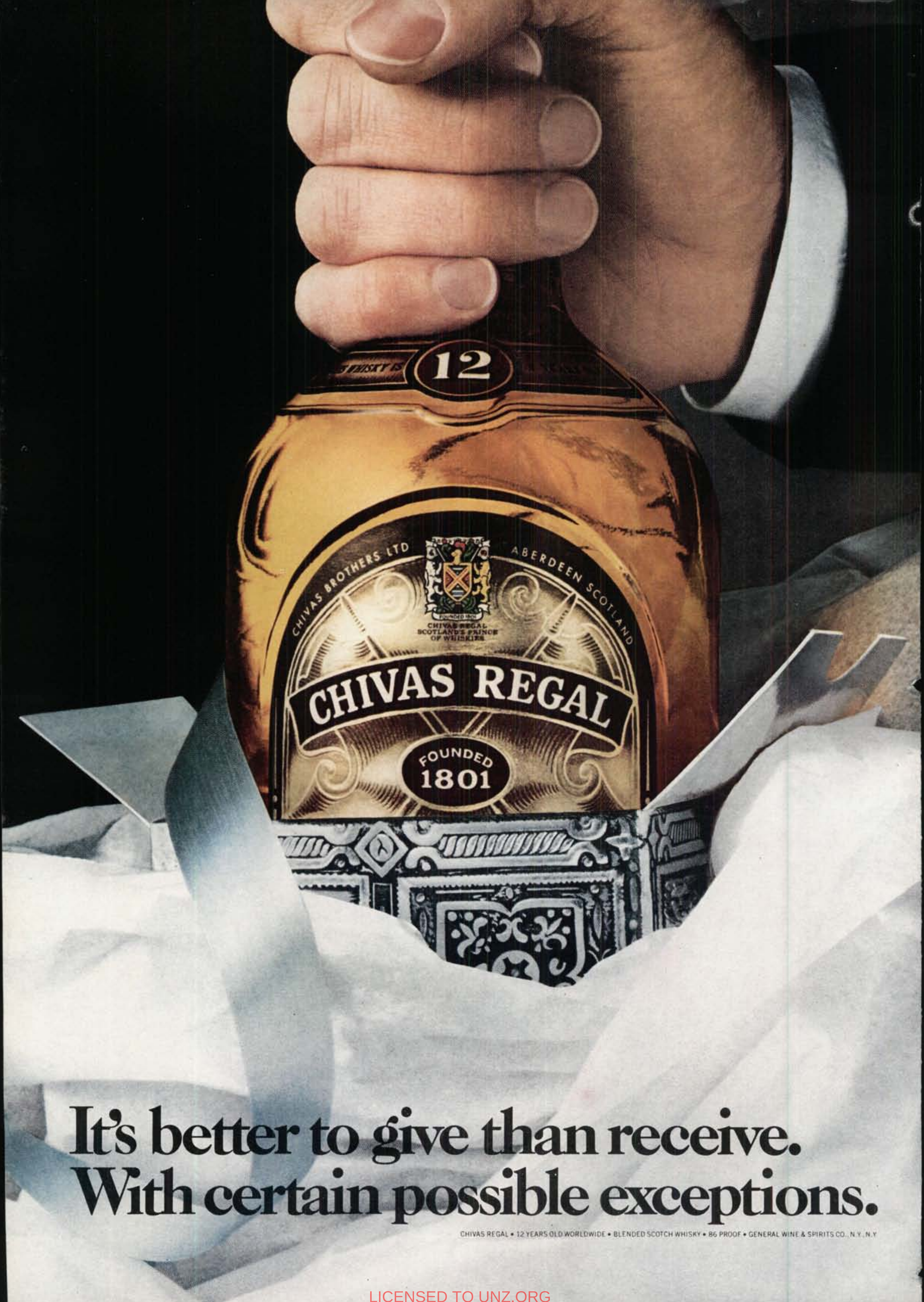
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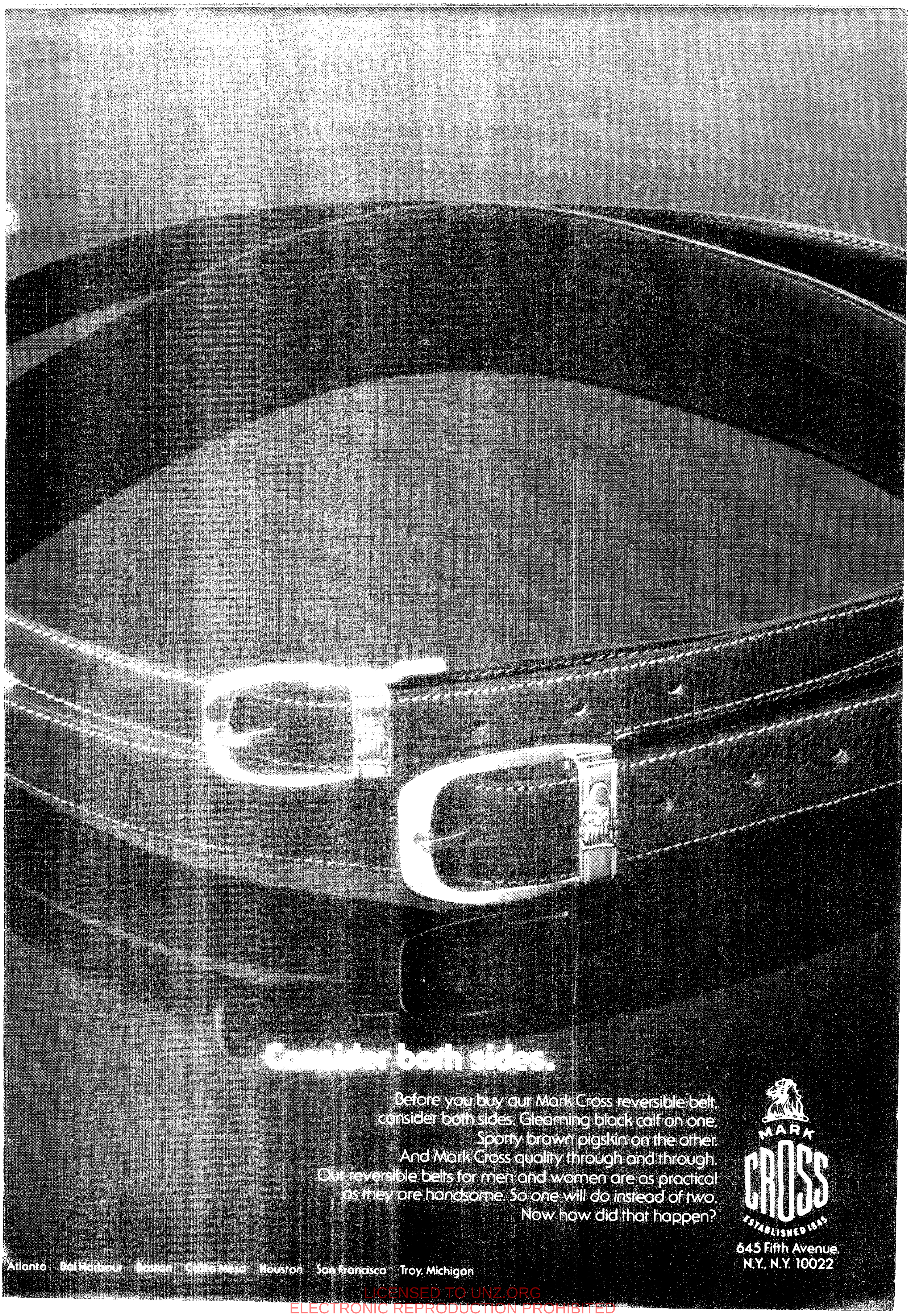

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Balcony—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 8; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman, with Richard Gere, David Dukes, and David Marshall Grant at the head of the cast. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 1. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 2. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—A revival of William Inge's play. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **CANTERBURY TALES**, taken from the Chaucer work, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flying Blind—A play by Bill Morrison. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Holeville—A play by Jeff Wanshel, with music by Des McAnuff. The second offering of the Dodger Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; on Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs—Brian Murray heads the cast of a play by David Edgar, who adapted it from Mr. Sachs's writings. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

King of Schnorrers—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ladyhouse Blues—Kevin O'Morrison's family portrait—a widow and her four grown daughters in a kitchen in St. Louis in 1919—is composed of many details of character, time, and place. Occasionally, it almost teeters over into sentimentality, but it is saved by the clear, firm performance under Tony Giordano's direction. Jo Henderson, Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, and Wendy Fulton are the good actresses. (10/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Licks—A comedy by Frank D. Gilroy about a grumpy old Brooklyn businessman who proves more tenacious of life than his conventional son has expected him to be. Very well acted by Ed Flanders, J. T. Walsh, and Susan Kellermann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square,

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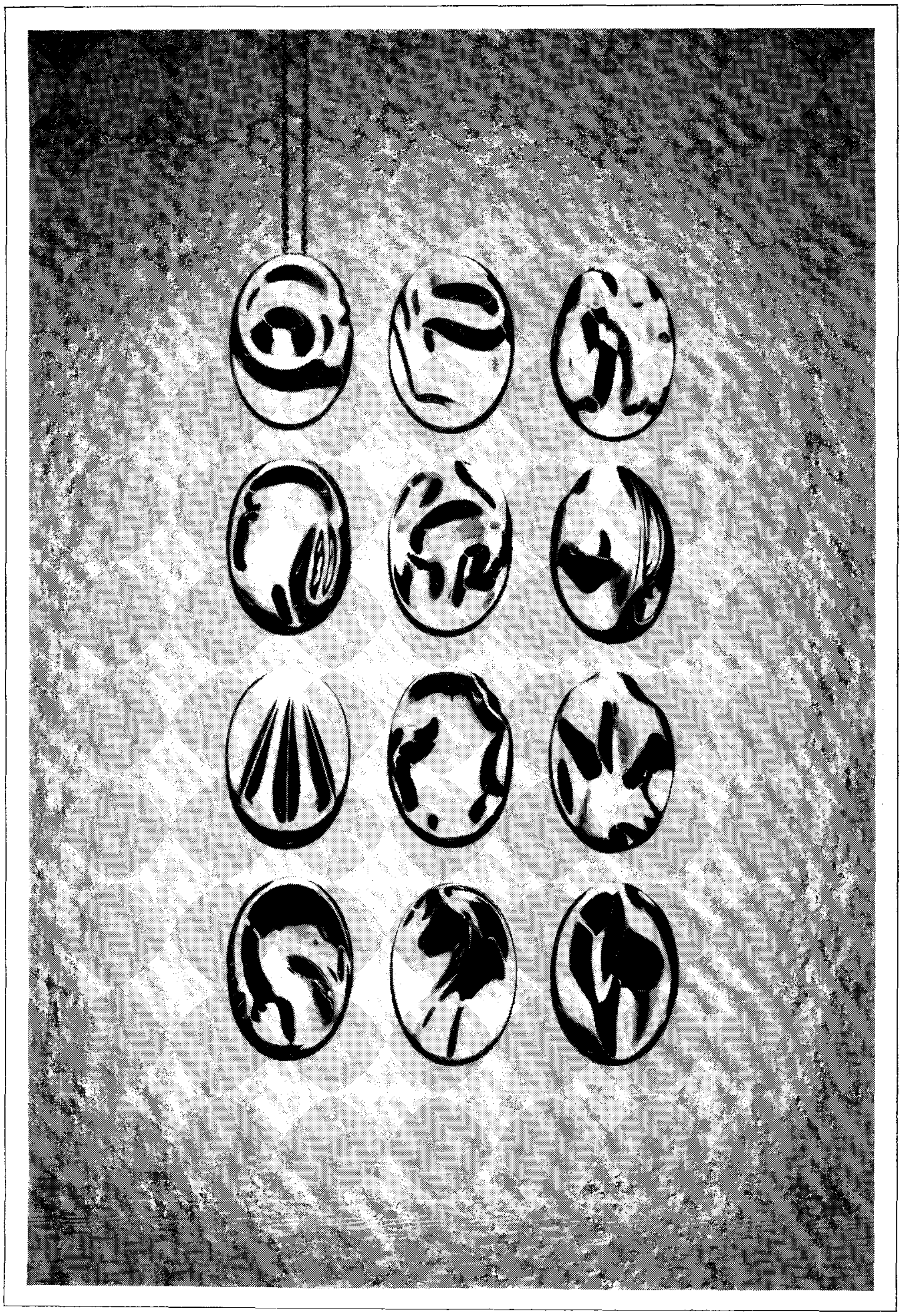

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MODIGLIANI—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Dan Owens' **THE MICHIGAN** is the first in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Maggie Smith heads the cast of a play by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Peter Wood. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.)

THE 1940'S RADIO HOUR—An amusing, if not very accurate, glance backward at the golden age of big-time bands and big-time radio broadcasting. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE OFFICE MURDERS—A cluttered, entertaining melodrama about violent death at a magazine that would appear to provoke it. With Joel Crothers, Harry Reems, and Bob McDonald. The author is Martin Fox. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith (see page 116) plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

REBECCA–THE RABBI'S DAUGHTER—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Skillfully directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SMART ALECK–ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT AT 8:40—The critic and radio personality Alexander Woollcott, who died in 1943, had many famous friends; Howard Teichmann has woven Woollcott's life and his friends' names into an amusing tapestry of the twenties and thirties. Peter Boyden skillfully impersonates Woollcott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Basement Space, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A play by Peter Parnell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SPELL #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good: those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

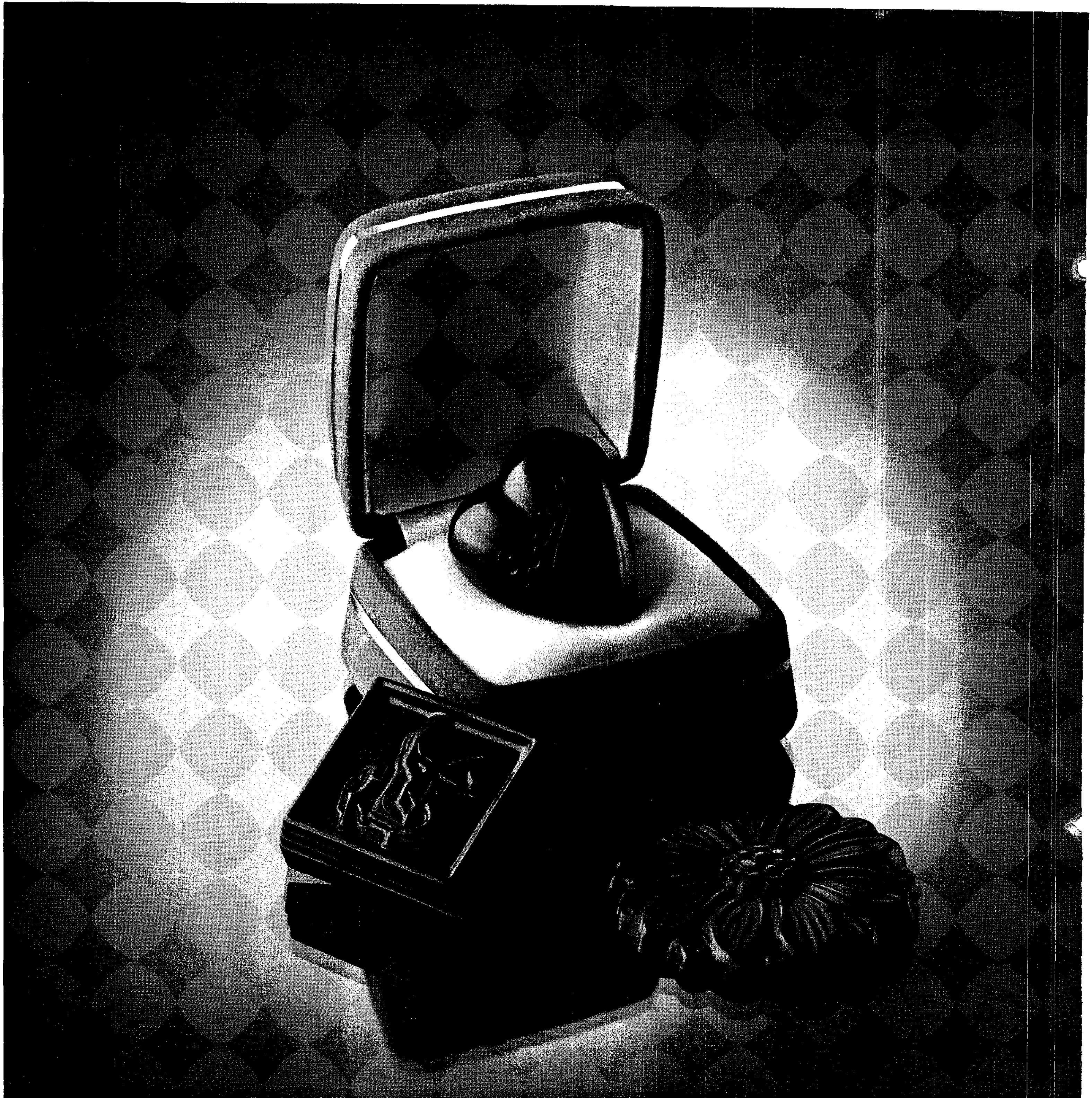
SUGAR BABIES—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SWEENEY TODD—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOODY GUTHRIE—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,144 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime

N° 5
CHANEL
PERFUME



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A shiny, trim, and empty musical by Neil Simon, with Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NACHA GUEVARA—An Argentine chanteuse, with Alberto Favero as accompanist on the piano. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-ninth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 11, 3, and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 1 and 5:30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30, and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2; Wednesday, Dec. 5, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 255-8235.)

AMERICAN MIME THEATRE—A company of eight in a program of old and new works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

BENEFIT FOR ST. MARK'S CHURCH—Eubie Blake, Tammy Grimes, Olivia Hussey, Raúl Juliá, Mabel Mercer, Patrice Munsel, Beatrice Straight, and Ruth Warwick are among the participants. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-6377.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Monday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 4-6, at 6. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 23—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Tilt," "Facets," "Four Temperaments" (performed by the Joyce Trisler Danscompany), "Journey," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," "Flowers," and an unnamed work (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Tilt," "The Mooche," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Butterfly," "Myth," "Tilt," and the new work. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Night Creature," "The Time Before the Time After," "According to Eve," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Flowers," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: "Streams," "Facets," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Butterfly," "Solo for Mingus," "Masekela Langage," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," the new work, and "Les Noces" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Streams," "Hobo Sapiens," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Tilt," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," the new unnamed work, and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of the engagement. **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY**: Wednesday evening, Nov. 28; Friday evening, Nov. 30; and Sunday evening, Dec. 2. . . . **SARA RUDNER PERFORMANCE ENSEMBLE**: Thursday evening, Nov. 29; Saturday evening, Dec. 1; and Sunday matinée, Dec. 2. . . . **DAVID GORDON'S PICK-UP COMPANY**: Tuesday evening, Dec. 4; Thursday evening, Dec. 6; Saturday evening, Dec. 8; and Sunday matinée, Dec. 9. . . . **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY**: Wednesday evening, Dec. 5; Friday evening, Dec. 7; Saturday matinée, Dec. 8; and Sunday evening, Dec. 9. (Camera Mart-Stage One, 460 W. 54th St. 581-9386. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY—Performances of "Recent Ruins." (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 2, at 8.)

"DANCE"—The American première of a collaborative work combining solo and ensemble dance by choreographer Lucinda Childs and her company, with music by Philip Glass and films of the dancers by Sol LeWitt. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY—"Orison," "Landscapes," "Interpretation," "Soliloquy of a Bhiksuni," "All in Spring Wind," and "Shen." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

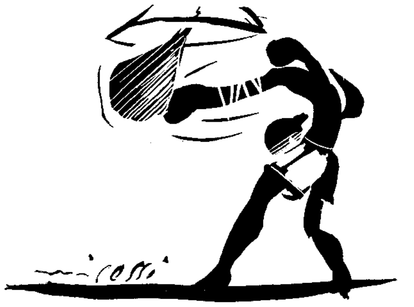
AAK (KOREAN COURT MUSIC AND DANCE)—A troupe of twenty-two dancers and musicians appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

DANNY GROSSMAN DANCE COMPANY—"Higher," "National Spirit," "Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing: Part I," "Ecce Homo," and "Tatum vs. Cecil + Monk." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, **JOHN FAHEY**, the legendary folk-trance guitarist, and steel drummer Victor Brady; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, pianist **MCCOY TYNER'S** band; Monday, Dec. 3, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**; Tuesday, Dec. 4, bluesmen **JOHN HAMMOND** and **CHARLES MUSSELWHITE** and a blues-and-rock group known as the Nighthawks; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, composer **PHILIP GLASS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists and bassists in jazz. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist Jimmy Rowser play from nine-thirty every night but Sunday. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her trio. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT**, the master of crisp articulation and enthusiastic melodies, performs with help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** *holds* sway over the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, *from eight until midnight*. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some people may feel uneasy about the neighborhood outside this club; others may feel similarly about the loud, anxious sounds that characterize rock and roll's latest growing pains being performed inside. (Few people have no opinion.) The bands: Lords, Jinx, and Erotics on Wednesday, Nov. 28; Colors, John King & the Cats, Yorks, and Desired on Thursday, Nov. 29; Colors, Multiple Exposure, Yorks, and Minx on Friday, Nov. 30; and Colors, Tiger Beats, and Desired on Saturday, Dec. 1. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The dancing that goes on here may look more like Broadway musical-comedy choreography than authentic juke-joint jiving, but the dances—the Texas Two-Step, the Schottische, and Cotton-Eyed Joe—are genuine, and the skies are not cloudy all day. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze at trees and people or sit near the piano and bass and listen to singer **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist **JACK SIX**. They perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a legendary blues singer and composer and one of the freshest-sounding, most convincing performers in the city, performs with her pianist, Gerald Cook, and bassist, Aaron Bell, Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), works with a trio during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, ensconced in a singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive—works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine until two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, pianist JOHN BUNCH is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from the disco past of this downstairs jazz club. Drummer MAX ROACH and his quartet will perform through Saturday, Dec. 1. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, Larry Harlow will bring in his quintet. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist JOE PUMA and bassist FRANK LUTHER work with pianist HOD O'BRIEN on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer BROOKS KERR is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist ATTILA ZOLLER and pianist DON FRIEDMAN, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better). Stride-piano specialist DICK WELLSTOOD plies his art at a beautiful elderly rebuilt Steinway Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, swing pianist DILL JONES performs with guitarist MARTY GROSZ and bassist BILL PEMBERTON for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER and Linton Kwesi Johnson Wednesday, Nov. 28; Wreckless Eric and The Teardrop Explodes Thursday, Nov. 29; Wreckless Eric, Echo, and Bunnymen Friday, Nov. 30; Echo, Bunnymen, and The Teardrop Explodes Saturday, Dec. 1; and Sham, 69, and Reds Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4-5. Live music from eleven-thirtyish. Closed Sunday and Monday, Dec. 2-3.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—All one has to do in the upstairs jazz "living room" is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, while jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. Thiago de Mello, a guitarist from the Amazon jungle, will bring in his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, clarinettist Dr. Ron Odrich will lead a quartet. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, Brazilian trumpeter CLAUDIO RODITI will show up with his band, Brazil Special, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, alto saxophonist Frank Strozier's foursome will be present. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist LEE KONITZ and his nonet. Music from ten.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Right now, the musicians are pianist BILLY TAYLOR and his bassist, VICTOR GASKIN, who claim the place as their New York home base. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. On Mondays, pianist CORKY HALE works with bassist JAY LEONHART. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—If some folks here look as though they're about to fall backward, it's not because they've had one too many longnecks—Texican for beers—it's simply the effect of their slant-heeled cowboy boots. On Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, fiddler VASSAR CLEMENTS and his country band will appear; Sunday, Dec. 2, solo guitarist LARRY CORYELL will be onstage; Monday, Dec. 3, Kingfish, a West Coast rock band, will play; folkie and comic Kinky Friedman will come in on Wednesday, Dec. 5; and Cabin Fever, a country band, will play on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that has been bringing in jazz, big-band, and pop singers. JOHNNY HARTMAN, the last of the luxuriant, big-voiced black singers who came along in the forties, will be here through Saturday, Dec. 1. On Monday, Dec. 3, singer CARMEN MC RAE will take over with her backing combo. Shows usually start at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Love of Life Orchestra, Major Thinkers, and A Band Wednesday, Nov. 28; Sorrows, Joe Bidewell Group, and Maroons Thursday, Nov. 29; Contortions and Oleg Friday, Nov. 30; Contortions and Science Saturday, Dec. 1; Von Lmo, Testers, and Fabians Sunday, Dec. 2; Startoon, Richard Craven Group, and Frequencies Monday, Dec. 3; and Wizeguys, Shivers, and Fluks Tuesday, Dec. 4. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA will perform through Saturday, Dec. 1. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, pianist DICK HYMAN will move in with a band to play George Gershwin music exclusively. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet performs, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Tenor saxophonist GEORGE COLEMAN'S Revival Octet will be present Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1; R. & B. singer Jocelyn Brown will drop in on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4-5; and on Thursday, Dec. 6, drummer ART BLAKEY and his JAZZ MESSENGERS will move in for three nights. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist AL HAIG works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. The rock band called the Senders will be here through Thursday, Nov. 29; the JOHN HERALD BAND and folksinger Michael Brewer will have the stage on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1; comedienne Elayne Boosler will be on hand Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, will be turned over to folkie Jim Dawson. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. SY OLIVER and his bouncy dance septet are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—BLOSSOM DEARIE is at the piano, singing in her clear, uncomplicated voice every night but Monday at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Harmonica virtuoso LARRY ADLER has moved into the King Cole Room, which is lavishly fitted out with brass railings, Maxfield Parrish paintings, and tiered seating. He performs a program entitled "Broadway, Blues, and Bach" with Hal Schaefer's trio through Saturday, Dec. 1. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, pianist-composer Charles Strouse will come in with singers Ann Anello and Kim Fedina. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, singer and pianist Robert Kraft will lead his band, the Ivory Coast; on Sunday, Dec. 2, saxophonist Pete Yellin will work with a combo; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4-5, saxophonist RONNIE CUBER will play with a fivesome; flugelhornist Mike Lawrence's group will perform on Thursday, Dec. 6; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 7-9, vibraharpist MIKE MAINIERI will team with saxophonist MICHAEL BRECKER, drummer STEVE GADD, bassist EDDIE GOMEZ, and pianist DON GROLNICK. Other groups round out the week. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocadelike wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. Further decoration by clarinettist Buddy De Franco and a quintet, after nine. No music Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer JOE CHAMBERS is in charge of a quartet that features pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN, bassist REGGIE WORKMAN, saxophonist GARY BARTZ, and trumpeter TERUMASA HINO through Saturday, Dec. 1; Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 2-5, alto saxophonist RENE MC LEAN will head a fivesome; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, alto saxophonist JACKIE MC LEAN will lead a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Pianist CEDAR WALTON, alto saxophonist MONTY WATERS, and drummer BILLY HIGGINS will be on the stand through Thursday, Nov. 29. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sight lines to the

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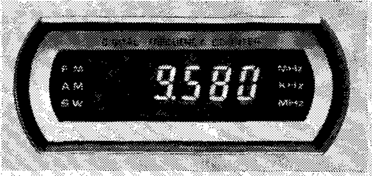

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stage all the way from the bar area. The music usually consists of blues or rock bands. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for rising rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 28, Tinapeel and Heat; Thursday, Nov. 29, Stirling; Saturday, Dec. 1, Richard T. Bear; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4-5, Jeremiah Samuels and Child's Play; and Friday, Dec. 7, Linton Kwesi Johnson. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the barnlike downstairs room, which has a collegiate feel to it, Fridays and Sundays are given over to flutist **HERBIE MANN,** who plays with special guests on Fridays and does solo flute recitals every Sunday. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** leads a foursome through Sunday, Dec. 2; on Tuesday, Dec. 4, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will drop by with his quartet. Mondays are in the hands of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Harris Simon is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 28-30, are reserved for tenor saxophonist George Kelly's band; pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will do a one-night stand on Saturday, Dec. 1; on Sunday, Dec. 2, Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz quintet, will be here; the Victor Lesser quintet will perform on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3-4; guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will lead a combo Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7; and pianist Jim Roberts will guide a band on Saturday, Dec. 8. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bette Midler—Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Thursday, Nov. 29, through Sunday, Jan. 6. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 6:30.

Bob Wilber—In a program part classical and part jazz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Outlaws—With Molly Hatchet. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

The Police—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Foreigner—With Johnny Winter. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Dexter Gordon Quartet—With Woody Shaw and Barry Harris. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Hugh Masekela—With Eddie Palmieri. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8.)

John Renbourn, Ralph McTell, and **Stefan Grossman**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Andrew Cyrille and Maono—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.

Douglas Ewart and **Hank Drake**—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Buzzcocks—With the Fall and the Sports. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 10:30.

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Stevie Wonder & Wonderlove—With the National Afro-American Philharmonic Orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Curtis Mayfield—With Linda Clifford. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Stefani Starin—With assisting artists. (Alternative Center for International Arts. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

***Lester Bowie Quintet**—With Jack DeJohnette.* (Public Theatre. Friday, Dec. 7, at 10:30.)

Bluegrass Festival at Lincoln Center—Doc and Merle Watson, Peter Rowan & Tex Logan and the Greengrass Boys, John McEuen, Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, and Bryan Bowers. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7.)

Peter Kuhn, Dennis Charles, and **William Parker**—Alternative Center for International Arts. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Chico Freeman Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 10:30.

Squat Theatre—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 9: Nana Vasconselos and Collin Walcott. . . . ¶ Thursday, *Nov. 29, at 10 and midnight:* U. K. Subs. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 10 and midnight: National Health. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10 and midnight: Linton Kwesi Johnson. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 9: Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Duke Ellington Films—A program of film shorts and excerpts from feature films covering five decades, dating from the Duke's first film, "Black and Tan" (1929). (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 740-3423.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Boris Anisfeld *(1879-1973)*—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, by a designer who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Charles Arnoldi—Paintings depicting an impenetrable jumble of strips of color strewn like jackstraws, every which way, across the canvas. *Through Dec. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison* Ave., at 80th St.)

Guy Bardone—The blocky white houses of the Greek island of Patmos and the Aegean behind them are the subjects of this group of paintings by a French artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Oils and watercolors representative of a long career, including his familiar circus paintings, landscapes, fishing scenes, and glimpses of the good summer life in Maine. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Beuys—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

Ilya Grigorevich Chashnik (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Tommasi Ferroni—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Michael Filmus / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Lyrical charcoal-and-pastel landscapes of the Berkshires. / Portraits of fellow-artists, including Jane Wilson, Paul Georges, and an innocent-looking Larry Rivers (done in 1951), and several poets (Ashbery and O'Hara) are among the figure paintings in this exhibition. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Loosely handled watercolors, mostly still-lifes and landscapes of the Baltic shores, by a German artist. Through Dec. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Fred Garbers—Small landscapes, and a few larger paintings. Through Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Tightly organized abstract canvas-collage paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Grosz *(1893-1959)*—Watercolors, drawings, illustrations, and a few atypical (for him) collages. A drawing of the impoverished woodsman leading Hansel and Gretel out into the forest to lose them engages all of the artist's morbid sensibilities. Through Dec. 15. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Raoul Hague—Eleven abstract wood sculptures by an artist whose method of carving leaves the natural shape of the tree intact. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Strangely colored patterns involving tiny figures, architectural details, and fantasy creatures, all done in a decorative-abstract style by this Austrian artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Margaret Israel—A new series of paintings by this inventive artist, mostly bold still-lifes on paper sewn to canvas and surrounded by sculptured nursery figures or commedia dell'arte characters in ceramic or cloth, also sewn on. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, in new quarters at 417 E. 75th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Small, vigorous works on paper, including a couple of black-and-white representational interiors. . . . ¶ Works by several other artists are also on view, including a construction by Loren Madsen in which a heavy timber is held at right angles to the wall by the tension between a diagonal prop beneath it and a bowed slat above, stretching to the ceiling. Through Dec. 28. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Jeanne Miles / Emmet Edwards—Mandala paintings. / Watercolors based on landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

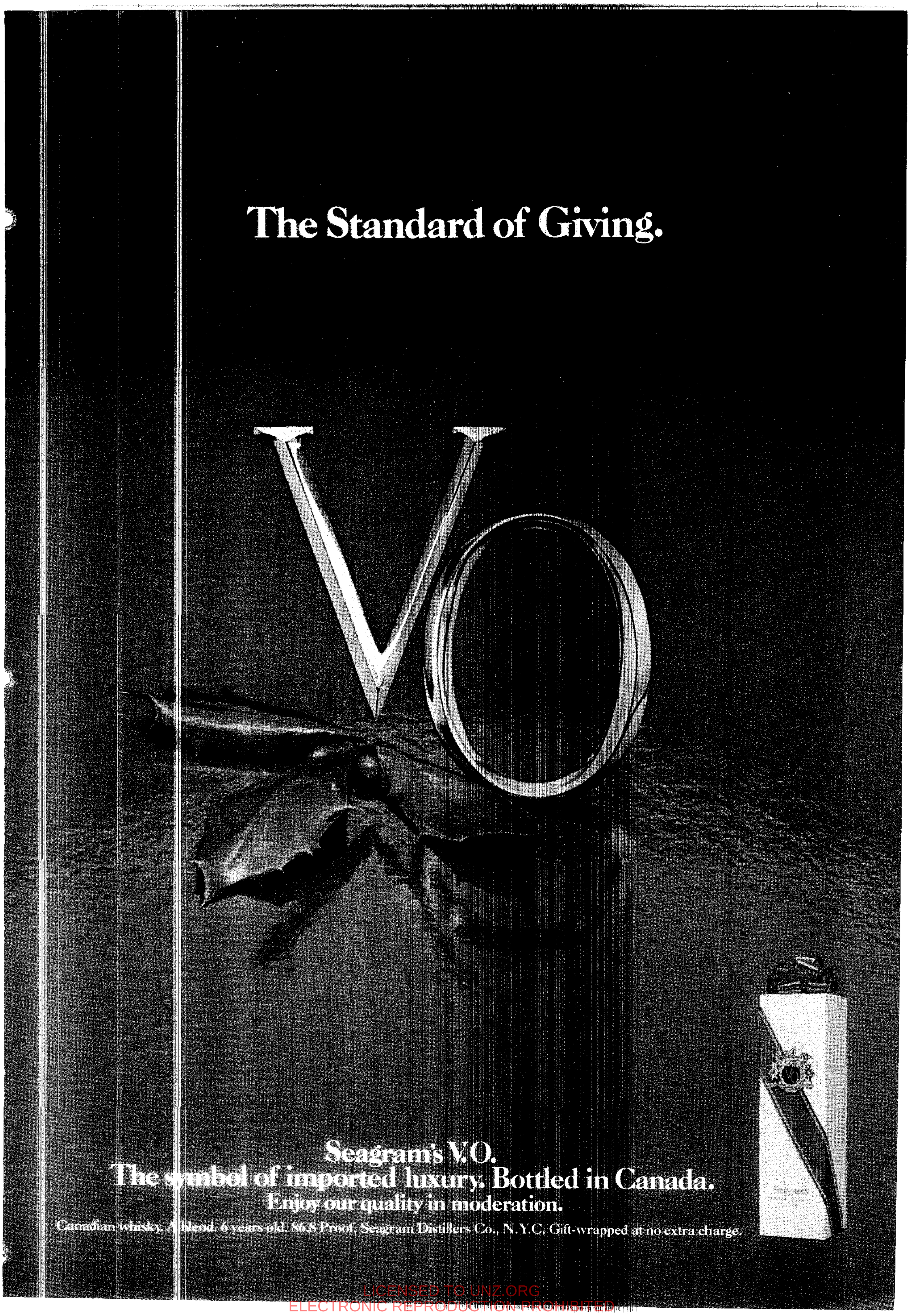
Henry Moore—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Bruce Robbins—Sixteen painted pilasters, eighty-eight inches tall, six inches wide, and made of wood and plaster, standing against stark white walls. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Reeve Schley III / Thomas Anshutz (1851-1912)—Watercolors of beach scenes on Cape May, the New Mexican desert, and other landscapes. Through Dec. 15. / Straightforward oils by the well-known traditionalist, including four paintings of his favorite model, Rebecca Whelan. Through Dec. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Small-scale works dating from the early sixties to the present, many of them in this artist's cool, erotic man-

The Standard of Giving.



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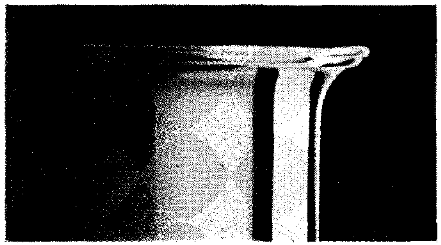
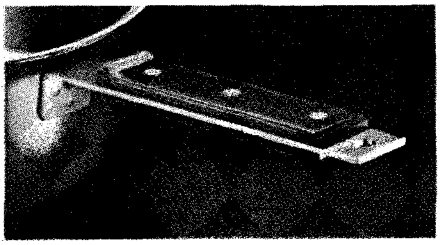
The way it looks tells you that it's expensive. The way it's made will tell you why.



Food has never been treated with this much respect.

With this collection, Farberware has succeeded in creating the perfect environment for food to be cooked in.

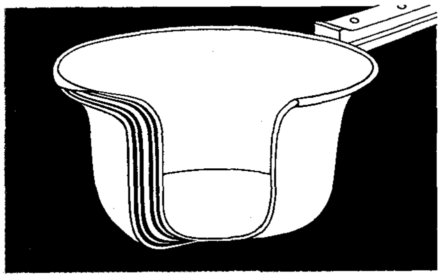
Throughout each piece is a thick core of aluminum, a superior conductor of heat. Farberware's engineers determined the exact thickness needed for optimum heat uniformity and retention. This aluminum core (three layers thick) is the reason heat is distributed more quickly and evenly than in ordinary cookware. That's why there's never a possibility of scorching due to hot spots. Everything from fish and fowl to soups, stews and sauces is treated exactly the same way. Royally.



To give you the ultimate in strength and beauty, the three layer aluminum core is surrounded by two layers of stainless steel.

The stainless steel is a special high-grade 18/10 (18% chrome and 10% nickel). Translated, that means this cookware is able to take exceptionally hard treatment and still be exceptionally easy to clean.

The illustration of its five layer construction (see the diagram at the right) will give you a much clearer picture of why there's no cookware in the world that can measure up to The Farberware Advantage Collection.



Attention to detail makes a big difference.

Start at the top. The stainless steel covers are designed to create a self-basting, flavor-retaining environment. To top that, the mushroom shaped knobs are easy to grip and protect the fingers from coming in contact with the heated cover.

Consider the graceful rims of this cookware. They've been gently rounded so they pour without dripping and are easier to clean.

The handles are made like the ones that adorn the finest cutlery. They're crafted of specially-treated, hard American Birch and are attached to a stainless steel tang with rivets of nickel silver. And, they're placed at just the right height and angle to allow maximum stability and comfort in handling. There's even a safety thumbguard to prevent your hand from getting too close for comfort.

And, since you've got to start at the bottom to make it to the top, all the bottoms are gently roughed so they'll lie securely on the cooking surface.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ner. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An exhibition of seldom seen drawings by Calder, Léger, Matisse, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, and Picasso. Through Dec. 22. . . . **reed,** 120 E. 78th St.: The subject is woman, as seen through the discerning eyes of twenty-eight artists, most of them men, ranging from Saul Steinberg to Willem de Kooning. Alice Neel has her say, too. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Cubism and Related Movements," an assemblage of early-twentieth-century paintings and works on paper by Gris, Malevich, Severini, Moholy-Nagy, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms but nevertheless manage to express a lighthearted quality, by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Ed Arno—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Elena Borstein—Airbrushed paintings of building façades seen in the Greek islands. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—Tabletop sculptures made of found iron objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Max Cole—Abstract paintings, most of them solid-black canvases striated with fine lines of even blacker India ink. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Cornell—Figure paintings, portraits, and landscapes of the Maine countryside, done in muted colors. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

José de Creeft—Twenty-two sculptures, including a chased-lead piece from 1919 and an oak carving from this year. Also ten paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Hard-edge paintings; each canvas has a border that is painted directly on the wall. Through Jan. 12. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Complicated towers made of stacked slats of raw, sanded sugar pine, some with interior stairways that suggest Mayan pyramids. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ken Friedman—Humorous drawings done in black-and-white on the interior of plain wooden coffins. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Two smaller-than-life nude female figures, done with lapidary precision and cast in bronze, and an unfinished head of the same quality at Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Tuesday, Dec. 4); and two ten-foot bronze columns, each with a figure on the top at Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St. (through Jan. 18).

Stefan Hirsch (1899-1964)—Factories and mills are the subjects of many oils by this pioneer Precisionist painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Koren—Ink drawings, some of them with color, on view for the first time. Through Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robin Lehrer—Pattern paintings done in pen-and-ink and watercolor and incorporating, among them, a multitude of motifs—Egyptian, circuses, executions, crucifixes, zoological, social-protest. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—A thirty-year survey of this artist's abstractions, which over time have acquired a gentle note that alleviates the sharpness of his earlier, rigorously structured work. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bonnie Lucas—Collages consisting of white acrylic yarn glued down in irregular, concentric whorls, brightened up with seed pearls, bits of ribbon, sequins, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings by an early abstractionist. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

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Forrest Moses—Paintings in which sunlight is shattered by refraction into countless colors as it hits the swift current of a boulder-strewn creek near Cundijo, New Mexico. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Randal Rupert—Encaustic paintings of details of irises, forsythia, and fall leaves, greatly enlarged, plus gouache drawings, some abstract and some representational. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Oosterom, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Diptychs and four-panel paintings in which abstract forms come into sharp focus and then fade away into the background. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jaune Quick-To-See Smith / Pati Hill—Pictographic-looking pastels by an Indian woman of French-Cree and Shoshone descent. / Photocopies of European railroad brochures. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Tension sculptures in steel and aluminum. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Snyder—Large abstract landscapes, one of which—a gentle pastoral painted to welcome her newborn daughter into the world—signals a pronounced change from her polemic canvases of a few years ago. Through Dec. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sabina Teichman—Nonobjective paintings. Through Dec. 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Six-foot-square canvases freckled with round daubs of acrylic squeezed on directly from the mouth of the tube, and further adorned with a scattering of glass jewels. Through Dec. 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Mixed-medium drawings, some of them immense and densely crowded with the artist's own fetishes—palettes, skylights, yin-yang symbols, human figures, Three Mile Island—and scribbled over here and there with his punning observations about current events. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: A fortieth-anniversary show includes small works by a number of famous artists—Daumier, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, and so on, with emphasis on Klimt and Schiele and Käthe Kollwitz. Through Dec. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.) . . . **tatistcheff,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings of old-fashioned, small-town Iowa homes by John Gordon; water lilies in a running stream by Roger Howrigan; and landscapes with idyllic figures painted from memories of the White River country in Arkansas, now inundated by the waters of Beaver Dam, by Eddie Earl Cato. Through Saturday, Dec. 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—Two huge wooden structures by one of the most innovative artists around. Also, related drawings and drawings for other projects. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Large murals consisting of several canvases and numerous steel plates, painted and assembled together on the wall, depicting—in semi-abstract terms—swimmers in a lake, by day and night, and rafts in a lake. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

NO SMOKING
NOTICE
US MAIL

Deborah Butterfield / Dalia Ramanauskas—Sculptures of life-size horses, some made up of scrap metal and some of sticks and mud; they have a startling reality. / Realistic colored-ink drawings of varicolored stones, sometimes wrapped in brown paper or coarse cloth. . . . ¶ In the front hall, Mattie Berhang has assembled large mobiles made of industrial refuse. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Don Eddy—This artist has progressed from superrealist renditions of gleaming Volkswagens to superrealist renditions of vitrines full of almost blinding displays of crystal and silver. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Aaronel deRoy Gruber—Illuminated abstract sculptures made of colored Plexiglas and mounted on slowly revolving bases. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Opening Gallery, 379 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, until 7.)

E. F. Higgins III—Two hundred joking postage stamps, eighteen inches by sixteen, painted in oil. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (112 Greene St., a newly done-over exhibition space.)

Laurace James—Freestanding abstract movable sculptures in wood, rope, marble, and slate. Through Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Christopher Knowles—Paintings and works on paper, varying in subject matter (houses, trees, Santa Claus, a Toblerone candy bar) but all done in red and green, either with acrylics or with Magic Markers. Through Dec. 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Gerald Laing—Vaguely Art Deco bronze sculptures of the female figure, and of heads, some of them veiled. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Hilarie Mais—Abstract sculptures. Through Dec. 22. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Kenneth Noland—Ten big, shaped polygonal canvases, seven of them solid black trimmed at the edges with bright colors and three in a light color trimmed with bands of dark color. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Clayton Pond—Poster-like paintings of people in racing cars, airplanes, campers, or on sailboats or motorcycles, plus pencil drawings done in a hard line that is almost entirely without inflection. Through Dec. 9. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Julian Schnabel—Four oil-on-Masonite paintings studded with crockery, most of it broken, and then streaked with raw color. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

David Loeffler Smith—Small paintings of amorphous, almost abstract forms that, upon closer study, reveal themselves as figures, several of them in classical or literary settings—Perseus and Andromeda, for instance, or Gulliver and the Lilliputians. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Opens at 1.)

Theodoros Stamos—Bold color-field paintings in which the artist makes reference to the symbols of antiquity—cuneiform writings, broken columns—that surround him in Greece, where he works half the year. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Michael Venezia / Joseph Egan—Canvas-covered bars, ten feet long and two and a half inches wide, sprayed with a paint that leaves a rippled effect as it hardens. / An installation in which the city's newspapers are represented by what the artist calls "incidents of sculpture"—the *Times* by a yellow terry-cloth hanging, the *Post* by a black timber with three hinged arms, and the *News* by a red bullet-pierced board jutting out of the wall. The ensemble is dedicated to Giants quarterback Phil Simms. Through Dec. 22. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Composers' Art—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet

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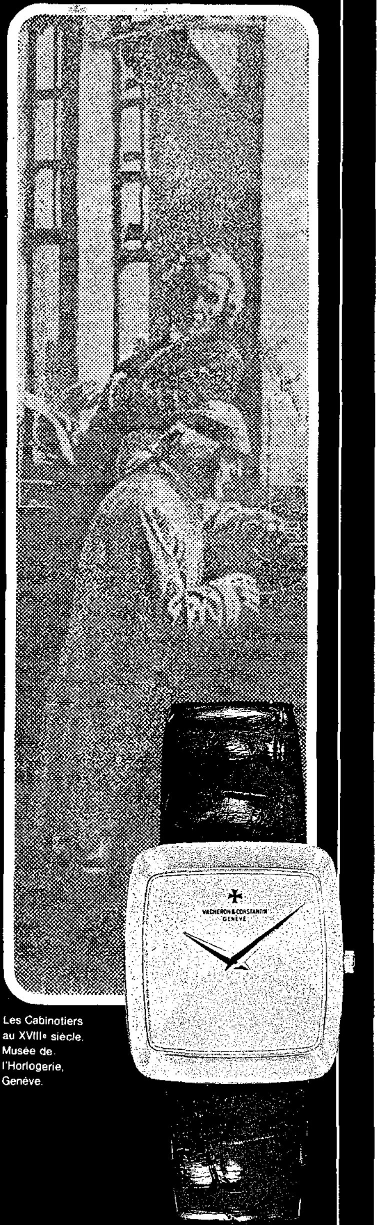

Les Cabinotiers au XVIIIe siècle. Musée de l'Horlogerie, Genève.

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of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PINDAR**, 127 Greene St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them a window with a woman sitting in it (her thigh is a three dimensional addition, and overhangs the street), by Harriet Glazier; an airy pattern of twigs against the sky, by Rita Edelman; and a happy Spanish family gathered around the Christmas tree, by Karen Lewis. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)...**THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Contemporary drawings by more than twenty artists, including an apparently effortlessly drawn interior, done in ink by Richard Artschwager; a still-life by Morris Graves; a large depiction of leaping whales by David True; and a delicate, Klee-like colored drawing of architectural forms by Mira Schor. Through Dec. 29. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN CHRISTIAN ANDERSON / VICTOR SCHRAGER—Elegantly made and fitted oak boxes, which open to reveal, say, a dismantled telephone laid out like a precious relic, or a scattering of found objects—a glove, a small balloon, a fragment of plastic—beside a map of Boston numbered to show where the items were found. / Color still-life photographs taken with a Polaroid camera so big that the subjects have to be taken to it, in Cambridge, rather than the usual way. Through Dec. 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-79)—More than a hundred lithographs covering a forty-year period of the French caricaturist's career. Through Dec. 19. (Pratt Graphics Center Gallery, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays and, except Saturdays, evenings until 7.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

REBECCA HORN—An installation, by a German artist, consisting of two stainless-steel swings rocking in what the artist calls a dialogue; a tack hammer that hits a steel bell every few seconds; and a twelve-foot vertical thermometer, containing ten kilos of mercury, that registers subjects instead of temperatures ("Peacocks" is the lowest, "Inferno-Paradise" the top). A Henze recording plays in the background. Through Dec. 22. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON / EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

BERNARD FAUCON—Photographs of dressed mannequins printed by means of the Fresson-color process. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

PHILIPPE HALSMAN (1906-79) / **THOMAS SCHIFF**—Contact prints of portraits. / Abstract photographs chiefly. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)...¶ Hastings, 121 E. 24th St., is showing thirty-four finished portraits by Halsman. Through Saturday, Dec. 1.

PETER HUJAR—Recent photographs of farm animals. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEKSANDRAS MACIJAUSKAS—Prints documenting the practice of veterinary medicine in Lithuania. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Photographs dated 1970 to 1975. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Samuel, 795 Broadway, at 10th St. Opens at noon.)

JEANNE MOUTOUSSAMY-ASHE—Photographs of the inhabitants of islands off South Carolina's coast. Through Dec. 9. (The Art Salon, 249 E. 62nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

ELIOT PORTER—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)...¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. ...¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10....¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6....¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette....¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22....¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Starts Thursday, Nov. 29....¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s." Two views each of such personalities as David Hockney, Truman Capote, and Liza Minnelli; three of Chairman Mao; and eight of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27....¶ A show of more than two hundred prints and illustrations by Edward Hopper. Through Dec. 9....¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30....¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of more than sixty Japanese Buddhist paintings from Western collections. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of books, maps, prints, and portraits marking the five-hundredth anniversary of Jean Grolier, the French bibliophile and patron of the arts. Eleven of the bindings are from Jean Grolier's own library. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of musical manuscripts, including Stravinsky's 1946 version of "Petrushka," Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ William Blake's twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of paintings with New York City themes by Philip Reisman—hot-dog venders, street musicians, tenements. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two shows of figure studies, one of paintings that were donated to the academy by members, including Isabel Bishop, Frank Duveneck, and George Tooker; and the other of drawings from a private collection, by Eastman Johnson, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The first part of a show of Audubon's original watercolors for "The Birds of America." The second part will open Thursday, Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Gary Burnley, Martin Cohen, Candace Hill-Montgomery, Lewis Stein, and Haim Steinbach. Through Dec. 22.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mark A. Scherman (performance with film), Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; Bern Porter (performance), Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Nigel Rolfe (performance), Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; single-edition books by Australian artists, through Friday, Nov. 30; individual exhibits in various mediums by Ann Rosen and Kenneth Shorr, through Saturday, Dec. 8.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Maryanne Amacher (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30; Ned Sublette (performing guitar compositions by Cage, MacLow, and Young), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; Gary Hill (installation), through Dec. 15.

Film As Film—A show that examines, through photographs, drawings, and enlarged film strips, abstract film of the twenties and thirties. On view, among other items, are enlargements of individual pictures from "Rhythm 21," by Hans Richter, and from "Anémic Cinéma," by Marcel Duchamp. Through Dec. 15. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, and Ingvar Wixell; conducted by James Conlon.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 3: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 4: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:30, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2.)

The Play of St. Nicholas—A thirteenth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 4 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 4. For information about tickets, call 678-6944.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta directing on Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30 (performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Carol Wyatt, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).... ¶ James Levine conducting on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8 (an all-Dvořák program, with Lynn Harrell, cello).

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Carlo Maria Giulini directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Renata Scotto, soprano; Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Temple University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing Mahler's Third Symphony, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and the Baltimore Symphony Chorus and Boys Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Edmund Jacobsen, violin; Nathan Stutch, cello; and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-6983.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro, il Penseroso," with Benita Valente, soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Leslie Guinn, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5:30.)

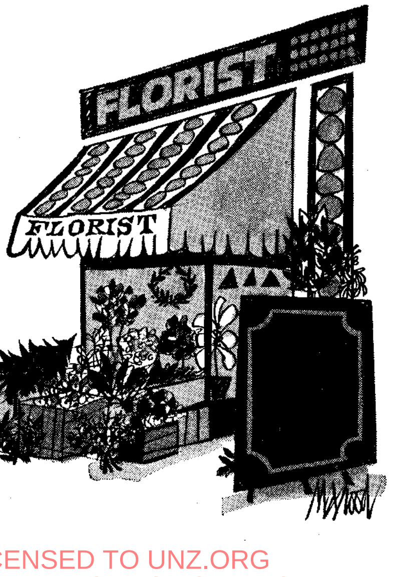
American Composers Orchestra—The first in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music, this one conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, with Anthony Newman, organ, and Donald Palma, contrabass. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The first of two programs devoted to chamber operas, this one Handel's "Acis and Galatea," in concert form, with Charles Bressler, tenor; Jean Hakes, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 3:30.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)



Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Poulenc's "Gloria" and C. P. E. Bach's "Magnificat," with Janice Dixon, soprano; Alteouise DeVaughn, mezzo-soprano; Eugene Carter, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Barnard College Glee Club—Paul Phillips directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"Judas Maccabaeus"—Johannes Somary directing the Fairfield County Chorale and the Levin Baroque Ensemble in a performance of Handel's oratorio, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Dana Talley, tenor; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; and John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys and New Haven Chorale—A joint benefit concert, with Gerre Hancock and Jon D. Bailey directing a program of music by Benjamin Britten, with Douglas Robinson, tenor, and Melvin Earl Brown, countertenor. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 397-1660.)

Mount Holyoke College Choirs—Catherine R. Melhorn and James I. Armstrong, Jr., directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in A Flat and Vaughan Williams' "Five Tudor Portraits," with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Hunter College Choirs and Chamber Orchestra—Ralph Hunter directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, with assisting artists.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Gary Hoffman—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Syoko Aki, violin; Walter Trampler and Donald McInnes, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Richard Fitz, percussion; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and Lukas Foss, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Diana Kacso—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "The Greatest Hits of the Renaissance," with Arthur Burrows, baritone and narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of Miss Darré's concert début. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—The first in a series of four programs of chamber music, this one a Kuhlau-Beethoven-Smetana program, performed by Renée Siebert, flute; Carol Webb and Richard Sortomme, violin; Robert Vernon, viola; and Warren Lash, cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Dora Short—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The final concert of the series will be performed by the

A limited supply of full-color posters has been made from the above photograph and donated for the benefit of the Museum of the City of New York. They are available for $10.00 at the Museum, 1220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10029.

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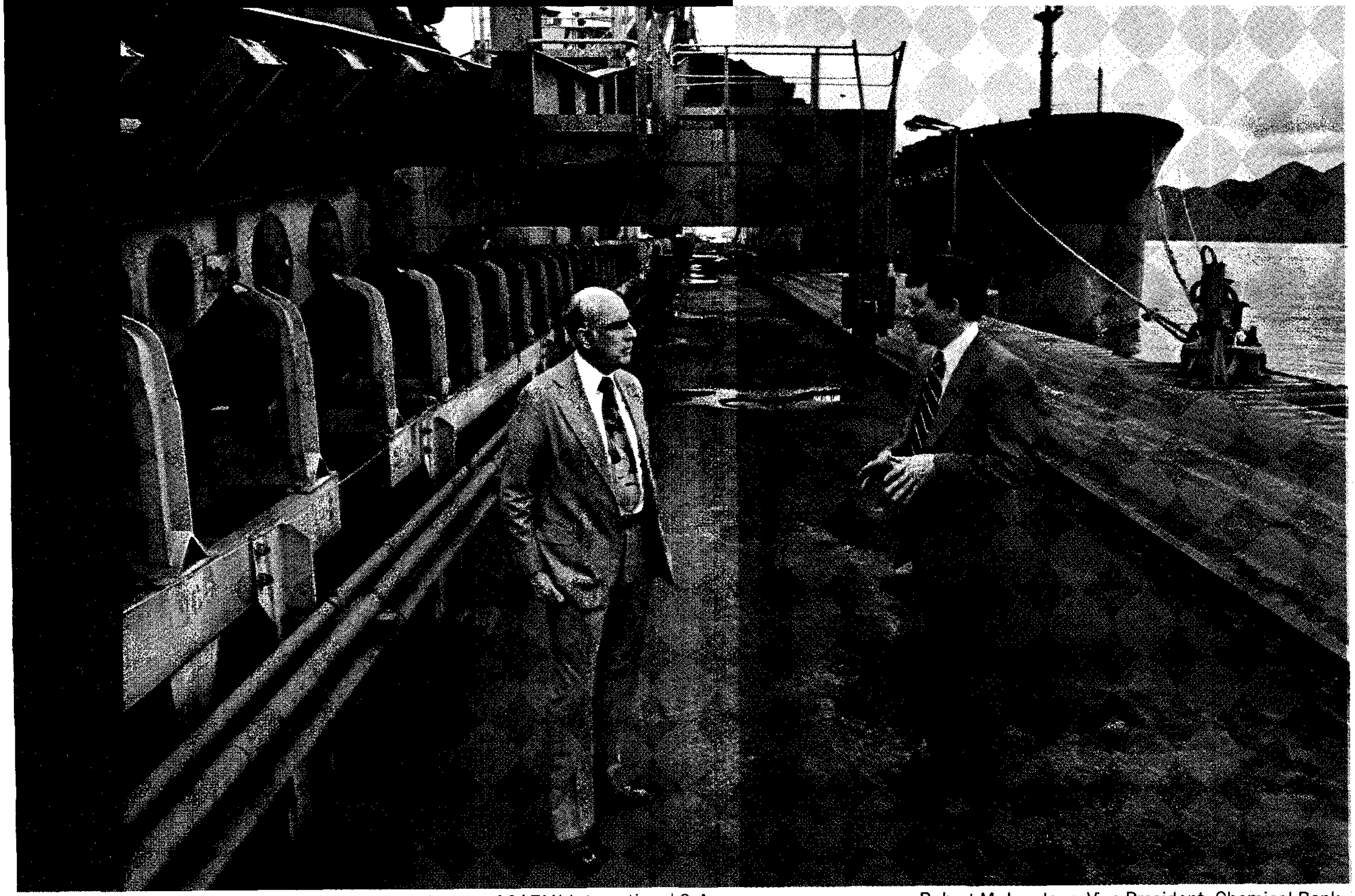

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Robert M. Londono, Vice President, Chemical Bank.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eastman Trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Jay Rothman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

David Leisner—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Harvey Pittel—Saxophone, with Samuel Lipman, piano; Eric Bartlett, cello; Lionel Party, harpsichord; and members of the Jupiter Symphony, conducted by Jens Nygaard. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Blanca Uribe—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Diana Halprin—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Renaissance court music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; and Ruth Dreier, cello. Aaron Copland will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Toby Appel—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord and fortepiano, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Handel program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Stavros Xarhakos conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra in a program that will include one of his own works. The beneficiary is the Juilliard School. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 4. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 2: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Monday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Dec. 5. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

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Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 8.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the 92ND STREET Y: Bernard Malamud reading from his own stories, Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ William Stafford and Raymond Patterson reading from their own poetry, Monday, Dec. 3, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . WOLLMAN AUDITORIUM, Ferris Booth Hall: John Ashbery and Tony Towle reading from their own poetry. (Broadway at 115th St. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . WOLLMAN AUDITORIUM, Cooper Union: Ann Beattie, Joseph Brodsky, Charles Simic, Mark Strand, Jayne Ann Phillips, and Geoffrey Wolff in a benefit reading of their own works. (51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.) . . . DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: Cleopatra Mathis and Stanley Moss reading from their own poetry. (20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

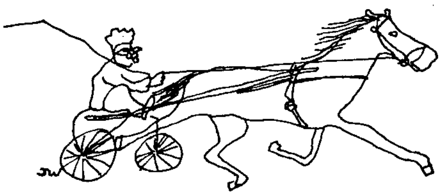
Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Eight sales of Americana. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15: Silver. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2: Pewter. . . . Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10:15: Historical manuscripts. . . . Thursday, Nov. 29, at 2: Prints. . . . Friday, Nov. 30, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . Friday, Nov. 30, at 2: Glass and furniture. . . . Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10:15: Folk art. . . . Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: Furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15 and 2: The Roy P. Crocker Collection of Lincoln material and other American historical manuscripts. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4-5, at 10:15 and 2: Silver, watches, *objets de vertu*, and portrait miniatures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia, including original set and costume designs, books, and photographs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10 and 2: European eighteenth- and nineteenth-century porcelain and eighteenth-century pottery. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 2: English porcelain and pottery and German porcelain, belonging to Mrs. John W. Christner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: French porcelain, belonging to Mrs. John W. Christner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2: Tribal art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 29.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 7:30 on Monday, Dec. 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 11 (Indiana), Dec. 15 (Boston), Dec. 18 (Atlanta), Dec. 25 (Nets), Dec. 29 (Milwaukee), Jan. 1 (San Antonio), Jan. 3 (San Diego), Jan. 5 (Chicago), and Jan. 8 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Dec. 9 (Atlanta), Dec. 14 (Knicks), Dec. 16 (Boston), Dec. 26 (Washington), Dec. 28 (Indiana), Jan. 2 (San Diego), Jan. 4 (Houston), and Jan. 6 (Cleveland).



College Football—The Garden State Bowl: California vs. Temple. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 15.)

Professional Football—SUNDAY, DEC. 9: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 15: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 16: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands.

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 9 (Islanders), Dec. 16 (Philadelphia), Dec. 19 (Vancouver), Dec. 23 (Boston), Dec. 27 (a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game), Dec. 30 (Washington), Jan. 4 (Philadelphia), Jan. 6 (Atlanta), and Jan. 7 (Hartford). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Dec. 11 (Montreal), Dec. 15 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 18 (Colorado), Dec. 22 (Washington), Dec. 29 (a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game), Jan. 3 (Pittsburgh), Jan. 5 (St. Louis), and Jan. 8 (Vancouver).

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 1-March 14.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 15-16.)

Tennis—Colgate Grand Prix Masters. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 9-13.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Dec. 10-31. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Jan. 11-Aug. 6.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 19. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9, 14, and 16. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Messiah Sing-In, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Pro Arte Chorale, Dec. 23. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 9 and Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, and Nadia Reisenberg, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Prague Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 12-13. . . . ¶ Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Youri Egorov, piano, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Yo-yo Ma, cello, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 20-22. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Nina Beilina, violin, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 19-20 and Jan. 8-9. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 29-31. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Aston Magna, Jan. 5. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (564-4400): The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of the Black Watch, Dec. 9.

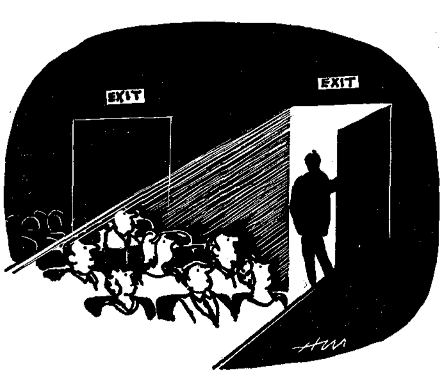
Dance—Nikolais Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 27-Jan. 6.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical "Oklahoma!," with Laurence Guittard, Christine Andreas, and Mary Wickes. . . . ¶ "Teibele and Her Demon," a play co-authored by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Eve Friedman, based on Mr. Singer's short story of the same title. Laura Esterman and F. Murray Abraham will head the cast. . . . ¶ An all-black musical "Comin' Uptown," loosely based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Philip Rose and Peter Udell wrote the book, Mr. Udell did the lyrics, and Garry Sherman is responsible for the jazz, gospel, and disco music. . . . ¶ Harold Pinter's play "Betrayal" will star Blythe Danner, Raúl Juliá, and Roy Scheider.

Other Dates—Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 14-16. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Jan. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (*598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
Through Dec. 2: "Town Bloody Hall."
Dec. 3: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 4: "Koko, a Talking Gorilla."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 29: "Life of Brian."
From Nov. 30: "Remember My Name."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 29: "Days of Heaven" and "The Last Picture Show."
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "Life of Brian" and "The Villain."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 29: "Halloween."
From Nov. 30: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Animal House."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Ballet Gayané."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 6: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Divine Nymph."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"10."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Head Over Heels."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Each Other."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Boardwalk."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Apocalypse Now."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Starting Over."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Where's Poppa?"

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Between Miracles."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Natural Enemies."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Muppet Movie."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 29: "Animal House."
From Nov. 30: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Magician of Lublin."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Runner Stumbles."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
". . . And Justice for All."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 29: "Rocky II."
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "The Onion Field."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 29: "Quadrophenia."
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "Black Magic" and "Friday the 13th."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"10."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Arabian Adventure."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Time After Time." Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "Jaguar Lives" and "Seven." From Dec. 7: "Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Breaking Away."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 6: "The Onion Field." From Dec. 7: "Time After Time."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 1: "El Super." From Dec. 2: "Luna."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"King of Hearts."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 1: "Luna."
From Dec. 2: "Robert et Robert."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"French Postcards."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Consequence."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 6: "Quadrophenia."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 29: "The Ballad of Orin."
From Nov. 30: "Orchestra Rehearsal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"A Little Romance."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Time After Time."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Breaking Away."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 29: "Animal House." From Nov. 30: "Fiddler on the Roof."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Shout."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 29: "The Muppet Movie" and "The World's Greatest Lover."
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "The Onion Field" and "Old Boyfriends."
From Dec. 7: "Time After Time" and "Murder by Decree."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"10." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "When a Stranger Calls."
Theatre 3: "Alien."
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Divine Nymph." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 6: "Fiddler on the Roof." (†)
From Dec. 7: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Dec. 6: "Starting Over." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 6: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 29: "Arabian Adventure." (†)
From Nov. 30: "Black Magic."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 29: "Animal House." (†)
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "Jaguar Lives" (†) and "Seven." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths."

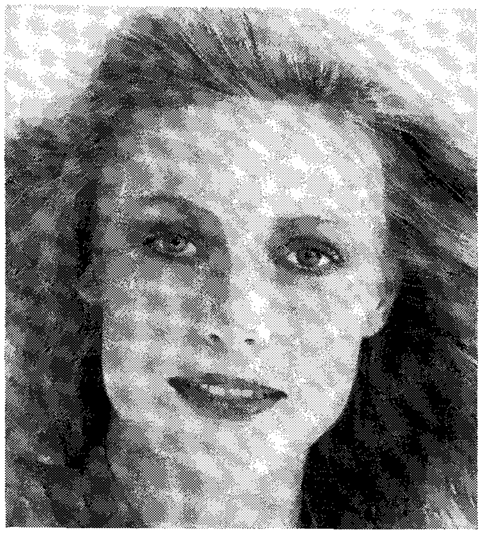
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Halloween." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 28: "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922; "Häxan"), a silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen.
Nov. 29: "The Conqueror Worm" (1968), directed by Michael Reeves, with Vincent Price; and "The Devils."
Nov. 30: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
Dec. 1: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.
Dec. 2: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.
Dec. 3: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye.
Dec. 4: "Goyokin" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha; and "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
Dec. 5: "Repulsion" (†); and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.
Dec. 6: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by

Traitements Spécifiques de Beauté.

A woman knows, the first areas to age are also the first areas people notice.



You know, all too well, which they are. The neck. The eyes.

But you may not know, there is a way to help these areas look as young as the rest of you.

The way is Orlane's Traitements Spécifiques de Beauté—specific beauty treatments.

Our specific beauty treatments can help make the skin of the neck and the eyes more supple.

Or, for the young woman, our specific beauty treatments, with regular use, can help prolong the resilience of youthful skin so much longer.

Because, by combining the rarest, costliest oils, humectants, and spreading agents, these unique formulas are able to help thirsty neck and eye tissues replenish the moisture which the environment, or the years, strip away.

But the ingredients are also incredibly light.

So light, it is almost inconceivable our specific beauty treatments can also be so densely rich.

Specifically, for the neck our beauty treatment is,

Oryane: This rich, light liquid cream absorbs instantly, and works to keep your throat younger looking. And leaves no oily looking, or feeling, residue.

And for the eyes,

Baume à la Gelée Royale: For the thinnest skin of all, around the eyes, the thinnest, richest emollient. Applied only mornings, lines are smoothed. And moisture, preserved. Works amazingly on even long-neglected eyelids. In crème or fluide formulas.

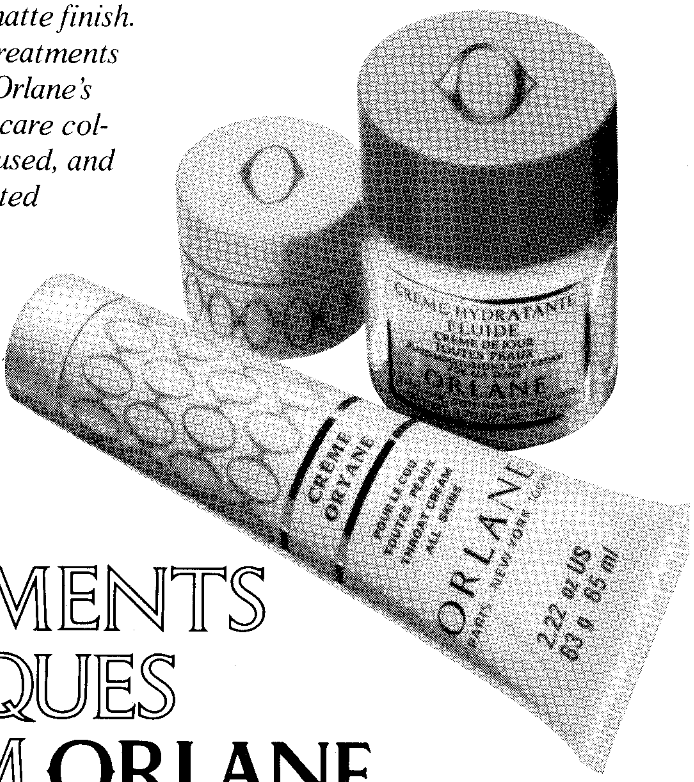
And for mature, prematurely aging or young skin of the body which needs to be pampered,

Crème Hydratante Fluide: Our remarkable all-over moisturizer for even chapped or weathered skin. Leaves a delicate, silky matte finish.

Our specific beauty treatments are but one example of Orlane's highly sophisticated skincare collection, which has been used, and advocated, by sophisticated Frenchwomen for years. The entire Orlane collection is sold by trained consultants at finer stores throughout the United States, as well as Europe.

And, of course, the ultimate in indulgence is the very relaxing, yet revitalizing facial you can experience at any Orlane Institut de Beauté. (There are over 70 Instituts in this country.)

Because having a lithe neck and smooth eyelids is an advantage beautiful women insist upon.



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Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour.

Dec. 7: "Love and Anarchy" (1973) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 28: "Siegfried" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Nov. 29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Nov. 30: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), directed by Otto Preminger, with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott.

Dec. 1: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Dec. 2: "The Shop Around the Corner" (†) and "The Merry Widow." (†)

Dec. 3: "The Milky Way" (†); and "The Nun" (1965; "La Religieuse"), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Anna Karina.

Dec. 4: "Madame Rosa" (1978), directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret; and "Le Chat." (†)

Dec. 5: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "The Ladykillers." (†)

Dec. 6: "Daisy Miller" (†); and "Carrie" (1952), directed by William Wyler, with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert.

Dec. 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Dec. 8: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté; and "Stavisky." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 29: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (1975), directed by Denis Heroux, with Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, and Joe Masiell; and "Lost in the Stars" (1974), directed by Daniel Mann, with Brock Peters, Melba Moore, and Raymond St. Jacques.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Dec. 2-3: "Winter Light" (†), "The Magician" (†), and "The Silence." (†)

Dec. 4: "Last Embrace" (†) and "Handle with Care." (†)

Dec. 5-6: "A Delicate Balance" (1973), directed by Tony Richardson, with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; and "The Homecoming." (†)

Dec. 7-8: "Wizards" (†); and "Fritz the Cat" (1972), an animated cartoon, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 28: "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde, and Julie Christie; and "Georgy Girl" (1966), directed by Silvio Narizzano, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders.

Dec. 2-3: "The Wrong Box" (†); and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.

Dec. 4-5: "Dead of Night" (†); and "Odd Man Out" (1946), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason.

Dec. 6-8: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Importance of Being Earnest." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 28: A program of three films about Tibet.

Nov. 29: "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; and "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ronald Colman, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Dirty Money" (1972), directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Alain Delon and Catherine Deneuve; and "The Corruption of Chris Miller" (1976), directed by Juan Antonio Bardem, with Jean Seberg.

Dec. 2: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.

Dec. 3: "Beyond the Forest" (†); and "Crime of Passion" (1957), directed by Gerd Oswald, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, and Raymond Burr.

Dec. 4: "Slightly Scarlet" (1956), directed by Allan Dwan, with John Payne, Arlene Dahl, Rhonda Fleming, and Kent Taylor; and "The Woman They Almost Lynched" (1953), directed by Allan Dwan, with John Lund, Brian Donlevy, Audrey Totter, and Joan Leslie.

Dec. 5: "Escape to Burma" (1955), directed by Allan Dwan, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, and David Farrar; and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

Dec. 6: "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; and "The Student Prince" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer.

Dec. 7-8: "Aces High" (1976), directed by Jack Gold, with Malcolm MacDowell, Christopher Plummer, and John Gielgud; and "Le Cinema de Papa" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Berri.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 28: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, Francis Lederer, and Don Ameche; and "No Time for Love" (1943), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ilka Chase, and Richard Haydn.

Nov. 29: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

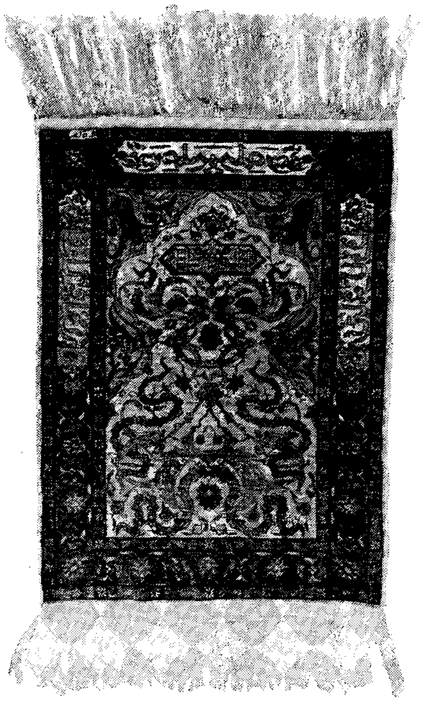
Dec. 2-3: "Blithe Spirit" (1945), directed by David Lean, with Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Importance of Being Earnest." (†)

Dec. 4: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert; and "Dames" (1934), directed by Ray Enright, with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, and Hugh Herbert.

Dec. 5: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (†); and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Christmas Holiday." (†)

Dec. 7-8: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940)



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and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), both with Sidney Toler as the detective.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Erika's Passions" (1978), in German, directed by Ula Stoeckl; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "Rheingold" (1978), in German, directed by Niklaus Schilling, English subtitles; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8:30 and Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Albert-Why?" (1978), in German, directed by Josef Rödl; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "High and Dizzy" (1920), a silent film, directed by Hal Roach, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at noon: "Island at the Top of the World" (1974), directed by Robert Stevenson, with David Hartman, Donald Sinden, and Mako. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Rheingold." . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "Erika's Passions." . . ¶ Dec. 2 at noon: "Island at the Top of the World." . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "From a Distance I See This Country" (1978), in German and Spanish, directed by Christian Ziewer; with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "Born Reckless" (1930), directed by John Ford, with Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fernand Léger, and seven other short films made between 1921 and 1930. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "From a Distance I See This Country." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "The Little Godard" (1978), in German, directed by Hellmuth Costard, (who will be present), with Costard and Jean-Luc Godard; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "Ballet Mécanique" and seven other short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Born Reckless." . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6: "Blue Collar Capitalism" (1979), directed by Joelle Shefts; and "Why Work?" (1976), directed by Al Levin. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Little Godard." . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "Bye Bye Bavaria" (1978), in German, directed by Herbert Achternbusch; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 8:30: "David" (1979), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Bye Bye Bavaria." . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at noon: "A Matter of Life and Death" (1946; "Stairway to Heaven"), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven, Kim Hunter, Marius Goring, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Top Secret—The History of German Resistance Against Hitler" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jochen Bauer, commentary written by Karl-Heinz Janssen; English narration. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1979), in German, directed by Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A film installation by William Childress. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (7:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Three programs in a series of films made by German directors when they worked in Hollywood. Dec. 1 at 1 and 4: "Confession" (1937), directed by Joe May, with Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone; and "Detour" (1946), directed by Edgar Ulmer, with Tom Neal and Ann Savage. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6 and 8: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948), directed by Max Ophuls, with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 1 and 4:30: "Hangover Square" (1945), directed by John Brahm, with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Rhonda Fleming.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 29-Dec. 2: "Appalshop: Films from Appalachia," a program of five short films. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 6: Five films shown under the title "Found Footage Filmmaking: A Program of Unusual and Provocative Films," directed by Mariani, Conner, and Lawder. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2370)—A series of Shakespeare's plays on film: Dec. 2 at 7:30 and 9:30 and Dec. 3 at 6: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by, and with, Orson Welles. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8 and Dec. 4 at 6 and 8: "Throne of Blood" (1957), a Japanese version of "Macbeth;" directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 7.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably comic flashes about the American college system but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Bay Cinema, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Nov. 29.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28 and 30, and Dec. 3, 5, and 7-8.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Arabian Adventures—With Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Milo O'Shea, and Mickey Rooney; directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Nov. 29.)

The Ballad of Orin—With Shima Iwashita, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Nov. 29.)

Ballet Gayané—Performed by the ballet company of Riga, Latvia, U.S.S.R. (Murray Hill.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 29-30 and Dec. 2-4.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Thalia; Dec. 3.)

Between Miracles—Directed by, and with, Nino Manfredi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Boardwalk—With Ruth Gordon, Lee Strasberg, and Janet Leigh; directed by Stephen Verona. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan 2.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Chat (1971)—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Christmas Holiday (1944)—The screenwriter, Herman J. Mankiewicz, took Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name, changed the setting from France to New Orleans, and turned it into a vehicle (more solid than most) for Deanna Durbin, who had outgrown her singing adolescent heyday. Though a bit chubby-cheeked (maturing child stars are rarely lucky in their bone structure), she's not objectionable in the role of a young singer from Vermont who marries a no-good charmer (Gene Kelly), scion of an old Creole family. The husband murders a bookmaker, and the wife blames herself for not having been a stronger influence on him; the director, Robert Siodmak, and his associates seem to take the melodrama and the sentiments unduly seriously. The wife is forced to sing in a dive, but this film was made in the days of the Code, and we have to accept her word that she is leading a degraded life, since what we see is peachy clean. Durbin gets to sing "Always" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," but Kelly neither sings nor dances. With Richard Whorf, Gladys George, Gale Sondergaard, and David Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

The Consequence—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct (exactly reported here) is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic or form anything organic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (Regency; Dec. 4-5.)

The Divine Nymph—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Forum.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

Each Other—Directed by, and with, Michal Bat-Adam. In French. (Manhattan 1.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28 and 30, and Dec. 1, 3, and 5-8.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the *shtetl* dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As his daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, Tevye's story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Topol, Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. (Loews New York 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 6.)

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh—A sloppy, unfunny comedy with Stockard Channing as an astrologer, and a few basketball stars (Julius Erving, Meadowlark Lemon, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) hamming it up as a team of losers which starts to win because all the players' sign is Pisces. (11/19/79) (86th St. East, and National.)

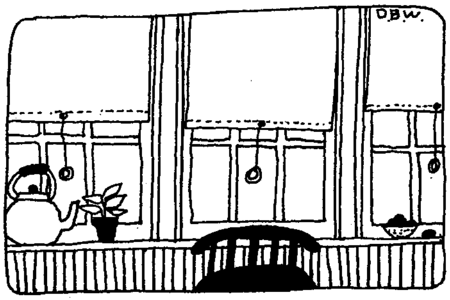
French Postcards—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28-29, and Dec. 2-4, 6, and 8.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles. (2/19/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 29.)

Handle with Care (1977; originally released as "Citizens Band")—A high-spirited, elegantly deadpan comedy, with a mellow, light touch. Paul Brickman, who wrote the screenplay, had an idea worthy of Preston Sturges: that the psychology of those who operate CB radio units might be like the psychology of crank phone callers, and breathers and obscene phone callers, too—that as disembodied voices, with identities borrowed from pop fantasies, and signal names to confirm their new self-image, people could live another life on the public airways. In the film, the CB users are secret celebrities, eloquent on the air, or, more often, aimlessly loquacious. But they dry up when they actually meet. CB functions as an authorized madness; it allows the characters to release their inhibitions while keeping one foot on the ground. The story is about the people in a Southwestern town and the collisions of their free-floating ids. Paul La Mat is the hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up. Marcia Rodd is a trucker's hard-bitten wife, and Ann Wedgeworth is a trucker's soft-headed wife; these two become a tear-stained running gag when it turns out that they're both married to the same trucker. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—the film is lyrical and wiggy at the same time. It has the consistent vision of a classic comedy; it undercuts the characters' illusions without a breath of ill will. With jutting-jawed Charles Napier as the impulsive, generous bigamist, Alix Elias as the plump, giggly hooker whose CB name is Hot Coffee, and Roberts Blossom as the hero's father. (Cinema Village; Dec. 4.)

Head Over Heels—Based on a novel by Ann Beattie, about a young man (John Heard) obsessionally in love with another man's wife (Mary Beth Hurt). The young man seems too robust, the young woman too brittle and waifish—"childlike" in precisely the way that makes bad child actors especially alienating to watch. For some of its length, though, beginning with the appearance of Mark Metcalf as Miss Hurt's husband, the movie (directed by Joan Micklin Silver) picks up and almost works. (11/26/79) (Trans-Lux East.)



The Homecoming (1973)—Harold Pinter's mannered, floating ominousness has been used to tone up many movies (it was at its most effective in his script for "Accident"), but his own plays—"The Caretaker," "The Birthday Party," and "The Homecoming," too—transfer to film badly. This movie comes across as very corny-tricky and cheaply theatrical. And the attitudes are cheap; Michael Jayston, smiling a tiny, tight smile, plays the philosophy professor who, accompanied by his wife, Ruth (Vivien Merchant), returns from America to visit his Cockney family; the role is none other than that old standby of middle-brow theatre—the prissy, unfeeling, vaguely impotent intellectual. Stoic Ruth, the one woman in this archetypal-rancorous-family play, is mother-wife-whore and, of course, is sphinxlike—the ultimate, controlling mystery of life. The suggestiveness of the play remains, along with some of its charge, and so does Pinter's idiom, with its wit, though in the movie the language sounds crisped—over-calibrated. With Paul Rogers as the domineering butcher-father, Cyril Cusack as the weak uncle, Ian Holm as the satanic pimp son, and Terence Rigby as the thick-headed son; they are all playing so high they cancel out each other's performances. Directed by Peter Hall; cinematography by David Watkins; music by Thelonious Monk. (Cinema Village; Dec. 5-6.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Gramercy, and Gemini 2; starting Nov. 30.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy—the most preposterous work of art ever written. Wit cascades through the play like a natural flow. Considered too high style (and too dry style) for general consumption, it was never filmed until this color production, directed by Anthony Asquith, who also did the adaptation and leaves the play alone as much as possible. The film is stagy, but highly enjoyable; Wilde's multiple-entendres about love and money are delivered in exquisite high, dry style by an extraordinary cast. Michael Redgrave is Jack Worthing; Edith Evans is triumphantly larger than life as Lady Bracknell; Joan Greenwood is the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax; Michael Denison is Algernon Moncrieff; Dorothy Tutin is Cecily Cardew; Margaret Rutherford, her great jaw wabbling with emotion, is Miss Prism; and Miles Malleson is Rev. Chasuble. People who have seen this movie have been known to giggle with pleasure years later as they recalled the timbre and phrasing that Edith Evans gave to such lines as "Prism! Where is that baby?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-3. . . . ¶ Regency; Dec. 6-8.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28, and Dec. 1-2, and 4-8.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. The picture is fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public; the Capra view of small-town life didn't match the post-Second World War mood. (It might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period.) Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would have been like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, it's well done. But Capra takes a serious tone here even though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

Jaguar Lives—With Christopher Lee, Donald

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Pleasence, Barbara Bach, Capucine, and Joe Lewis; directed by Ernest Pintoff. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Festival.)

Koko, a Talking Gorilla—A documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 4.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Last Embrace—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (Cinema Village; Dec. 4.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aim in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Life of Brian—Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. Written by the Monty Python troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Art; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 29-30, and Dec. 1-2, 4-5, and 7.)

Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (57th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 2.)

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The Magician (1958; "Ansiktet," which is "The Face")—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met. . . ." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry such a charge of latent meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand, and the theme—magic versus rationalism, or, if one prefers, faith versus skepticism, or art versus science, or illusion versus reality—is treated too theatrically to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex—to cut away all impurities." There are times when one would be happy to hand Bergman that knife. He uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. Those who worry about the supposed division between emotion and intellect never leave one in doubt about which side they're on. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

The Magician of Lublin—A clumsy film, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and starring Alan Arkin as the magician, womanizer, and charlatan who comes almost to believe his own lie—that he will be able to fly, in a Warsaw theatre, on opening night. (11/26/79) (Beekman.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

The Milky Way (1968)—This Luis Buñuel film concerns two pilgrim-tramps and their encounters with the Devil, the Virgin Mary, people who are arguing about Catholic doctrine, and assorted religious zealots. It's all genial enough, and the tone of cool irony is charming and very distinctive, but an awful lot of Buñuel's little jokes are so clerical and enigmatic that although you can see where a joke is intended, you don't hear yourself laughing. At times, the film seems to be a Catholic-college revue, full of dud barbs and daring seminary humor. It looks beautiful, though (the cinematography is by Christian Matras), and it moves along in a masterly way that is specifically, characteristically Buñuelian; it's all very simple—just one episode after another, with past and present joined without effort or fuss, and with occasional (and very odd) animal sounds on the track. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Gemini 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 29.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Olympia; starting Dec. 7.)

Natural Enemies—A hollow effort to understand the lives that lead to tabloid headlines like "Father Kills Children, Wife, Self." Directed by Jeff Kanew, the movie stars Louise Fletcher and Hal Holbrook, neither of whom are at their best. It somehow misses any authentic note, familiar or unfamiliar, derived from the real-life despair of couples. The result is an hour and forty minutes of monotone enigma. (11/19/79) (Cinema II.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema.)

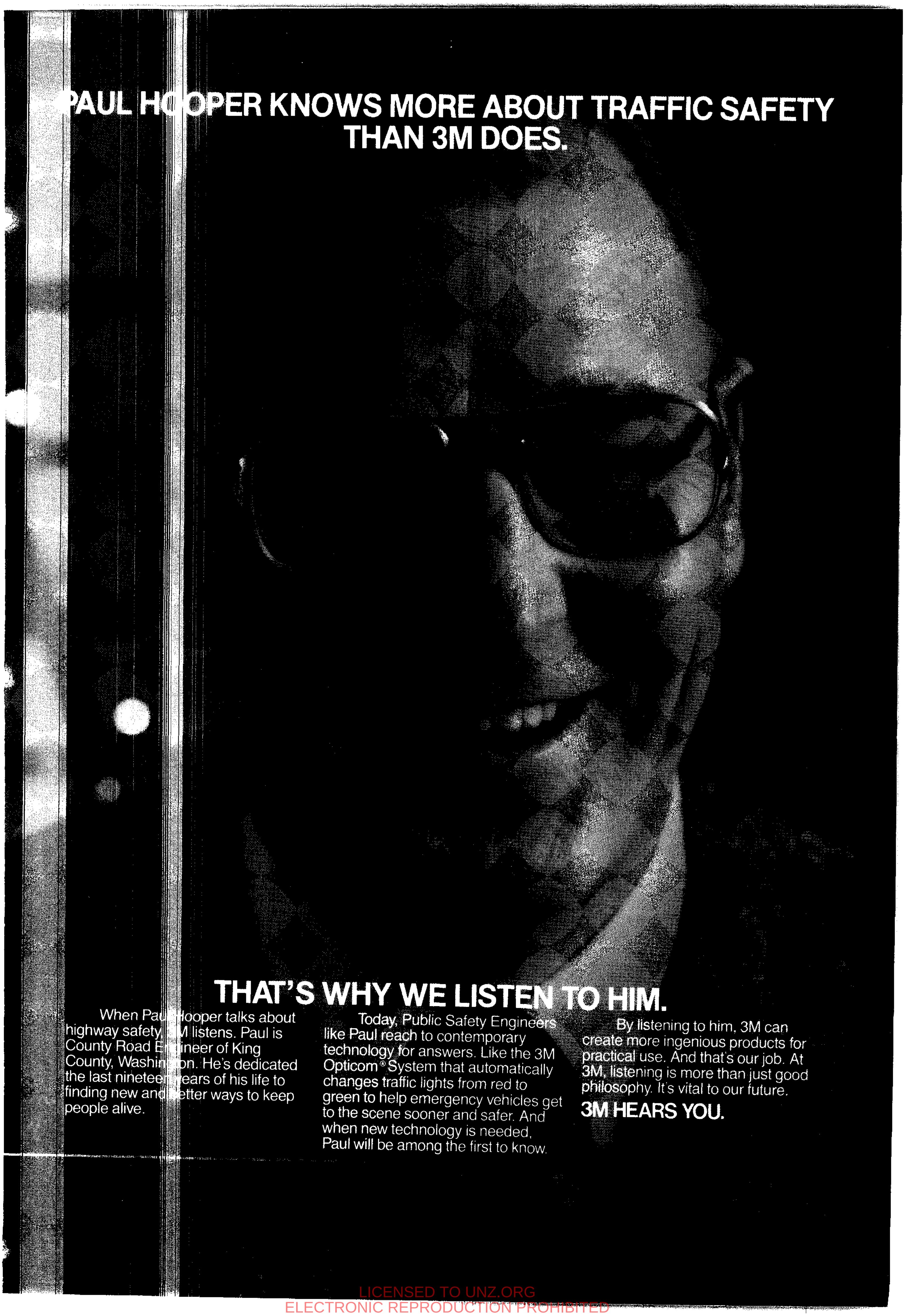
Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader, this is a rather distraught and very small-calibre film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (Olympia; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

The Onion Field—Joseph Wambaugh's very strong version of his own book, the true story of a sixties Los Angeles cop-killing, with painfully evocative performances by John Savage as the officer who survived a horrifying night in the onion field, and James Woods as the small-time hood who executed Savage's partner. The film's argument is that the law has become, itself, an obstacle to justice, and although this is not wholly proved, a good case is made. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2; starting Nov. 30.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28-29, and Dec. 1, 3, and 5-8.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses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Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Art; starting Nov. 30.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors; the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Robert et Robert—With Charles Denner, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jacques Villaret, and Regine; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 2.)

Rocky II—Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. (7/2/79) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 29.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

The Runner Stumbles—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Loews New York 1.)

Seven—With William Smith and Barbara Leigh, directed by Andy Sidaris. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

The Shop Around The Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland and Van Johnson.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (New Yorker 2.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 29-30, and Dec. 1-2, 4-5, and 7.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through Dec. 6.)

Star Trek–The Motion Picture—Based on the television series, with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, and the entire original cast. Produced by Gene Roddenberry, who created the TV series. Directed by Robert Wise. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, Paramount, Loews State 1, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 7.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red-circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement, is thought out in design terms; he has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 1.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write hold-up notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 28-29, and Dec. 1, 3-4, 6, and 8.)

Judith Shahn

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Sutton, Loews Ciné, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this latter film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Dec. 7.)

Town Bloody Hall (1971)—A documentary, directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 2.)

The Villain—With Kirk Douglas, Ann-Margret, and Arnold Schwarzenegger; directed by Hal Needham. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. With Trish Van Devere, Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (D. W. Griffith.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

Wizards (1977)—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in the Russian "War and Peace." (Cinema Village; Dec. 7-8.)

The World's Greatest Lover (1977)—Gene Wilder's slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLouise, and Fritz Feld. (Olympia; through Nov. 29.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Regency; Dec. 2-3.)

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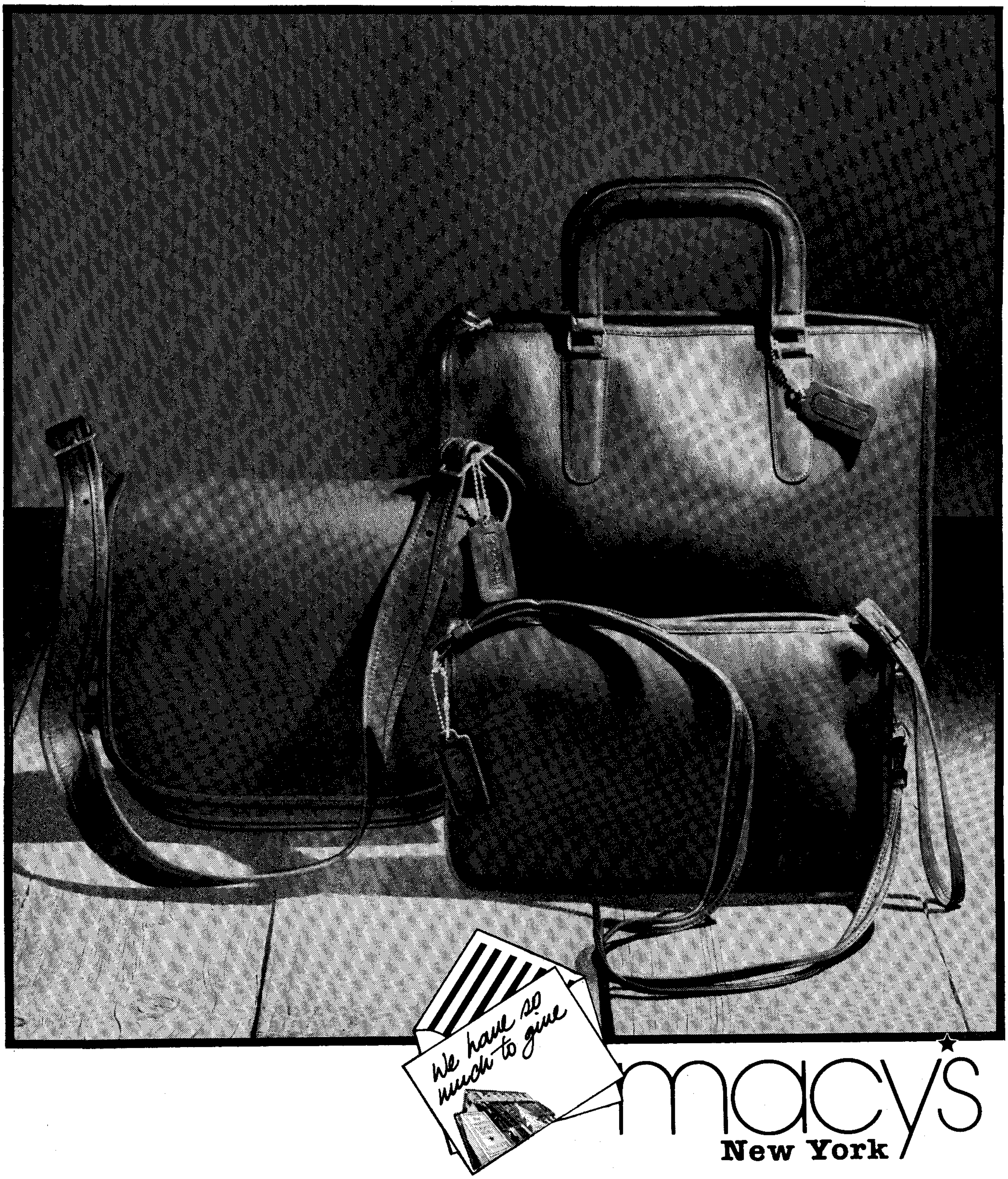

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

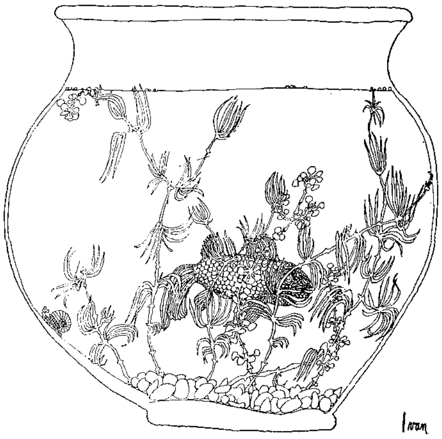
A WOMAN we know, an expatriate Texan who has lived in New York for thirteen years, recently disclosed to us her admiration for Dimitri Tiomkin, the composer of movie music who died last month. She writes:

For a long time, I really hadn't even thought about how much I liked Dimitri Tiomkin—I guess that was because he hadn't scored a movie in a long time—but then a few weeks ago I happened to notice that "Red River" was to be shown on TV on a Sunday afternoon. I'd probably seen the movie six times, and as I stood before the set wondering whether or not to sit through it again, the credits began to roll and the Tiomkin music marched grandly out of my tinny TV speaker. Of course, I immediately became weak-kneed and sank into my recliner.

I also love Tiomkin's music for "High Noon." Maybe I like his music because I'm a sucker for these movies—they're my two favorite Westerns—and because I come from the West. Maybe not. All I know is, no one today is writing scores on a Tiomkin scale, that's for sure. My most intense experience with Tiomkin's music came when I was in high school—the Ball High School in Galveston. I was in a one-hundred-girl drill team—we were called the Tornettes, after the school's football team, the Tornadoes. We went on the field at halftime during football games, performing (in the cold Texas wind, in our short little skirts) our Rockette-influenced routines, which we'd spent the summer (six hours a day in the hot Texas sun, several of us dropping in the subtropical heat) perfecting. We were good. We performed once on national TV, during a Dallas Cowboys halftime in the Cotton Bowl, in Dallas. We were proud, too. You know what always made us the proudest? It came right before we marched out onto the field, just as the band began assembling next to us. We'd be terrified: Who would screw up a precision ripple? Who would forget a sequence? Who, heaven forbid, would fall? (None of these things ever actually happened in the two years I was a Tornette.) But then the band would break into our theme song, and the phony smiles we were instructed by our officers to display, or else (the Tornettes were sort of a sexy counterpart of R.O.T.C.), would become real smiles and we would hold ourselves in perfect posture, because we felt a genuine pride. And you know why? Because that was the way our theme song, which was "Giant," and which we'd heard at least a thousand times, affected us all. I wonder if any of the other girls knew that "Giant" was written by Dimitri Tiomkin, who was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, spoke broken English, and very likely never even visited Texas.

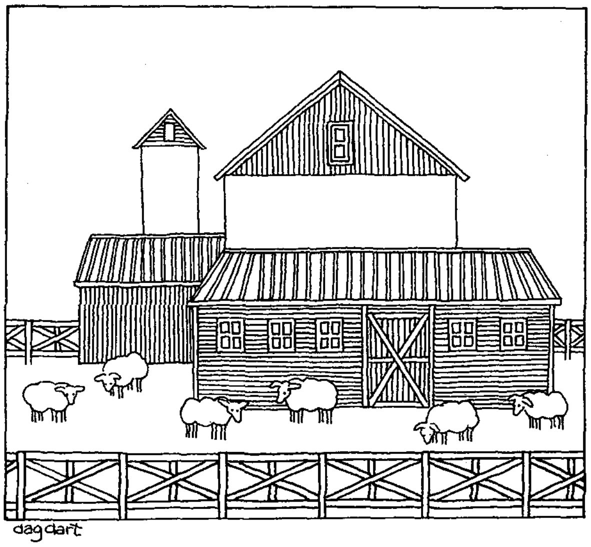
NEWS from another woman of our acquaintance:

I'm never at loose ends these autumn Saturdays. I set the alarm for nine and go way uptown to the allergist for a shot in the arm, which his conversation makes painless. His office is in an interesting neighborhood, too, down the street opposite the Central Park Reservoir, and across from Andrew Carnegie's baronial house and garden, now the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. (For a Scotsman, Carnegie dreamed big.) After the shot, you're expected to hang around and react; most of the patients just sit and sneeze, but I go outside for a stroll. I hear that the fall foliage in the countryside was a bust this year—too much rain—but up in the Park it's been unalloyed gold and copper. The red oaks have been particularly colorful. Usually, they just tarnish. Through the reservoir fence, last Saturday, I stared at the tinted fringe of trees on the far side and at a flock of grebe, like bathtub ducks, nearer, while runners warming up for the next marathon crunched along the gravel track. Others were puffing energetically outside the Park, past the Church of the Heavenly Rest. It was one of the final Indian-summer days: warm, blue, slightly smoky around the edges, pungent with the smell of fallen leaves, in their slow, invisible burning—the sort of day weathermen describe as "unseasonably mild," as though that were improper. I'd have lingered except that my arm itched and I needed to spend money in the fancy uptown neighborhood shops. With what shoes cost now, I'm going to be either barefoot or bankrupt by next hay-fever season. Afterward, I flagged a cab, its "TAXI" light invisible in the long rays of the sun now so low in the southern quadrant of the sky. The quivering yellow leaves of a ginkgo tree on Fifty-seventh Street caught the young driver's attention as we waited for the traffic light to change, and he sighed. He said, "Isn't that something?" Then he said he'd taken a fare to Queens and driven through narrow streets where bright trees leaned over the sidewalks, and he made it sound like the village I grew up in.



Back downtown, I saw that the tawny chrysanthemums in the garden to be demolished by St. Vincent's

Hospital had a condemned look; however, the roses in the Jefferson Market Library garden were pinkly lush. The library-tower clock said it was nearly three, and that explained why I was hungry. In Poppys, I ordered poached eggs, a toasted bagel, home fries, and coffee, and settled in to the *News*. The news was terrible—especially from Cambodia. Just as I started on the eggs, a couple in a real hurry brushed by my table, overturning the chair opposite, which upset my coffee cup, which splashed coffee mostly on the table and floor but partly on my new, sadly expensive sheepskin jacket, which is to protect me against the degree-days to come, and I had to ask for a wet rag. I was getting some curious stares from the eaters around me, and I felt bound to explain to the worried proprietor that although it was not my fault, I didn't *blame* anyone—I just wanted to finish my poached eggs, bagel, fries, coffee, and *News*. The table was wiped off, and one of the waiters brought a new cup of steaming-hot coffee; another mopped the floor around the table, while I lifted my feet and pretended to eat and read. Then, not wanting to bother anybody further, I stood up to get a pitcher of half-and-half and skidded on the wet linoleum, tipping over the second cup of coffee. "Help her up, somebody! Don't just stand there. Help her *up!*" said the woman at the next table in the loudest possible voice. Sensing that I was at the center of some sinister field of force, I gave up and went to Blimpie's. My apartment house has an inviting stoop, and lots of clients of the takeout-food places come to eat there, and since it was still too nice a day to be inside, why shouldn't I, too, sit on one of the three granite steps under the plane tree and drink my Tab? For more than an hour, I looked at the stainless blue sky and visited with neighbors: Maximo, our new superintendent, out with his three-month-old Beatrice; Lis, wheeling David home in a carriage with a blue balloon floating above it; Sean the bartender, a Harvard man; Mrs. LaManna, on the second floor, who looks after everybody; the old superintendent, Lino, who has to go into St. Vincent's for a cataract operation; Rudy the butcher; and Sam next door, who has just adopted a gray Persian kitten from the Bide-a-Wee Home. Out-of-towners murmured as they peered over the wall of the second-oldest Sephardic cemetery at privet bushes badly in need of a trim; and ginkgo leaves blown by the steady wind fell and adhered to the sidewalk like real gold leaf. No blue balloons for the children of Cambodia, I made myself remember as the light drained from that wonderful sky on that fine afternoon at the edge of winter.



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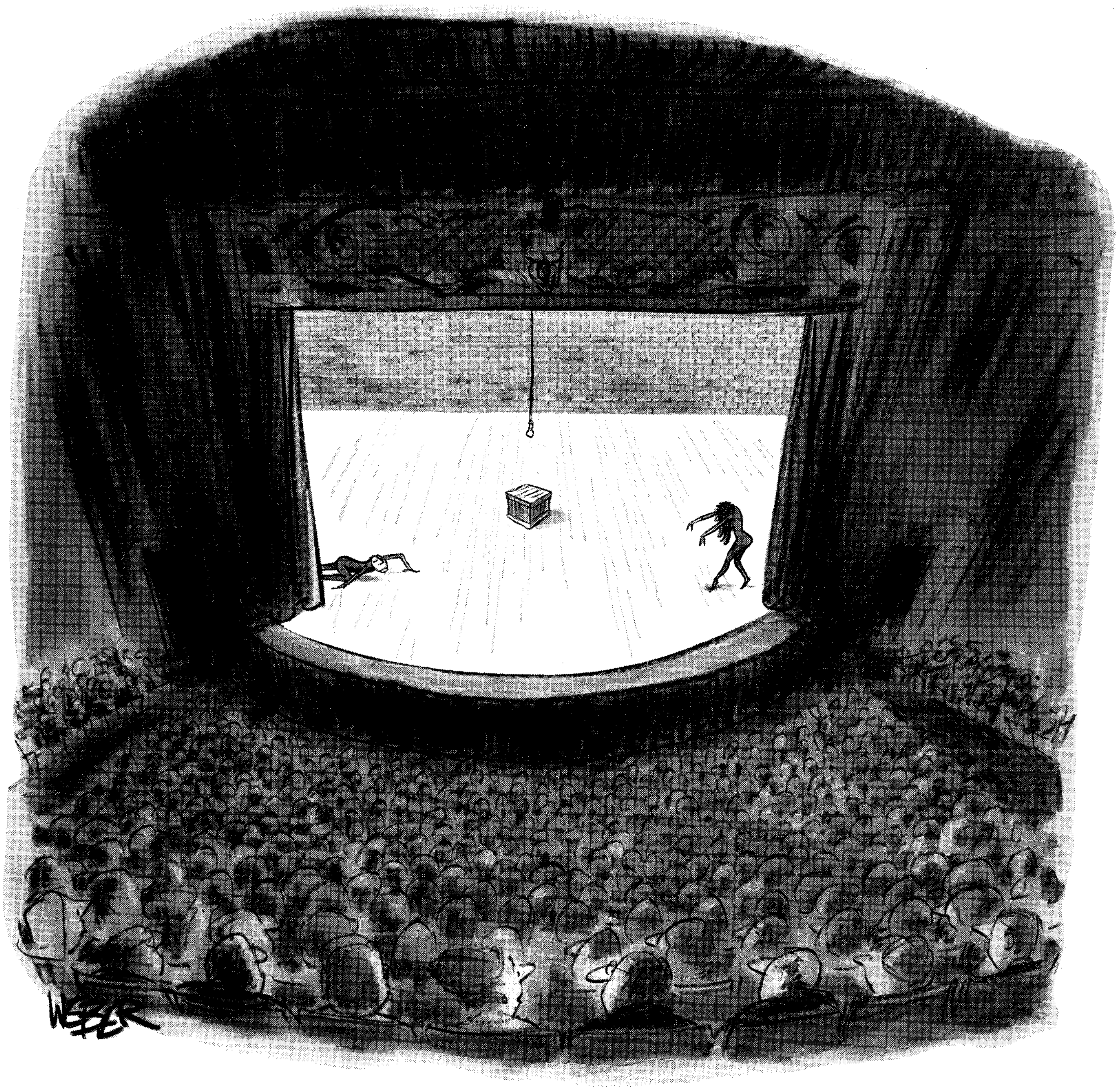
Books

TAMMY WYNETTE, popular country-and-Western singing star, was in one of those large, supermarket-type bookstores on Fifth Avenue the other day autographing copies of her just published autobiography, called "Stand by Your Man," which is also the title of one of her songs. She was sitting at a table, and in front of her on the table were stacks of the book. Tammy Wynette's husband, a man named George Richey, stood near the table. To one side of her were many people standing in a line and holding copies of the book, or record albums, or pieces of paper. Some of the people, when they got to her, said that they liked her jacket, which was purple. Some of the people, when they got to her, said that they liked her blouse, which was green. Other people said that they liked her jewelry—a gold chain worn around her neck and some rings on fingers of both hands. Still other people looked at her with smiles on their faces and said, "Your pictures don't do you justice." One man said to her, "You are absolutely gorgeous." She said to someone who asked her if she had just got into town, "Well, no. I did 'Good Morning America,' I was on WHN, and I did the 'Arlene Francis Show.' " A man came up behind her and said, "You are the wildest woman in New York City," and she looked behind her and recognized the man and they hugged. She introduced him as a television interviewer from Nashville. She told a woman, who had asked, that her children listen to Elton John and Donna Summer. A woman told her that reading her book made her feel young again. Tammy Wynette shrugged and laughed. In the books she autographed, she wrote, alternately, "Thanks for asking. Love, Tammy" and "Hope you enjoy the book. Love, Tammy." Some of the people who asked her to autograph their books were named Don, Christian, Gillian, Paul, Bob, Dick, Paulette, Trixie, John, Regina, Lynn, and Mabel. Finally, she autographed a Xerox copy of a picture of herself standing near her swimming pool at her home in Florida, and autographed a copy of Lattimore's translation of the Odyssey, and then autographed some more books. After much prompting from her husband, she got into a car and was driven away.

Phone Call and Party

THE phone call: "Hi, this is Steve Feld, of Will Gagen Associates Public Relations. Fred Mackeldorf gave me your name. I think it was Mackeldorf. . . . Not Mackeldorf? . . . Oh, Macke*rodt*. Yeah, right, Mackerodt, guy who does publicity for Pontiac and Honda. I can't read this handwriting. Anyway, Fred gave me your name and I was wondering if you know about the party for Jordache next Tuesday. The invitation came in a little jeans pocket? . . . Oh, you got it, good. Well, do you know the facts behind the party, and all the excitement and controversy and discussion it's stirred up? . . . You haven't heard about that? . . . Well, the new Jordache jeans commercial has been rejected by all three networks as being too suggestive, even though there's nothing in it any more suggestive than in your average bath-oil commercial. We call it tastefully topless. The majors rejected it, but the independents accepted it, and they've been running it. The *Times* said they'd run the ad but the smile on the model's face had to be changed to a more serious expression—you can do it, but you can't enjoy it, right?—so Jordache went out and reshot the whole thing to give the *Times* some stills where the model wasn't smiling. Anyway, we've got a whole First Amendment controversy here,



"I've heard that if you like it you love it and if you don't like it you hate it."

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and it's been written up by *Time* and by newspapers in Hong Kong and Israel. The commercial has a girl riding horseback on the beach, Lady Godiva fashion, tastefully topless. It was shot in June, and after a one-month courtship So-and-So, the director, married Such-and-Such, the model. The party on Tuesday was originally a post-wedding party for the couple, but now there are going to be celebrities, mostly Broadway and film people, and there's going to be media coverage, because you got the wedding, the commercial, and now all this controversy—a multi-angle thing. Do you have a publicity package on this? . . . Let me send you one. I'll send you one today. Party's next Tuesday, Tavern-on-the-Green. Andy Warhol's going to be there. I'll send you a full list, look forward to seeing you. Nice talking to you. Bye!"

THE party: So you got three big rooms at the Tavern-on-the-Green, disco music, big crowd, you got disco dancing that looks like gang warfare from twenty feet away, you got fifteen pairs of cowboy boots, you got girls dancing holding their hair up on top of their heads with both hands, you got people scooping dip with pieces of raw broccoli and then accidentally getting some of the dip in the hair of a girl standing with her back to them, and thinking about whether they should tell her and deciding not to, you got video cameras, you got blinding lights, you got songs on the sound system with the word "party" used as a verb, you got people saying things like "Big mistake. This is a false market here," you got people taking names and phone numbers, you got non-stop social hugs and kisses all over the place, you got the best beer, whiskey, champagne, you got clouds of money evaporating up into the fall air over Central Park, and you ask yourself, "Now, why do we have this?" And the answer is "Because three brothers named Nakash made a lot of money in bluejeans last year, and then they decided that they wanted to make some more."

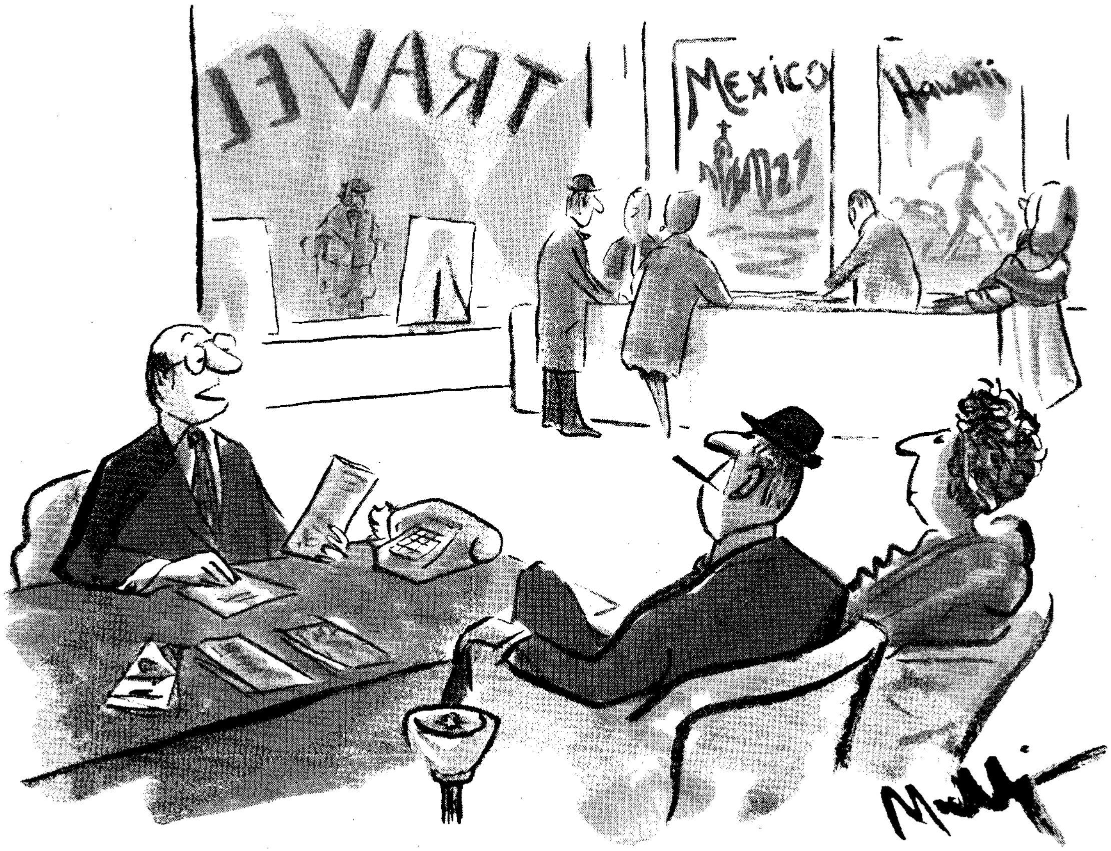
Art

ONE: Stickley. There has been a revival of interest in the work of the furniture-maker Gustav Stickley. Stickley is an interesting man, and his furniture, in the style that was commonly called "mission" during its vogue early in this century, has virtues of strength, elegance, and sense. Stickley's furniture was mainly of oak. (Some pieces could be ordered in other woods.) Stickley's company produced chairs, dining tables, reading tables, desks, settles, and bookcases, but he was concerned as well with metalwork and gardens and the sensible design of houses, and his interest in these different areas of design had a coherence that lay in his insistence on the moral implications of simple design. He was strongly influenced by the Arts and Crafts Movement in England, and his book "Craftsman Homes" (a compilation of designs of houses, furniture, floors, fabrics, and metalwork which had appeared in *The Craftsman*, a magazine he published from 1901 to 1916) contained a homage to Edward Carpenter, who was part of that movement, and a selection ("The Simplification of Life") from Carpenter's book "England's Ideal." Carpenter was a late-Victorian progressive who had absorbed the thought of William Morris and Tolstoy and Walt Whitman, among others. He lived as a market gardener in Derbyshire and was much visited—by E. M. Forster, among others, who ended a summing up of one year's important experiences with the line *"Edward Carpenter! Edward Carpenter! Edward Carpenter!"* Carpenter was known as the popularizer of the sandal and was also known for the fact that he lived openly with a male friend, George Merrill, who came from the working class of Sheffield. His idea of the simple life involved a kind of household-by-household socialism, which was to be facilitated by good design. Of what constituted good design he was sure:

> What, by common consent, is more graceful than a ship—the sails, the spars, the rigging, the lines of the hull? Yet go on board and you will scarcely find one thing placed there for the purpose of adornment. An imperious necessity rules everything; this rope could have no other place than it has, nor could be less thick or thicker than it is; and it is, in fact, this necessity which makes the ship beautiful.

In keeping with the precepts of Carpenter's simple life, Gustav Stickley promoted designs that obeyed imperatives of sturdiness, sense, and economy and that were, from his point of view, unpretentious. One of the appealing features of his Craftsman homes was that they were not meant to appeal to snobbery or to invoke or exploit social aspiration. Hence, like his furniture, they were not nervous. He writes of one of his designs as "A Plain House That Will Last for Generations and Need But Few Repairs." Another is "A Cottage That Comes Within the Limits of Very Moderate Means." He has a design for "Two Inexpensive but Charming Cottages for Women Who Want Their Own Homes," and advice about "What May Be Done with Water and Rocks in a Little Garden."

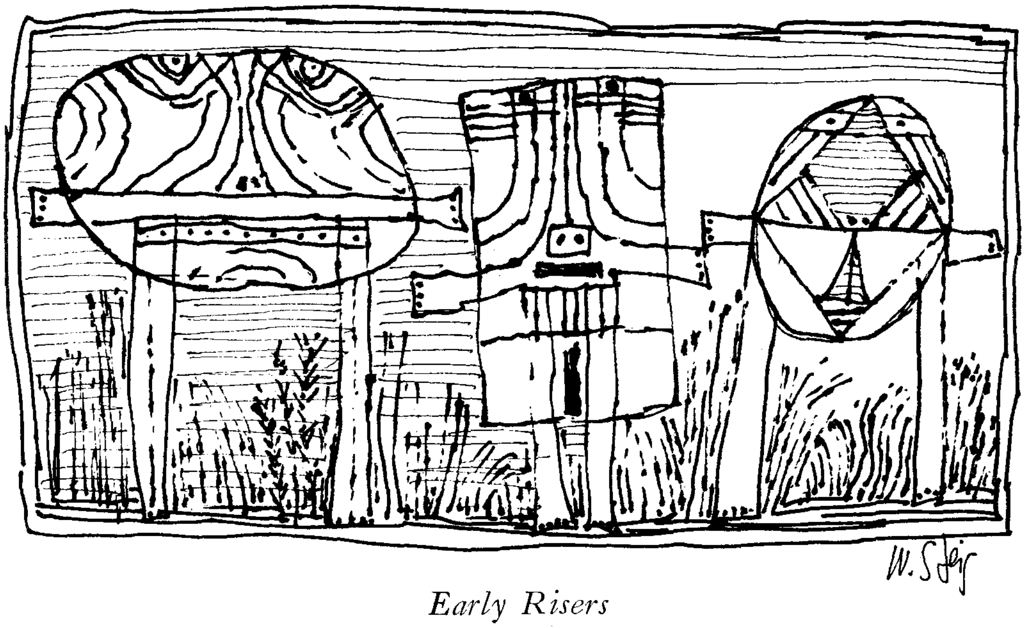
It is striking that in "Craftsman Homes" Stickley routinely shows furniture and houses made from the best materials (quarter-sawed oak, for instance, which is not commercially available now) and identifies their use with economy rather than with high expense. It is striking, as well, that this convergence of quality and sensible economics did not assure the continued success of his enterprise. He was bankrupt by 1915, and his furniture, for all its strength and elegance, was lost in the disfavor that overwhelmed all furniture of oak. Now the furniture is seen again, and, in a way, his aesthetic is seen, too—but only as a kind of motif, as something adding a bit of interest to the furniture. The prices for Stickley furniture are very high, and the history of its aesthetic, with its tinge of socialism and its emphasis on the simple, serves, perversely, to increase the price—by increasing the interest that the furniture has for rich people (in lofts, for instance) who want fine things but do not want the stigma of having the sort of fine things overtly associated with certain values that, in theory, they have rejected.



"Everybody, it seems, wants to be warm."

The most important moment in the restoration of Stickley's reputation was the opening in October, 1972, at the Art Museum at Princeton, of a show organized by Robert Judson Clark and entitled "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America 1876-1916." The show included some particularly handsome Stickley furniture: a side chair inlaid with copper and pewter and a writing table, similarly inlaid (both of these were designed for Stickley by Harvey Ellis); a folding screen of oak, burlap, and linen; a settle; a bookcase;

a copper candlestick; and various fine tables and chairs. The show was illustrated by a handsome catalogue; and, by linking Stickley, as it did, with designers like Louis Comfort Tiffany, whose work had already returned to fashion, the show had a large influence among collectors. Even earlier—in April of 1972—a small group of Stickley pieces had been included in a Young Collectors auction at PB 84 (the slightly more modest affiliate of Sotheby Parke Bernet), and the pieces brought more than their estimates. A drop-front desk that had been estimated to bring between eighty and a hundred and twenty dollars brought four hundred and eighty dollars. A library table that had been estimated to bring between a hundred and twenty and a hundred and fifty dollars brought three hundred and twenty dollars. It was after the Princeton show, however, that interest and prices began to rise sharply. There were more auctions (two at the Plaza Gallery), and then, in 1976, a gallery opened in SoHo which was devoted largely to work of the American Arts and Crafts Movement—especially to work produced by Stickley, and by his brothers L. Stickley and J. G. Stickley, who ran a rival establishment. This gallery, the Jordan-Volpe Gallery, is an all but immaculate place, and its proprietors have created an atmosphere in which respect for Stickley's work and unconcern for high prices live peaceably. A pleasant development of this year has been the republication, by Dover Publications (a company that brings considerable imagination and sense to what it issues in reprint), of Stickley's "Craftsman Homes."



Early Risers

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We went recently to two events associated with the Stickley revival. The first was a sale—of furniture and decorative arts from 1875—at PB 84 which included Stickley furniture that had been accumulated by PB 84 over the last eight months. Eric Silver, one of the people who organized the sale, told us that he had gone to the Young Collectors auction in 1972, that that auction was the first he had ever attended, and that it had left its mark. He told us, as well, that prices for Stickley furniture had been growing rapidly—almost alarmingly—during the year. He mentioned a desk that sold for almost fifteen thousand dollars. He was reluctant to tell us much about that extraordinary sale. "It's still confidential," he said. He said that there were four pieces in the PB 84 sale which he regarded as particularly important, and that he expected prices to exceed PB 84's estimates. He told us that prices do not rise uniformly, however. "When something begins to take off—and Stickley entered that phase a while ago—there is a period when people buy whatever they see," he said. "They buy because they are not sure what the supply is."

The four important pieces mentioned by Mr. Silver were a circular dining table with an X stretcher, a set of six dining-room chairs, a sideboard, and an oak china cabinet. At the auction, the dining table brought twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars; its estimate had been between eight hundred and twelve hundred dollars. The chairs brought twenty-five hundred dollars; their estimate had been between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars. The sideboard brought two thousand dollars, which was within its estimated range. The china closet, which was listed as "rare," brought thirty-five hundred dollars, also within its estimated range. Other, less remarkable Stickley pieces did not perform well, and several fell below their estimates.

The second event was a show at the Jordan-Volpe Gallery of very fine desks by Gustav Stickley, L. Stickley and J. G. Stickley, and other members of the American Arts and Crafts Movement. Included were small fall-front desks of quarter-sawed white oak with hand-hammered copper pulls; good examples of the writing tables and trestle tables that were widely popular in Stickley's time; and a very remarkable so-called spindle library table and side chair in mahogany. Stickley's spindle furniture, which has a number of long, thin slats at the ends of a table, for instance, or at the back of a chair, is particularly valuable. We talked to Beth Cathers, who works at Jordan-Volpe, and who has bought a great deal of Stickley furniture for the gallery. She told us that the spindle table had a price of ten thousand dollars. She said, "People are coming to realize that a price like this is *not high* when you are talking about an important piece of signed furniture."

We asked Mrs. Cathers if Jordan-Volpe had bought anything at the PB 84 sale.

She said that it had bought only one lot, a set of rush-seated chairs. "The table was an early version of a table that Stickley did better later on," she said. "The china closet was very early, and I don't think it worked. I don't think the top and bottom worked together. I don't think it was successful as a work of art."

We asked Mrs. Cathers how she explained the low prices brought by some of the Stickley pieces at the PB 84 sale.

"They were not in great condition," she said. "There, you see, you are talking about *used furniture.*"

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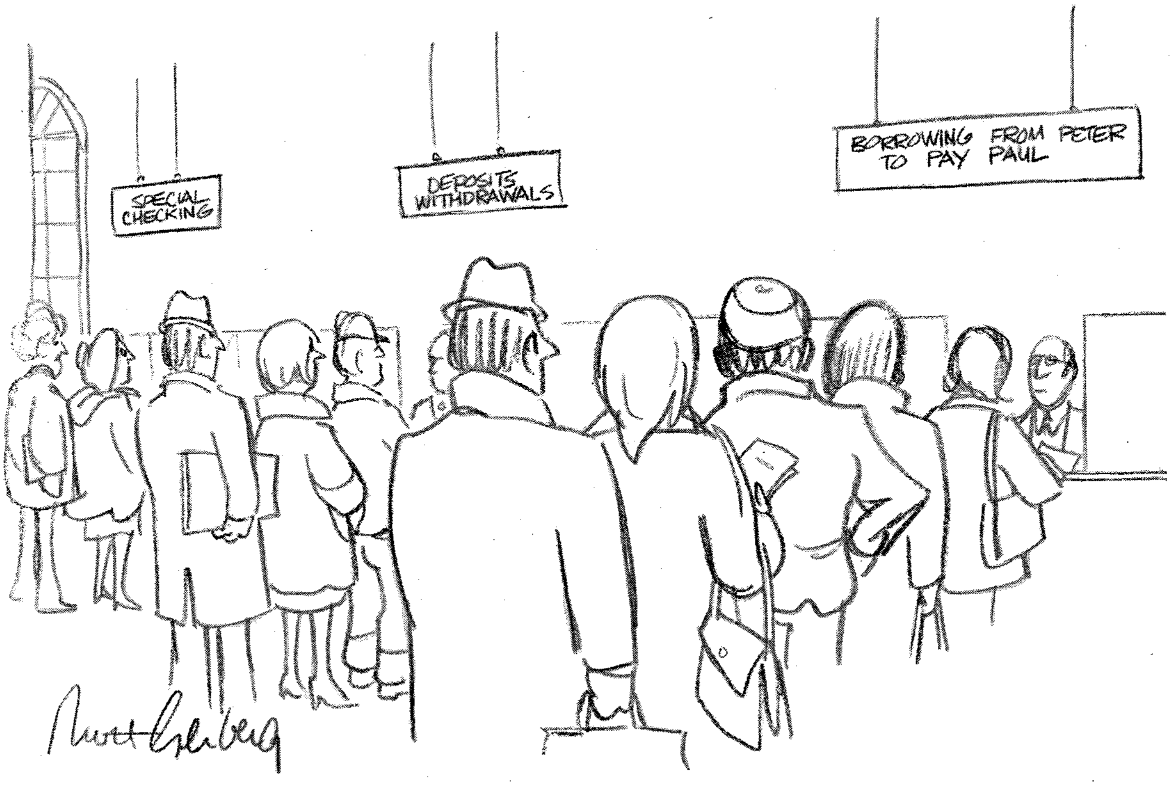
TWO: Shine. Art Deco has been popular for some time. Everyone has given in. No holdouts. Too many curves to hold out. Too much shine. The rich young gave in right away. It is so unlike their growing up, Art



Deco—so unlike *anyone's* growing up. Sometimes it's a joke, Art Deco. Cocktail shakers in chrome. Such a laugh. Sometimes it's in deadly earnest. Sometimes you just have to give in. Didier Aaron has given in. Didier Aaron is a well-known house that has dealt mostly in eighteenth-century French furniture. For a long time, that was what everyone wanted, French furniture from the eighteenth century, furniture owned by kings. Not so much anymore. Things now are a little sharper than that.

On the evening of the day of the auction of Stickley furniture at PB 84, there was a party at Didier Aaron to celebrate the opening of its show "Decorative Arts 1925 Style." Didier Aaron has its headquarters in a handsome house on East Sixty-seventh Street. A house with quite a lot of shine. The party had quite a lot of shine. The servants who carried the drinks and the hors d'oeuvres and the napkins had a bit of shine, and the guests did, and the furniture. Everyone was interested in everything. It was that kind of party. People held their focus, but they knew when to change it.

"I once bought a two-thousand-dollar bed," one girl said. Mostly, though, it wasn't like that. Mostly, the prices were higher and people didn't mention them. It was more like this:

French man: "I'm very interested in Africa."

American woman: "All the *archeology*."

French man: "And in *China*. All those Tang warriors."

American woman: "Exactly."

In the most prominent position (ground floor, up front, window), there was a sofa of Émile-Jacques Ruhlmann, who is a well-considered designer in the Art Deco style. There was also a remarkable lamp in the shape of an uncoiling snake. This was not a small piece—not a tactful lamp, like a small snake. It was a standing lamp, and it curved like a snake from the floor to an alabaster shade. It had been designed by Edgar Brandt and was priced at fifty-five thousand dollars. Upstairs, there was a *soleil* bed—a bed with an enormous curved headboard spreading out like the sun at midday. The catalogue said that it had been made of Makassar waxed ebony and was a variation of a bed made for the comedienne Jane Raynouard in 1927. There was also a carved and painted wood panel entitled "Jazz Band," which had been executed for the liner Normandie but not installed there—installed instead in a Paris *brasserie*. The jazz band in question was a black jazz band, and its members were shown to have eyes of metal, bright white shirtfronts and bright white cuffs, and exaggerated features.

We went to the third floor. In the front room on that floor, there was a congeries of the eighteenth-century furniture that Didier Aaron used to feature. Labels were a little askew. Placement was a little random. We looked at a pair of Louis XVI ormolu *bras de lumière*. "Similar pair, Wrightsman Collection," a label said. "Four thousand dollars." We talked to a young man who works at Didier Aaron. "We have had to cast a wider net," he said. "It's hard to sell a pair of real French chairs."

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THREE: Night-time. On Fifty-third Street, standing west of the Museum of Modern Art and facing toward Fifth Avenue, we looked up. The buildings to the west of the Museum of Modern Art have been peeled away. There was one workman on a scaffold high up against the skin of the museum building, repairing what had been exposed during the process of peeling. There were three lights on the scaffold, bright lights; the worker on the scaffold was well lighted. Different surfaces were visible: blue facing tiles, belonging to the museum building, that had framed the demolished buildings; small bricks, also belonging to the museum building, that had lain unexposed against the demolished buildings; and cinder blocks, used by the workman to plug irregularities in the wall which had been exposed by the demolition of the buildings.

We went into the museum. It was the opening of the museum's show "Art of the Twenties." It was, in our opinion, a splendid event. Art in the context of the intelligent understanding of art. The first thing we saw was a Matisse lithograph, "Odalisque in Striped Pantaloons," and then we saw Bellows' lithograph "Dempsey and Firpo," of 1924, and then Martin Lewis's "Subway Steps," of 1929. In another room, we watched a tall girl in puce leather pants and with black hair in curls hanging very far down her neck—and looking somehow wet—put on makeup using her reflection in the glass over Berenice Abbott's photograph "Hands of Jean Cocteau." Later, moving back into the room of the Matisse and the Bellows, we heard an enormously fat man in a very dark suit say to his companion, a woman in late middle age in a violent-red cape, "I like that George Grosz, don't you?"

THE CALL

SHE would be, or so she thought, over it—over the need and over the hope and over the certainty of that invisible bond that linked them—when suddenly it would come back. It was like a storm. She would start to shake. One morning, this frenzy made her almost blind, so that she could hardly see the design on the teacup she was washing, and even the simple suds in the aluminum sink seemed to enclose a vast pool of woe. When she saw two pigeons in the plane tree outside, it smote her heart because they were cooing and because they were close. Then her telephone rang in the other room. Going to answer it, with the tea cloth in her hand, she prayed, "Oh, God, let it be him," and in a sense her prayers were answered, though she could not be sure, because by the time she got to it whoever it was had rung off. She waited, trembling. It—he—would ring again.

There was sun on the trees in the garden outside, and the varying greenness of each tree was singled out and emphasized in the brightness. There was a dark green, which emitted a gloom that seemed to come from its very interior; there was a pale green, which spoke of happiness and limes; and there was the holly leaf so shiny it might have just been polished. There was the lilac, shedding and rusted because of the recent heavy rain, and the hanging mauve blooms gave the effect of having dropsy. And all of these greens seemed to tell her of her condition—of how it varied, of how sometimes she was not rallying and then again sometimes she would pass to another state, a relatively bright and buoyant state, and sometimes, indeed, she had dropsy. Yet he was not ringing back. But why? Ah, yes. She knew why. He did not care to lose face, and by ringing immediately it would be evident that it had been him. So she busied herself with little chores. She drained the dishes and then dried them thoroughly. Her face on their shining surfaces looked distorted. Just as well he was not coming! She took the loose fallen petals of sweet pea from a vase on the window ledge and squeezed them as if to squeeze the last bit of color and juice out of them. After twenty minutes of devoting herself to pointless trivia, to errands into which she read talismanic import, she decided that he was not going to ring, and so to put herself out of her misery she must ring him. He had lately given her the number. He had repeated it twice and when last leaving he had said it again. For six months he had kept it a secret. It was his work number. He would not, of course, give her his home number, since it was also his wife's. So why not ring? Why not? Because she found herself shaking before even attempting to dial. She foresaw how she would speak rapidly and hurriedly and ask him to lunch, and suppose he said no. She would wait for half an hour and then she would ring.

In that half hour, her whole body seemed to lose its poise and its strength. She felt sick and ashamed, as if she had done some terrible wrong—some childish wrong like wetting or soiling her bed—and she sought to find the root of this pointless notion of wrongdoing that was connected with an excruciating wait. She thought of previous times when she had been spurned by others and tried to marshal in herself the pride, the fury, the common sense that would cause her not to lay herself at his feet. She thought of the day when she would learn to get by—maybe learn to swim—and for an instant she saw herself thrashing through a pool and kicking and conquering. She said, "If I ring, does it not make me the stronger one?" Her words were hollow to herself. The sun shone, yet her house had a coldness—the coldness of a vault, the coldness when you press yourself on the tiled floor of an empty dark country chapel and beg your Maker to help you in these straits—and for no reason there crowded in on her mind images of a wedding, a slow procession down the aisle, a baptismal font with a rim of rust on its marble base, religious booklets about keeping company, and in the chapel porch an umbrella with one spoke protruding. In imagination she went out the gravelled path under the yew trees and smelled their solemn, permeating perfume. She thought, Yesterday I could do without him, today I can't. And then she remonstrated, You can.

She was going on a train that afternoon, to the country, and once on the train, no matter how great her unhappiness, she could not succumb to a frenzy. She thought, too, that if she rang him once she might ring him at all hours, she might make a habit of it. If only he would sit opposite her, take her hand, and tell her that he had no interest in her, then she believed that she would be free to let him go. . . . Or was he going? Was she herself becoming narked? She saw him once a fortnight, but that was not enough. These clandestine visits were the crumbs of the marriage table. The making do with nearly nothing. Where was the bounty of it? Where the abandon?

"You are what you are," she said. But did others have to suffer so? Did others lie down and almost expire under such longing? No. Others swam; others went far out to sea, others dived, others put oxygen flagons on their backs and went down into the depths of the ocean and saw the life there—the teeming, impersonal life—and detached themselves from the life up above. She feared that her love of nature—her love of woodland, her love of sun on hillside and meadow, her love of wild flowers and dog roses and cow parsley, her love of the tangled hedgerows—was only an excuse, a solace. Mortal love was what she craved.

SHE imagined how he would come and pass her by in the hall, being too shy to shake hands, and walk around the room inhaling her while also trying to observe by the jug of fresh flowers or the letters on her desk who had been here recently, and if perhaps she had found a lover. He had commanded her to, and had also commanded her not to. Always when he lay above her, about to possess her, he seemed to be surveying his pasture, to sniff like a bloodhound, making sure that no other would pass through to his burrow, making sure that she would be secret and sweet, and solely for him.

Ah, would that they were out on hillside, or in the orchards of her youth, away from telephone calls or no telephone calls, away from suspicions, where he believed she wore perfume deliberately so his wife would guess his guilty secret. She was watching the face of her telephone, following with her eye the circle of congealed dust about the digits, where fingernail never reached nor duster ever strove; watching and praying. She heard a letter being pushed through her box and she ran to get it. Any errand was a mercy, a distraction, a slender way of postponing what she would do but must not do.

The letter was from a stranger. It bore a scape of a blue sea, a high craggy cliff, and a flying bird. The message said, "I thought this to be the bluebird of happiness but fear it might only be a common pigeon." It wished her happiness and to be well. It was signed, "A WELL-WISHER, MALE." She thought, Oh, Christ, the whole world knows of my stew, and she wondered calmly if this union she craved was something that others, wiser ones, had forgone—had left behind at their mothers' breasts, never to be retasted—

and she thought of her dead mother with her hair tautly pinned up and of the wall of unvoiced but palpable hostility that had grown between them. She hoped then that she would be the same toward her man one day, withdrawn, cut off from him. Her mother's visage brought tears to her eyes. They were different tears from the ones she had been shedding earlier. They were a hot burst of uncontrolled grief that within minutes had sluiced her face and streamed over into her temples and wet her hair.

The half hour had passed in which she promised herself that she would ring him, and now she was talking to herself as to an addict, saying could she not wait a bit longer, could her longing not be diverted by work or a walk, could she not assuage the lump inside her throat by swallowing warmed honey on it, so that the syrup would slide down and soothe her. The needless pain there seemed to be intensified, as if a sharp current were passing through her. Could she not put it off until the morrow?

There is no stopping a galloping horse.

She went toward the telephone, and, as she did, it began to ring. It rang loudly. It rang like some tutelary ogre, telling her to pick it up quickly, telling her that it was the master of her fate, of her every moment, of the privacy of her room, of the tangle of her thoughts, of the weight of her desire, and of the enormity of her hope. She did not answer it. She did not know why she did not answer it. She simply knew that she could not answer it, and that she waited for its ringing to die down the way one waits for the ambulance siren to move out of one's hearing, to pass to the next street.

"Is this love?" she asked herself, admitting that she had wanted so much to answer it. The longing to see him, communicate with him, clasp her fingers in his, feed him, humor him, and watch him while he ran a comb through his hair was as strong and as candescent as it had ever been.

"You had better go out now," she said aloud, and quickly, but with a certain ceremony, she put an embroidered shawl over the phone, to muffle its sound.

It would be three days before she came back, and she saw a strip of water that would get wider and wider. Green and turbulent it was, and in time, she knew, it would swell into a vast sea, impassable and with no shore in sight. Time would sever them, but as yet it was love, and hard to banish.

—Edna O'Brien

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH: HARRIS, OUTER HEBRIDES

Lord, I'd rehearsed and rehearsed your loss.
You died and my rehearsed face, the words
I'd planned to say over your stone were ready.
I set my face. I said my words. The sea I worship
did nothing to relieve the grief in Rodel.
This day, December 28, 1977,
the church locked, I bang the door and no one comes.
Happy New Year, Lord. Almost that time.

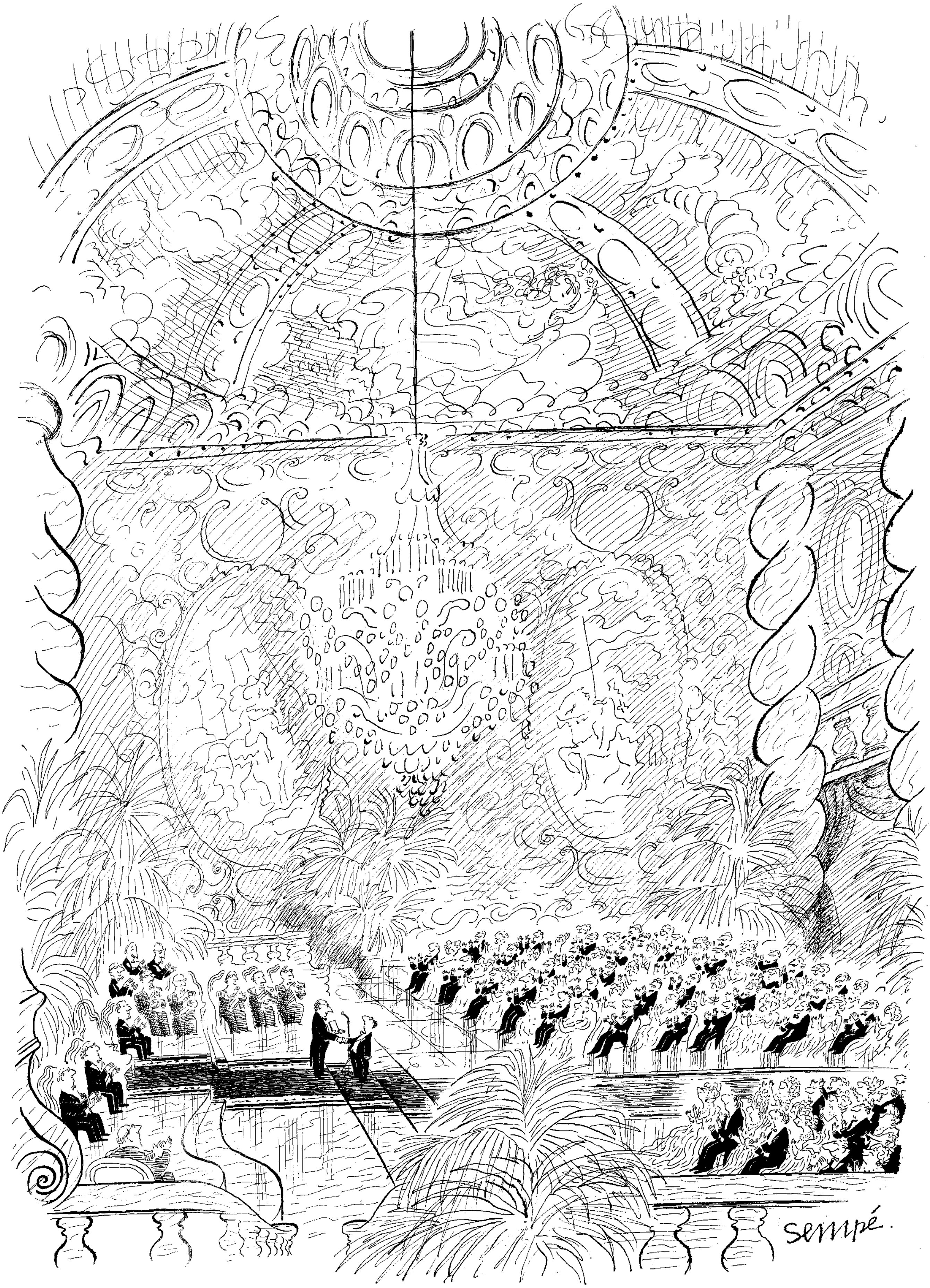
We were something else that age of reptiles.
The tri-winged dragonfly drove us to caves.
There we huddled and shook. Those days, all
huge creatures—dinosaur and those that end in -saurus—
no matter how imposing, meant less than land.
For one example: white cliffs climbed
so straight they seemed geometry
and high high when we looked gave off
gratuitous white light that formed, fragmented,
floated, and was cloud. I'm afraid
the introverted palm leaves even then
threatened to open and smile. The world would bloom
with or without us. Every dawn, the sky
turned pink like special places on girls.
No Lord then, we were something else. O.K.?

Three days and this year ends. Nothing's touched
after five hundred years. Brochures with photos
taken in some rare good weather
don't mention dead reptiles. Here it started
with man, woman, and with what they believed
and couldn't understand. Christ came on so northern
he wore skins. Believe, and fish will come.
If I was terminal and had six weeks and knew it
I'd fish every lake on Harris. That's a lot
of water. And I'd fake faith long enough
to leave room on my stone for favorable words.
I'd fish the ocean hard my last day on this page.

To get down to earth, if buried here
with faith—even in death we love beauty—
I'd be buried redeemed. Look,
the ocean, below and forever, the wide void void
of eternity's nightmare, the lovely way
graves are spaced to leave room for grass.
The date of my death would endure
given good stone and some artisan's fine tools.
May he carve "decent" despite what came out at the inquest.
Please understand that was just a bad time.
If I can't enter the church, at least
I can go on peeking. Inside, shadows
fall like jail from leaded windows wrong onto stone.

Lord, you're dead. Imagine five centuries gone
and me far as sky from ruin. Imagine
this locked church and my pounding, my hope
to study five-hundred-year-old carvings inside.
Like anyone
I come from a monstrous age, white cliffs
climbing and climbing out of whatever painting
I saw once, climbing out of the frame
and somewhere above
issuing light that released became
some aimless immediate plural.

—Richard Hugo

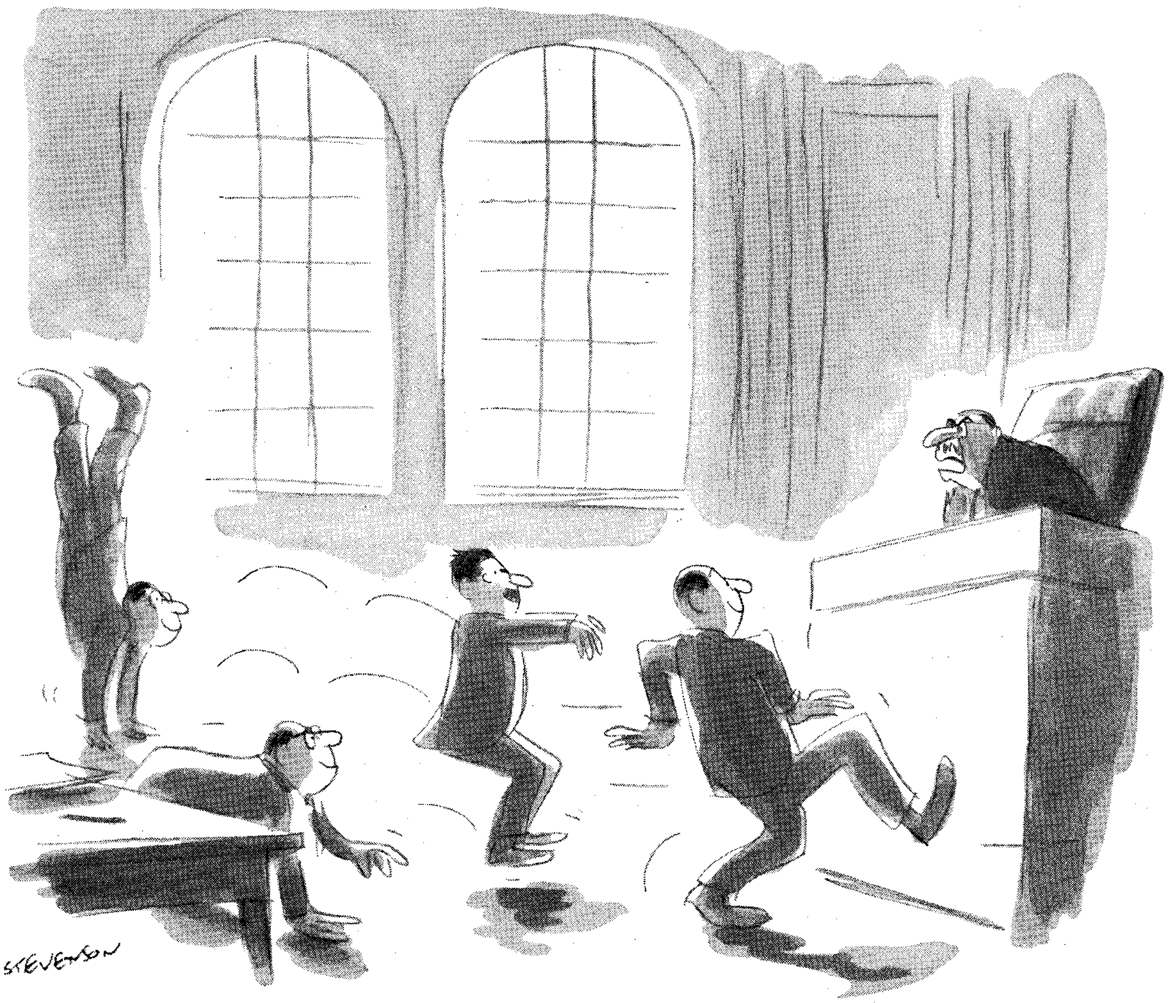


"And so with this award we salute you and the whole of your remarkable œuvre, which includes some of the most hopeless and disheartening books of our time."

MOON OVER ALANI BEACH

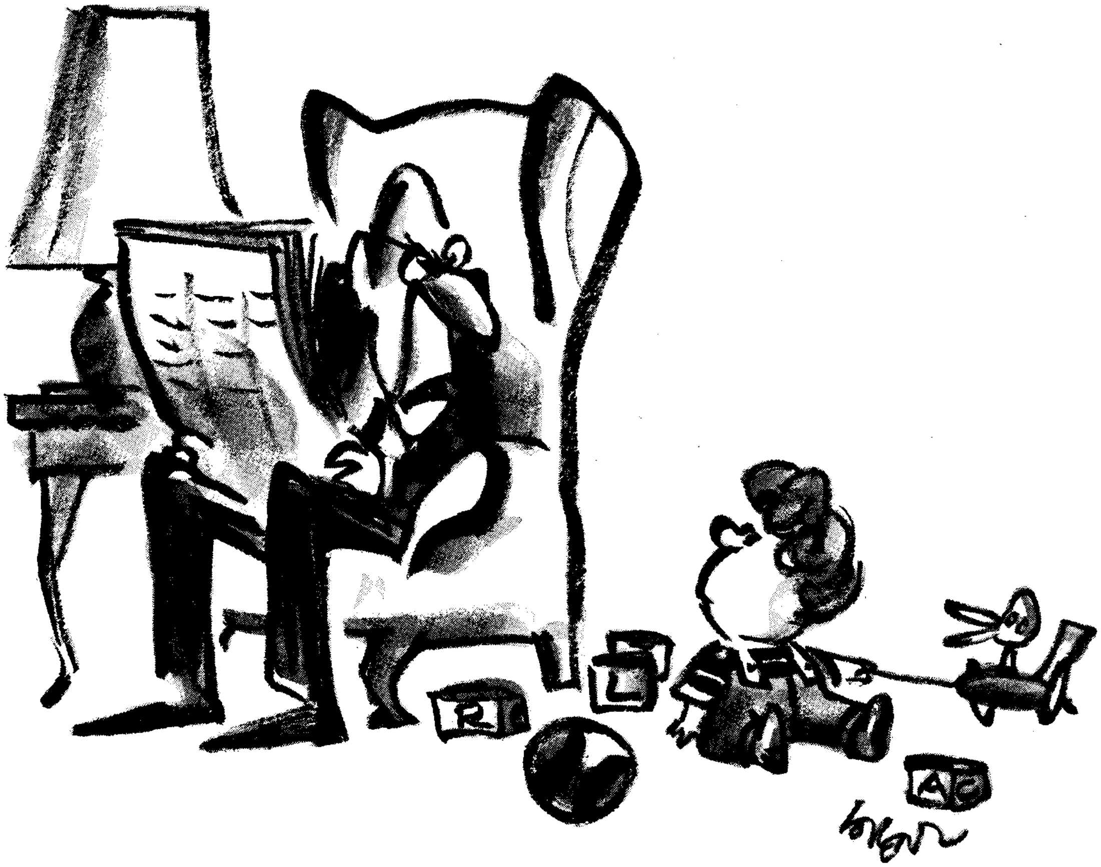
IT was unexpected, the way the moon appeared suddenly, after so long an absence, as though there had never been any clouds at all, as though the dust from the peeling hotels had not mingled with the gas steaming up through the land, had not risen to the low evening sky and hung there for months and months and months, producing a morose mood and physical danger and a distorted sense of time that was a feeling of perpetual twilight. In that twilight it had been impossible to judge distances, for example, or trace light to any simple source. Everywhere in the sky there had been a stagnant phosphorescence, like a visible echo of artificial light. Then the moon came out, and the teasing glow vanished in a minute, only lingering for a while in the pockets of bad land, the recent land built too far out into the harbor, too far into the marsh, where the gas continued to rise, would always continue to rise.

In the moonlight, it was possible to see from one end of the causeway to the other. People looked up. The moonlight showed the great hotels along the beach, their height intact, rising twenty or thirty stories, running together (as it appeared from the causeway) like a crazy wall built to different heights and in different styles at different moments, like a wall with a purpose, a fortification. People moved at a faster pace after seeing the familiar buildings and did not mind so much just where they stepped. At the end of the causeway, at the place where the old highway had debouched into the Avenida de las Palmas, the principal boulevard of the Spanish Colony, a great fat man, dressed in pleated pants that conformed with perfect accuracy to the eccentric bulge of his enormous stomach, walked around the rotting barricades, kept his shoes clear of the mud, kept step to a puffing rhythm he made with his breath. He did not look at the moon but looked, rather, at the shadows thrown by the old hotels across the Avenida de las Palmas. His eyes moved from left to right, attending to the geometry of the shadows, while he kept up the puffing noise with his breath. He proceeded to the middle of the old Avenue, where there were two strips of land on which remained certain hardy grasses and certain palms that had not rotted in the damp and, between the two strips, a third, on which there was nothing. He walked in this third strip, seemed at home in this strip. He kept on at a steady pace that was different from the pace of the few other people on the Avenue—less furtive, more like something confident running on tracks than like a man afraid of the night. At the intersection of the Avenida de las Palmas and the Avenida de los Alpes he made an easy curving turn left toward the waterfront, toward the shadow of a hotel. Before entering the shadow, which was the shadow of the Hotel Merovingian, the greatest of the luxurious hotels of the old city, having been built to incorporate every luxury with every satisfaction of historical memory, having suffered a contraction and damage from the damp but still throwing a fine shadow, the large man stopped his puffing noise. Then he looked up quickly at the moon and went into the hotel.



"Damn it, when I say 'Opposing counsels may approach the bench' I don't want high jinks!"

WHEN the moon came out, Madame Ludovica saw it strike the mural in her room at the Merovingian and she looked at her watch, which was a man's watch, a big watch with a sensible leather strap, because Madame Ludovica was sensible about time, and mail, and the way a writing table is arranged, and the way bills are paid or not paid, and the way exercise is taken or not taken, and because she was not vain. The time the moon appeared, Madame Ludovica was prepared to say with certainty, was 10:06 P.M. At one moment, she was looking at her mural and there was no moon. At the next (she did not shift her eyes meanwhile, or blink), a powerful silver light came into the room



"Cute is not enough!"

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and imposed the pattern of the window onto the mural. Madame Ludovica took this as a sign. She stayed exactly where she was and watched. She was tempted to go to the window to see the effect of the moonlight on the city, but she did not.

She looked at her mural, kept her eyes on the mural. She watched the pattern made by the moonlight passing across the mural. Madame Ludovica felt something rise inside her. She knew what it was: a form of concentration very like hysteria. Madame Ludovica had slit her wrists once when she had allowed herself to concentrate too deeply. She had felt herself to be a river and had wanted to flow in her own blood. It had been embarrassing, of course, but it had been pleasing, too, to feel the power of self-transformation at work. Since then she had made it a point to control the rising of the concentration, but she had not abandoned it or lost pride in its power. She tried not to talk to herself, or to strangers, because that brought the concentration on in an overwhelming way, and she tried not to touch things that appealed to her in her path, or to establish any special rhythm of walking. But she did permit herself to stare at her mural, all aspects of which she felt to be benign.

In the moonlight she stared at a figure in her mural—a man in early middle age, blond, with long hair and an expression on his face in which violence and beatitude were mixed. He faced forward into the room—toward Madame Ludovica, toward the window, toward the moonlight. The moonlight blanched his face and brought out (so it seemed to Madame Ludovica) the gentle understanding in his nature, for which the air of violence was merely a disguise. His right hand was extended in a gesture of welcome, and seven men on his right knelt in several positions along Madame Ludovica's wall to receive his grace. Madame Ludovica could not see the figures she knew were kneeling on his left, nor could she see his left hand or the portion of his face to the left of his left eye: all of this was in a room belonging to another guest of the hotel, on the other side of a thin partition. But this did not diminish her pleasure by much. At some moments, she regarded the truncation of her mural as a reminder of everything she had been denied, but for the most part she held to the conviction that the power of the mural in its entirety might be threatening. It was enough, she felt, that the central figure remained, almost complete, on her side of the wall. There was no inscription to identify the scene depicted in the mural, but Madame Ludovica was almost certain that the central figure was Alaric and that the mural as a whole comprised a Visigothic court scene, for her room was a fragment (not a very large fragment) of the Alaric Suite, formerly the première suite of rooms at the hotel. Little historical evidence concerning the Visigothic monarchy had been made available to the artist, and he had included a number of decorative elements from other, better-documented courts, so that there was about this assemblage of Gothic nobility a distinctly Elizabethan feel, but this did not spoil Madame Ludovica's pleasure in it. In any case, her pleasure had very little to do with questions of accuracy. Her pleasure had to do with faith and with an interest in preserving the blond young man (the presumed Visigothic king) from the indifference he would be sure to face in any company but hers. Madame Ludovica, who was, as she put it, the last of the Hohenstaufens, superior in dignity to the Hapsburgs, knew what indifference was.

ELSEWHERE in the Merovingian, the effect of the moon was subtle. Roberto Diaz-O'Malley, the proprietor of the hotel, was asleep in his rooms—a bottle next to his bed, a bottle bearing the label of an old brandy but holding a small amount of liquor of another sort. Roberto dreamed, as always, of kidnapping, which had been a vogue during his youth. In his dream a simple unmarked car trained in evasive maneuvers moved at various speeds along obscure routes, to no avail. As always, the route ceased to be obscure and became ominous. The undistinguished motif of the car became, in its anonymity, an announcement of the intent to evade, a declaration of privilege and foreign association. People along the route came out to look as the car went by. People noted that the speed of the car became erratic, as if the car were driven by a lunatic or a person in senility. They noted that the route taken was a route taken by no sincere person. They noted that the car was driven by a young man. Suddenly, then, a well-marked vehicle moving at a constant speed, no impediment acknowledged in its pace—a bakery truck, perhaps, or a vehicle for the transportation of children to a private school, a simple vehicle with all the time in the world—drew up close, and the kidnapping was effected.

At this moment in his dream, as always, Roberto Diaz-O'Malley awoke with a sense of relief, of anxiety gone. He looked around his room, which was in disorder. He saw the damp in the stucco and the heaps of small dust accumulating by the sill of the door and under the windows. He saw his open luggage—old luggage, expensive luggage, luggage one person could not move without help—and his belongings in his luggage. He could not remember whether the luggage was being packed or unpacked. He saw the bottle at his bedside and put it to his lips. "How perfectly vile," he said. It was not obvious, even to himself, if he referred to the liquor in the bottle. He looked around the room again and was surprised to see how definite were the outlines of the disorder in the light through the blinds. The surprise, however, was only a flicker of interest across the workings of his obsessions, and he did not get up from his bed, draw the blinds, or see the moon. Instead he turned over so that he faced the wall, faced away from the disorder. "So like Managua toward the end," he murmured.

THE COLD

I can't remember what I was thinking . . . the cold
Outside numbs purposes to a blur, and people
Seem to be more explicitly animal—

Stamping the snow, our visible patient breath
Around our faces. When we come inside
An air of mortal health steams up from our coats,

Blood throbbing richer in the whitest faces.
When I stop working, I feel it in a draft
Leaking in somewhere. In the hardware store—

I think because it was a time of day
When people mostly are at work—it seemed
All of the other customers were old,

A group I think of five or six . . . a vague
Memory of white hair or of elder voices,
Their heavy protective coats and gloves and boots

Holding the creature warmth around their bodies.
I think that someone talked about the weather;
It was gray, then; then brighter after noon

For an hour or two. As if half-senile already,
In a winter blank, I had the stupid thought
About old age as cozy—drugged convalescence;

A forgetful hardihood of naps and drinks;
Peaceful, without the fears, pains, operations
That make life bitterest, one hears, near the end . . .

The needle *Work* unthreaded—not misplaced.
Bitterest at its own close, the short harsh day
Does lead us to hover an extra minute or two

Inside our lighted offices and stores
With our coats buttoned, holding the keys perhaps;
Or like me, working in a room, alone,

Watching out from a window, where the wind
Lifts up the snow from loaded roofs and branches,
A cold pale smoke against the iron-gray sky—

Watching it now, not having been out in hours,
I come up closer idly, to feel the cold,
Forgetting for a minute what I was doing.

—ROBERT PINSKY

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CORNELIA AND CONSUELO LA SALLE, the famous twin sisters, now nearly eighty, took the opportunity of the moonlight to resume work on their dual autobiography. Cornelia held a snapshot up to the moonlight. There were two figures in the picture. One was a woman of startling beauty, her eyes held straight ahead in an expression of final disdain, her mouth pursed into a tiny bow that managed to look inhuman without looking unfeminine, her neck—indeed, the entire upper half of her body—hung about with an enormous rope of pearls. The other figure had been scratched out with ruthless efficiency.

"Who is this, dear?" Cornelia asked, pointing to the rash of scratches on the photograph. "Who is this with you?"

"Just nobody, darling. I can't think why you trouble with that. I can't think where you *found* that."

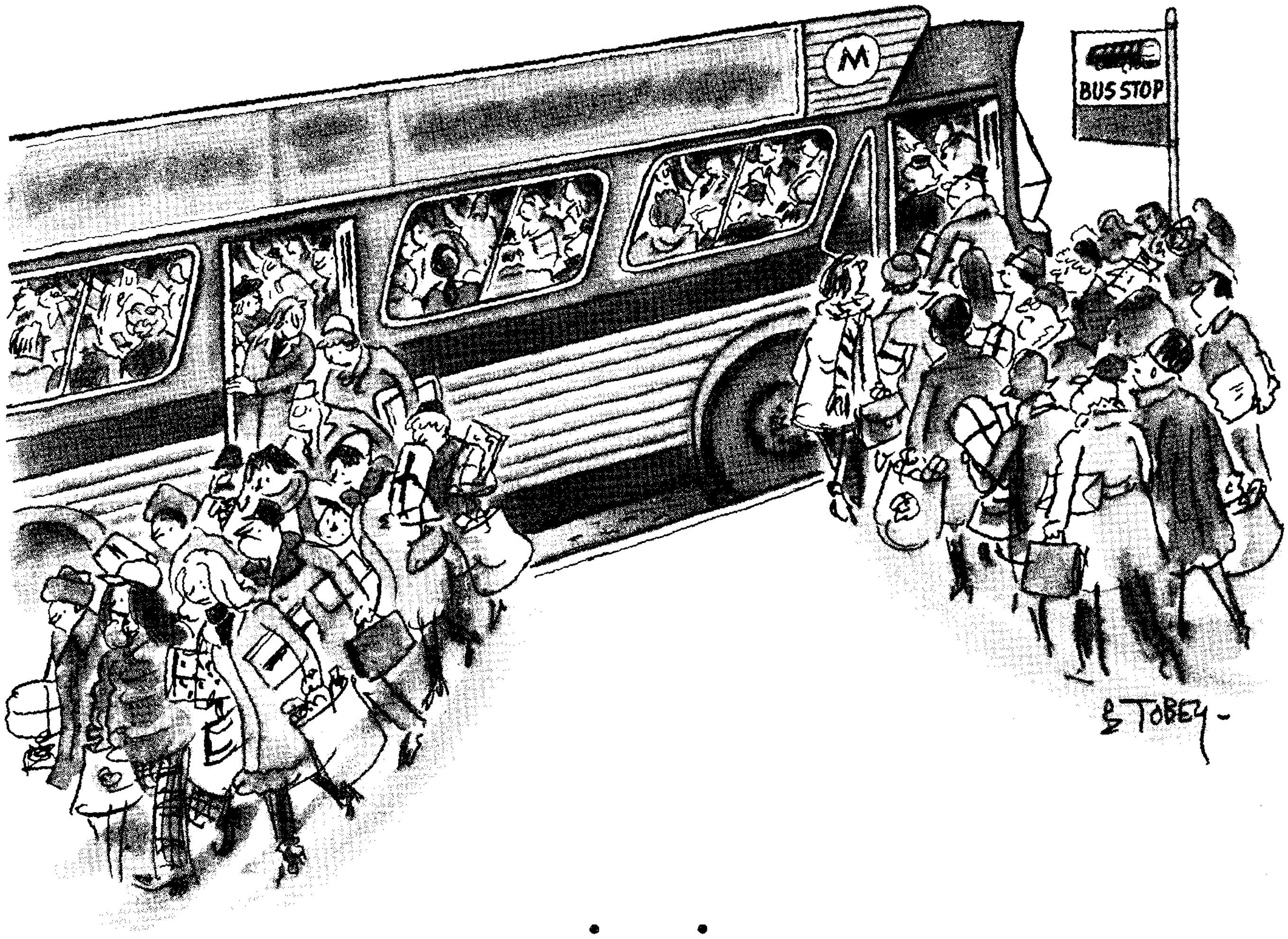
"I think I recognize the *shoes*."

"I can't think why you bother, I can't think where you find these old scraps that haven't a bit of general interest, unless you've been creeping and pawing where you don't belong." Consuelo made a sudden movement at the photograph.

Cornelia hit her sister a rather strong blow across the shoulders and said firmly, "But lamb-pie, you know we must strive for candor. The public demands it. You know that they do."

Then Consuelo began to cry, and Cornelia, who was used to that, took the photograph to the window to have a better look.

IN his tower room, Mr. Peter Stuyvesant, who had been having a sinking spell, first felt the presence of the moon as a rising of spirits. Frail, thin, and so old that he seemed beyond age, he had been lying on his wicker chaise longue without energy enough to prepare his broadcast. He had noticed several new raw spots on his hands and had wrapped them in a piece of fabric in such a way that little direct action was possible. He felt the power of the moon as an impulse to



unwrap his hands. When he did, he found that the irritation had somewhat lessened. The spots were red, to be sure, but the white pustules of infection had withdrawn. Heartened, he looked about him and saw the moonlight. He rose at once, as though startled by the unlooked-for arrival of a beautiful woman. He went to his window. He could see across the causeway to the Beach City. He could see each of the big hotels. His hands rose from his sides to frame his head in a gesture of pleasure. They trembled slightly, like the last leaves on a tree in the cold.

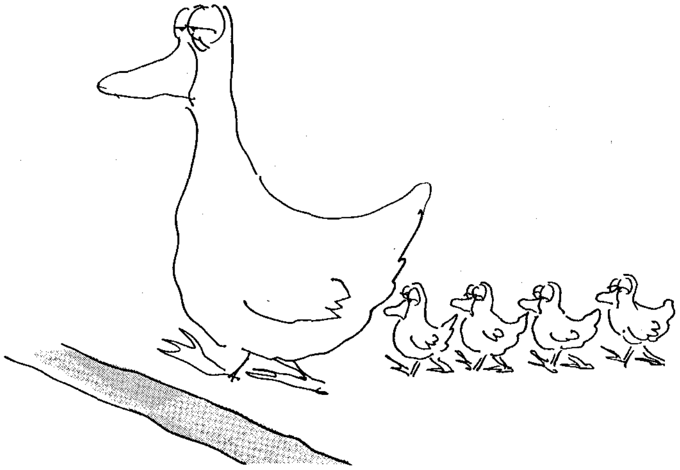
"My dear," Mr. Stuyvesant said as he looked without blinking at the line of hotels, "there they are. Just like that."

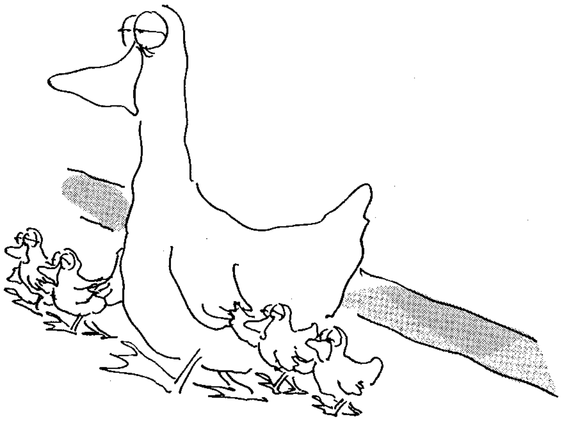
After a moment he began to count the hotels, moving his eyes from right to left, and he looked exactly as though he were counting eggs under a hen. Then, when he had finished, he counted them again, calling them by name: "The Seurel, there is the Seurel, just like day, just like any day you please, and the Herez-Chenonçeaux—the dear old Chenny—just like our lovely times in Tunisia before Tunisia went. There are the gardens! The gardens at the Chenny. Imagine that! And then the Yormin. Not my style. A little businesslike, the Yormin, but never mind. Then the Mogul-Delhi—too big for these times, the Mogul-Delhi, all those *wings*, but God bless it anyway, yes, God bless the Mogul-Delhi. And then the Reine-American, *naturellement*. How well the Reine-American looks. Quite like a queen. I must remember to say that. Then the others just as ever. The Tidal Riviera just as ever, the Gotham Sand just as ever, the Hollywood Plage just as ever. Then the causeway. How fine the causeway looks in the moonlight! And there are lights in the restaurant district. Oh, well! This is quite a relief, I must say that it is."

Then Mr. Stuyvesant moved away from his window and toward his closet. He took off the linen smock he was wearing (which he called his duster and wore during work in his archives and clipping books) and put on a handsome smoking jacket with ingenious embroidered fastenings across the chest.

"Well, well, just like that," Mr. Stuyvesant said. "I really do feel that I should go on *live* tonight. I really do feel that I should."

THE moonlight shone over the Spanish Colony and the Beach City and the mainland city. The moonlight showed changes in texture, but only when you looked closely. The moonlight seeped into the cracks, showed the cracks, showed the tiny fissures expanding from small bubbles of air (natural to the process by which dust is compressed into a wall that will bear weight), but only if you looked closely. From any distance, the moonlight showed beauty and an interesting geometry. In the moonlight even the badly compromised hotels—the Hollywood Plage, for instance, which was not a hotel at all anymore, really, where there was no security, none at all, come and go just as you please, every door off its hinge, every pipe clogged with the small red plants that bloom in wet decay, the underground arcade a nest of thugs and poor people—even the lost hotels seemed to resemble their old selves if you did not look closely. And the buildings from the first boom, the old buildings in the Spanish Colony and on the mainland, these buildings seemed to expand and breathe, to take comfort in their abundant motifs. Most beautiful was the Palacio de Bellas Artes, which floated over the Cottage District on the mainland like a beached liner. A folly of the Aspair family, the Palacio represented every wrong choice: the choice for a Spanish motif when the vogue had passed for a Spanish motif;





the choice for enormous aspiration, for a doubling of size and an immensity of decoration when it had become quite clear that people were more and more reluctant to enter under a roof in any large numbers; the choice for fine art imported from European circuits—European opera that no one cared to hear, European dancers whom no one wanted to see; the choice for a location in the northeastern zone of the mainland city, which had been laid out for mansions, which was to be a neighborhood of unexampled luxury, but which failed to catch on, which failed even before the general failure, which had not even the distinction of triggering the general failure, and which, although it continued to carry the official name Districto del Mar Azul, had come to be called the Cottage District, after the maze of small buildings that spread out in every direction. An utter failure before any failure was common, the Palacio de Bellas Artes was suffered to remain because its failure was so complete that tearing it down would pay no one. But in the moonlight, suddenly, it gave comfort.

Madame Ludovica, on the causeway, looked up at the beach hotels, but just for a second; she looked back at the Spanish Colony, but just for a second. For the most part, she kept her eyes on her feet. A boy, an unpleasant boy, walked behind her, and she wanted to give an air of quiet determination; she wanted to close her mind so that he would have no place to enter. The boy was alone, but he was the sort of boy who belonged to a pack of boys. Madame Ludovica knew how it was. At first, there was just one, challenging you to be rude, ready to be hurt, his eyes full of accusation and a sense of injustice; then, when the insult was established, out of nowhere would come others to redress the wrong—boys who could not be persuaded, usually, to stop at robbery. The trick was not to see the first one, to shut him out of your mind, to keep your mind far from the possibility of insult, far from the revulsion you would feel if the situation were acknowledged. Revulsion was the insult the boys provoked most often, and the one they punished with most cruelty—that and fear.

Madame Ludovica made it safely across the causeway and went to the Hotel Yormin to meet a friend. No one had better security than the Yormin. She felt the attention of the stray boys turn away as soon as it was clear that she was going to the Yormin. Entrance to the Yormin was through a series of narrowing doors—not doors merely but sensitive detectors, which detected metal in suspect configurations, and plastic, and the new admixtures of metal and plastic that people found under their chairs, or along the molding, or under the edge of the table, and that were more powerful than other small explosives. The last doorway was not only narrow but designed to mold itself close to the figure. Guests of the hotel and a very few important people had a card key, which, when placed under a scanner, kept the doorway from effecting this final intrusion; but Madame Ludovica did not have such a key, so she was obliged to stand patiently while elements of the doorway shot out toward her body.

Once inside, Madame Ludovica was attended by a member of the concierge service, a red-faced boy who seemed to be losing his hair in patches: bald welts the size of silver dollars showed all over his scalp. He took Madame Ludovica up in the elevator.

"I wonder if you know my friend Mrs. Grendle?" the boy asked suddenly, with a quick sideways jerk of his neck.

Madame Ludovica said that she did not.

"It's Mrs. John James Grendle. Mrs. Montgomery Grendle, she calls herself now. She had an awful divorce." This information the boy imparted as though it added particularly to the woman's importance.

Madame Ludovica smiled but did not answer.

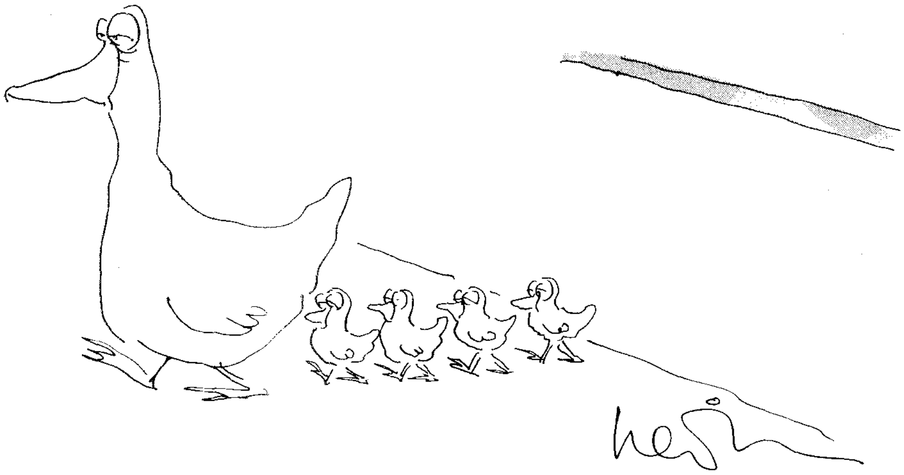
"You'd be surprised how *she* treats me," the boy said ominously.

Madame Ludovica said nothing, and the car arrived at her floor. The doors opened six inches above the level of the hall. The boy made no effort to bring the elevator down. Madame Ludovica stepped down carefully.

The boy looked at her morosely. "Just like a friend. That's how *she* treats me," he said.

Madame Ludovica looked at him, putting revulsion and fear at a distance. "That's very attractive," she said, smiling.

Her friend kept her waiting—waiting at first when he did not immediately come to the door, waiting afterward when he stuck his head out and told her to wait. Then he let her in, and Madame Ludovica saw that he had company, a tall man dressed in a black suit that was much too big for him. Madame Ludovica wished that she had telephoned ahead, but she had not thought to do it, because she had little money; because the only telephone that worked at the Merovingian was the public telephone in the lobby and she was afraid to stay too long in the lobby; because she had thought only of the moonlight. She did not know of which she was more ashamed—her poverty, her fear, or her enthusiasm. Madame Ludovica was in most circumstances a sober and sensible woman, but when she felt herself to be in the wrong, she adopted a manner that was much too lighthearted. Her talk was too lighthearted now. She said several lighthearted things and watched them compress the faces of her friend and



his visitor. So unhappy did this make her that she was about to leave, when the man in the dark suit rose himself.

"Things were going smoothly," the man said, as though Madame Ludovica had been the cause of a change of fortune away from the smooth. He pursed his lips and pulled his face into a deep, deep frown. "Things were going very smoothly."

It seemed then that the man in the dark suit would not go, that he had got up for some other purpose. It seemed to Madame Ludovica that it was expected that *she* would go, but she did not know how to leave, since she had only just come in after a long wait in the hall. She was embarrassed by the rudeness of her friend, and this led her to adopt a manner more lighthearted still. Her hands fluttered in a gesture of surprise, and she ran to the window in a girlish way.

"Oh! Oh! Look at that moon!" she said, pulling apart the curtains, exclaiming at the moon but not looking at the moon—looking, instead, at the dull concrete buffer area below, seeing herself shattered on the pavement, lying perfectly still and unembarrassed, lying there, perhaps, for days, because people did not go much into the buffer area even when there was a job to do. The job of picking up a shattered woman would not be one the hotel would rush to complete, Madame Ludovica thought.

"Please close the drapes," Madame Ludovica's friend said. Madame Ludovica turned around and saw that the man in the dark suit had left. Her friend did not rise or offer her a seat or offer her refreshment. "What can I do for you?" he said.

After a very brief conversation Madame Ludovica left her friend and was out in the hall again. She dreaded ringing for the elevator and thought about taking the stairs, but she was on a high floor and staircases were unprotected, even at the Yormin. She rang for the elevator, and after a while it came up empty, unattended by any member of the concierge staff. Reaching the lobby, she directed her eyes to her feet to avoid any chance of seeing the red-faced boy, and she left quickly. Outside, the air seemed a bit heavier than before. She had intended to eat in a restaurant as a treat, but she headed for the causeway instead.

Madame Ludovica thought, I can get to the causeway. There is no problem about getting to the causeway. I will not look to the left or to the right. Then Madame Ludovica looked to the left; there was a laugh and a scream of pain, and Madame Ludovica looked to the left. She could not see a thing. Nothing. Whoever had screamed was not there; whoever had laughed was not there. Madame Ludovica moved on. She felt the air growing heavier. She passed by the Reine-American. Her ankles began to hurt badly, and she wanted to wrap them up. She had two pieces of red cloth in her purse. She wanted to take them out and put them around her ankles tight. She looked up. Ahead of her was the Tidal Riviera, a hotel where things were in doubt, where sometimes there was someone to protect you and sometimes you had to pay extra not to be hurt. Beyond the Tidal Riviera was the Gotham Sand, and then the Hollywood Plage, and then the causeway. Madame Ludovica felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned to the hand. There was a tall fat man dressed in a huge black suit, a small black tie, a white shirt with a tiny collar, like a joke on a collar. The moonlight brought out the paleness of his skin, and another quality—the smoothness. The pores had contracted to produce an unnatural smoothness, like baby skin over scars.

"Feeling a little tired?" the man asked.

"Oh, no," Madame Ludovica replied. The hand of the man did not leave her shoulder.

"You wouldn't like to lie down?" the man asked. He gave a smile, like a joke on a smile. Then there was a threadbare scream, the remnant of a scream, the sound of a slap, and then Madame Ludovica looked to her right, toward the sounds. She saw another man, like the man who stood with her, and a woman, not standing but sprawled on the ground. The woman looked up for a moment and held Madame Ludovica's eyes, shaking her head back and forth.

Madame Ludovica turned to the man standing with her. "No. No," she said. "I feel quite recovered, thank you. But I do want to thank you for your time." She reached for her purse, and she felt the hand of the man withdraw from her shoulder. She gave the man the money she had planned to spend for her dinner treat. In taking her money from the purse, she exposed the red cloth she used to bind her ankles, and she blushed for shame and fear; but the man said nothing, and she went on her way, quickly, afraid to look to her left or her right, afraid to see the woman sprawled on the ground.

The air was growing very heavy, and clouds crept up from the periphery of the sky. Madame Ludovica walked as quickly as she could. She did not look at the Tidal Riviera, which was deeply compromised, where the management was deeply compromised, where you had to hire private security, because the management would not, where the best of the private-security people now declined to go; she did not look at the Gotham Sand, which was a place sustained by gamblers, by people who gambled on the progress of the silt creeping into the disposal drains, on the rate at which the cottages built on the bad land sank and decomposed, on any danger; she did not look at the Hollywood Plage, which was the worst; she did not slow her pace or look up until she reached the causeway.

At the causeway the red-faced boy was waiting for her. She pretended not to recognize him, lowered her eyes, and walked at a pace in which she had put her trust. The boy followed her. She felt his footsteps. Then he began to mutter. She could not understand him at first. Then, insensibly, she slowed her pace to hear.

"I know her business," the boy said. "I know her business, I guess."

Madame Ludovica might have altered her pace to be out of range of his repetition, but she did not.

"I know her business," the boy said. "I guess I know it well enough."

The phrases were sounded over and over, until Madame Ludovica began to repeat them herself. "I know her business," she said silently. "I know her business, I guess."

The air was very heavy. From the middle of the causeway it was not possible to see anything but the causeway. The Beach City and the Spanish Colony were dead to sight. Madame Ludovica and the red-faced boy walked in step. Then, after a time, the boy fell quiet, and a little while after that he turned on a radio. All the time he kept in step with Madame Ludovica, and she kept in step with him.

Mr. Stuyvesant went on the air at midnight. He wore his smoking jacket, and he was assisted by Jaime Diaz-O'Malley, the young son of the proprietor of the Merovingian. He went on live, but he used material from his archives, because it was his opinion that contemporary material lacked allure. He sat straight up next to the microphone. As he went on the air, he smiled and took a deep breath.

"This is Peter Stuyvesant reporting to you from the frontiers of fashion, where chic never sleeps," he said.

Consuelo and Cornelia La Salle heard him. "Why, I think Mr. Stuyvesant's gone on *live*," Consuelo said. "I'm sure that he has."

"I'm sure *he'll* recognize this photograph," Cornelia said. "That man has a mind like a steel trap."

"Oh, I don't think it could mean a thing to him," Consuelo said.

"I think he'll recognize the shoes," Cornelia said.

"I don't think it could mean a thing to anyone who didn't take a nasty interest in every silly thing," Consuelo said, and then she began to cry.

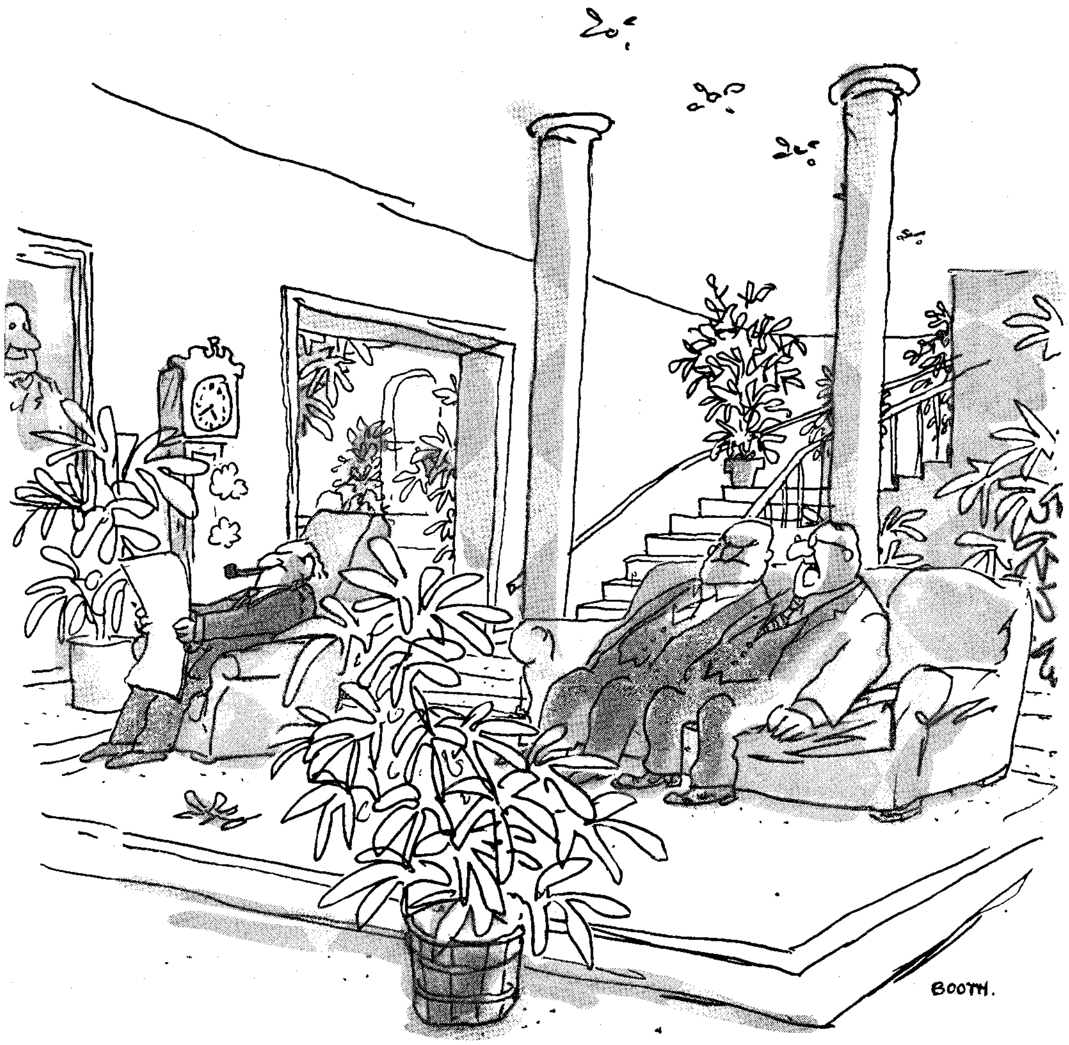
Madame Ludovica heard the Peter Stuyvesant broadcast on the causeway. "He's gone on live," she said. She turned to face the boy behind her. "He's on live tonight," she said, "because of the moon. Because we have the moon."

Madame Ludovica and the boy walked on together, listening to the broadcast. Mr. Stuyvesant mentioned so many of her favorite items that Madame Ludovica felt quite recovered. He mentioned the party at the Merovingian when Bernard Fram gave to each guest a colored glass goblet, each more extraordinary than the last, each the work of a year, and then demanded that they be thrown onto the floor and shattered. He mentioned the sale at Las Olas, the great Aspair property that had stretched across the tip of the mainland, a fraction of which property had in the end yielded speculative land enough to make five fortunes. He mentioned the vogue for the word "blasé" pronounced as though it were "blaze" and then pronounced it that way several times. He mentioned the awful feud between the La Salle sisters and hinted at a cause—an interest shifting from one sister to the other on the part of a member of the House of Windsor. He mentioned the painful divorce of the Adolpho Stewarts, and he mentioned the vogue for a Brazilian actress. Then he said, "Madame Ludovica, the last of the Hohenstaufens, is the most exclusive royalty in the Spanish Colony. When she takes tea at the Marsh Club, Madame Ludovica, who eschews all titles, breaks a piece of toast under the table and spreads the crumbs in a circle to symbolize protection from usurpers."

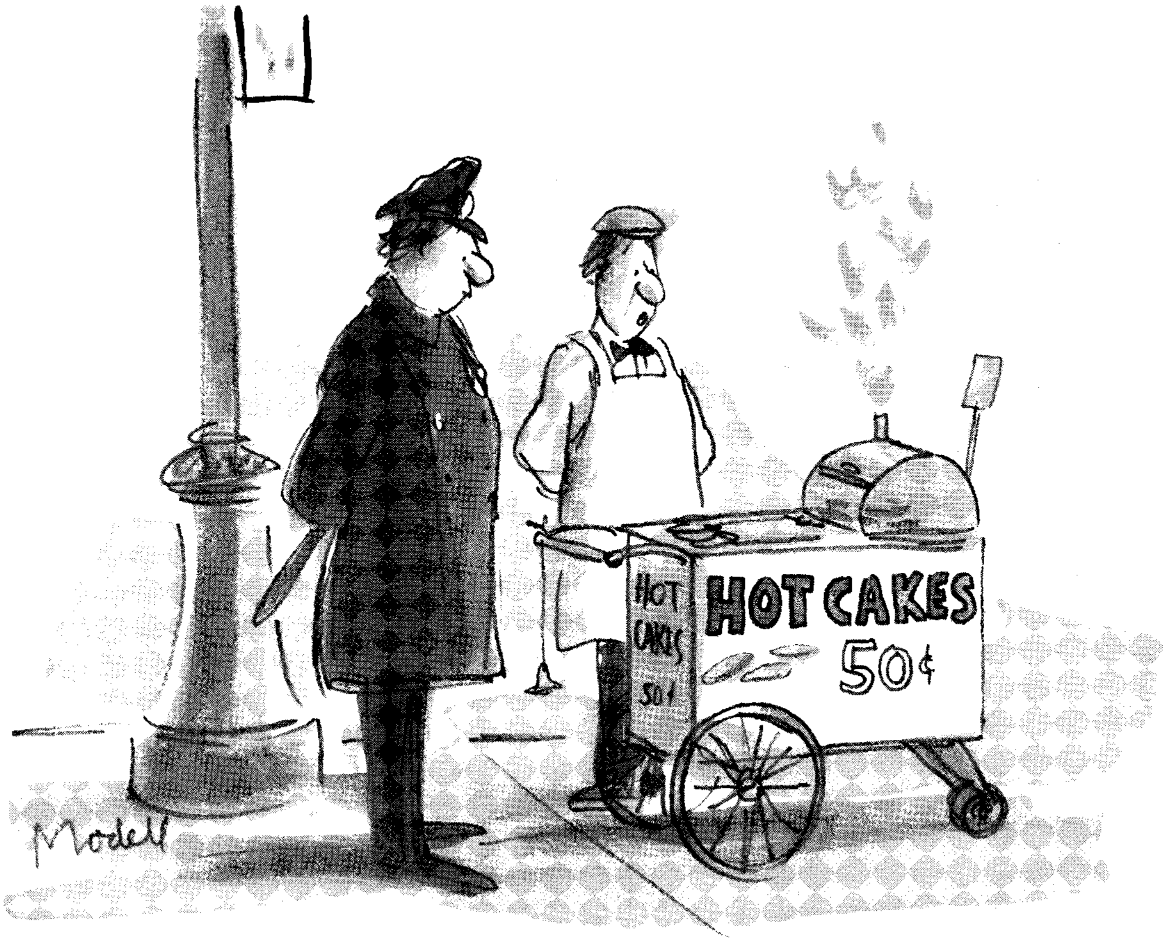
Madame Ludovica turned to the red-faced boy. "That's who I am," she said simply. "I am Madame Ludovica, last of the Hohenstaufens."

The boy looked at her quietly and said nothing. They walked on. After a time the boy stopped. "This is where I live," he said.

Madame Ludovica looked over the edge of the causeway. Sometimes on the slopes of the causeway there were clumps of cottages. For long stretches there was nothing—just land eroded down to the rocks upon which the causeway was built. But there were places where the land still sloped gradually to the water, and in these places there were a few cottages left—dangerous, but attractive in their motifs. There were cottages like thatched huts, cottages like the ones in the best illustrated children's books, cot-



"Broadbent has donated a philodendron to the club every year for twenty-eight years. Broadbent is a good old boy."



"Somehow they don't seem to be selling as fast as they should."

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tages with trellises, cottages with Moorish arches, cottages in every popular style. On the slope near to where Madame Ludovica and the boy were standing, there was not a group of cottages but only one, on a bit of badly eroded land. It was done in a Spanish style. There was a big window—the glass mostly shattered but partly protected by an iron grate that was intact and had been recently painted.

"I love the Spanish style, don't you?" Madame Ludovica said to the boy.

"You treated me just like a friend," the boy said.

Madame Ludovica returned without incident to the Merovingian. Her spirits were very high, and she thought again and again of the days when she had taken tea at the Marsh Club, escorted to the same table inside the glass-covered court always by Jules himself, because Jules knew who she was—knew exactly who she was. Still, she felt a chill as she entered the Merovingian. The clouds had reached the moon and very nearly covered it. As she started across the enormous lobby—not secure now, not protected—she felt some sadness and some fear. She put these out of mind. She saw the tiles on the floor and thought how beautiful they were—handmade, each one, glazed with that dull glow that only certain workmen can produce. She stopped and looked at the tiles. She remembered throwing her goblet onto them. She remembered how the fragments of fine glass had looked against the tiles—the shards of colored glass each a fragment of perfection, perfect because shattered, perfect both in intent and in no intent. "Bernard was right to make us do it," she said out loud.

She walked on. The moonlight was fading from the room. There was barely enough light to see by. She made her way to the staircase, and then she looked around. She looked at the great mural, the principal work in the hotel—an enormous representation of the Merovingian court on the occasion of the crowning of Clovis. The mural was punctuated by the phrase "White Faggots" and by the auxiliary phrase "White Faggots Die," and by renderings in cartoon of five large black phalluses, placed to impale the chief noblemen of the Merovingian court.

Madame Ludovica turned away and stumbled. She felt something unexpected and soft. It was Bernard Fram, smiling and fat, sitting on the stairs waiting for the moonlight to pass, his pleated pants pulled up to keep their crease. Of all the guests at the Merovingian, only Bernard Fram went back as far into the past as she: only he and she remembered when the Marsh Club met in the Frankish Dining Room before it had a house of its own; only she and he remembered the private dock for yachts; only he and she remembered the Carolingian, the Merovingian's twin hotel, connected to the Merovingian by a marble subway. Yet they were not friends.

"Ah," said Bernard Fram with a smile. "Madame Ludovica, the proverbial bad penny."

CORNELIA LA SALLE was at the window as the moon slipped behind the clouds. The photograph of her sister was still in her hand. "I think I know who this is with you, dear," she said to Consuelo. "Isn't it that *unnatural* little girl in Positano? The one who *just wouldn't leave you alone*?"

Consuelo's lips quivered. "I don't see how you could say she was unnatural. She was descended from all the doges," she said, and then she began to cry.

Cornelia turned away from the window and threw the photograph onto the floor, where there were many photographs and clippings and invitations, and even a number of visiting cards from the first and most respectable period of the sisters' youth. "Well, dear," Cornelia said, taking her sister's head in both her hands and wiping away the tears with a certain tenderness, "you know what *they* were."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

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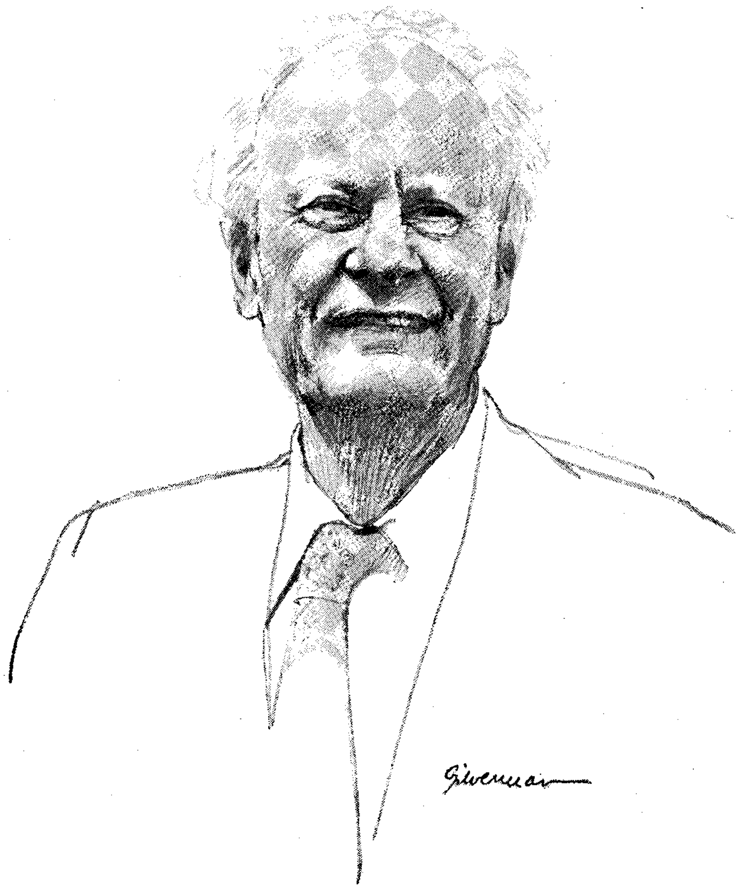
But Boisfeuillet Jones, a precise, gray-haired man who has made a career of handing out Woodruff money as president of the fund, said that the philanthropies would go on. For one thing, $20 million is tucked away in Mr. Woodruff's Terbor Foundation. "That's Robert spelled backward," said Mr. Jones.
—*The Times.*

In certain circles, that is.

PROFILES

MASTER OF THE TRADE—I



Hans Albrecht Bethe

UNTIL the advent of nuclear fission, a few decades ago, all the energy sources that the human race made use of could ultimately be traced back to the sun. Coal, oil, gas, wood—the things we burn—are things that once grew or still grow, and the fuel of growth is sunlight. Today, we make a small amount of our electricity by directly converting the radiant energy of the sun, and in the next century a sizable fraction of it may be made that way. Most of the rest of our electricity production can be traced back indirectly to the effects of solar energy. In view of this fact, it is remarkable that few of us know what solar energy is and how it is produced. The lack of specific knowledge about this and all sorts of other matters is part—and a very important part—of what vexes our present collective thinking about energy. What makes the sun shine? What is a nuclear reactor, and how does it generate power? What is nuclear fusion, and how could *it* be used to generate power? How much coal do we use each year, and what would be the consequences for the earth and for man if we needed to use four times as much? Where is that coal to be found, and where would it have to be shipped? What is nuclear waste, and how much does a power reactor produce each year? What are the costs of energy? What are the numbers? How much? How many? How big? Where?

Because most people lack such information and understanding, the discussion of the energy question has become a "debate," and as the energy crisis deepens, this debate becomes more rancorous and less informed. What is needed is not rhetoric but information and understanding. To compound the confusion, not even the experts always agree. Some of the problems involved with energy *are* open to disagreement; knowledgeable people can arrive at different conclusions. But this does not mean that no generally accepted scientific information exists; indeed, many scientists are now spending much of their time and effort trying to share such information with the public. In this enterprise, no individual has been more active than the seventy-three-year-old Nobel laureate Hans Albrecht Bethe. Bethe writes and lectures tirelessly about energy. His office, at Cornell University, where he is professor emeritus, is, he says, "a filing cabinet" for documents on energy, which he reads, criticizes, and evaluates for scientists all over the world; he accepts their criticisms of some of his ideas as well. Bethe's interest in energy goes back a long way. In 1938, he discovered the specific mechanisms that generate stellar energy, and it was for this work that he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics, in 1967. Bethe, who was thirty-one when he began working on the problem of solar energy, came to the United States in 1935 to teach at Cornell. By that time, he had already done basic work in several areas of theoretical physics, and today the list of his accomplishments is all but incredible. A few months after his sixtieth birthday, Bethe was presented with a book entitled "Perspectives in Modern Physics," which was written in his honor; it contains forty-one essays by various scientists, on subjects ranging from earthquakes to every conceivable branch of pure physics. Bethe has made fundamental original contributions to each of the disciplines that make up the subject matter of these essays. In addition, he has written, with collaborators, several books and three monumental review articles—one on atomic physics, one on solid-state physics, and one on nuclear physics. The article on nuclear physics, which appeared in three installments in *Reviews of Modern Physics* in 1936 and 1937 and became known informally as Bethe's Bible, was the first comprehensive treatment of the subject ever to appear in print. A routine review article is just that—a review, or summary, of published work. But Bethe's review articles went well beyond that. Wherever he found gaps in the literature, he filled them in. When he felt that the work of other physicists was incomplete or unclear, he redid it. He simply re-created the subject.

In commenting on these reviews and on Bethe's work in general, his colleagues R. F. Bacher, who is professor emeritus at the California Institute of Technology, and V. F. Weisskopf, who is professor emeritus at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was formerly the director-general of the international nuclear laboratory Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire (CERN), in Geneva, wrote, in a joint introduction to Bethe's birthday book:

> The three great reviews are characteristic of Bethe's broad and encyclopedic knowledge but they by no means give a complete picture of it. His interests cover a much broader horizon. Bethe steps in productively whenever a new physical phenomenon is discovered. He is among

> the first with an exhaustive explanation on the basis of the latest theoretical ideas; or whenever a new theoretical method is conceived, he is among the first with an exhaustive application to some yet unexplained observations. He has his own personal way of simple and direct approach to theory and experiment and his typical trademark of thoroughness. It is all "handmade." He does not take the experimental results for granted. He analyzes them himself, often making corrections for effects that had been overlooked, and taking great pains in numerical work, in fitting curves, and in estimating errors.

They commented:

> We live in an industrial age today wherein craftsmanship is becoming a lost art. Specialization is the order of the day. Where is the man who can work with his own hands on any kind of material and create a finished product which reflects his insight and knowledge and bears his personal mark? The great craftsman of our profession, the master of the trade, is Hans Bethe.

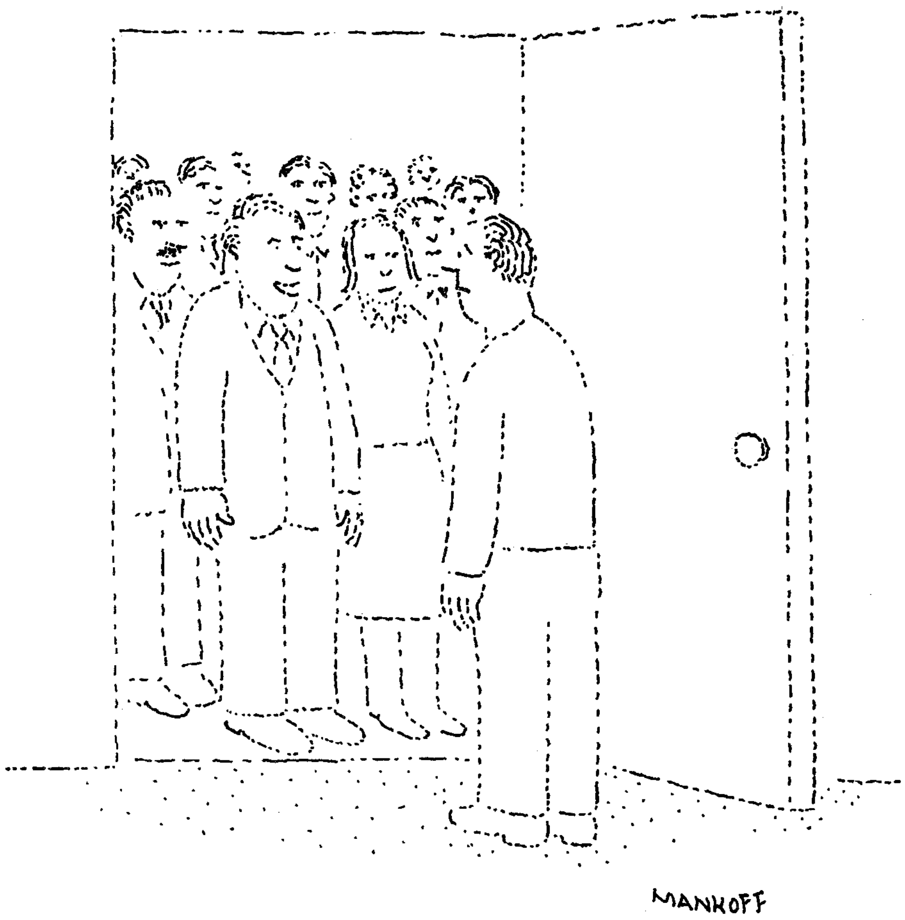
In view of Bethe's reputation, it was hardly surprising that in 1943, when J. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the Los Alamos atomic-bomb project, became convinced that the complexity of the work would require the creation of specialized divisions at the laboratory, he appointed Bethe to head the Theoretical Division. In 1946, Bethe was awarded the President's Medal of Merit for his work at Los Alamos. In 1955, he received the Max Planck Medal, given by the German Physical Society, for outstanding research in modern theoretical physics. In 1961, he received the Enrico Fermi Award, given by the United States Atomic Energy Commission, for his work at Los Alamos and also for his general work on nuclear theory. And in 1967 came the Nobel Prize in Physics. For several years, I have felt that Bethe's views on energy and modern technology are the most balanced and carefully reasoned of any that I have encountered, and so, not long ago, I sought him out to talk with him about his ideas, and about his career and his life as well. Our first meeting took place at M.I.T., where he was then a visiting professor.

Bethe (the name is pronounced like the Greek "beta") was born in Strasbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine, on July 2, 1906. "My father was a physiologist," he told me. "At the time of my birth, he was a *Privatdozent* at the University of Strasbourg"—a postdoctoral instructor whose only remuneration was the fees he could collect directly by lecturing to students. "He had come from Stettin, an old city on the Oder River, in what was then the northern Prussian province of Pomerania and is now part of Poland," Bethe went on. "His family had been in that area for many centuries; the family records can be traced back to the Thirty Years' War—1640 or thereabouts. The previous records are lost, like most records in areas fought over in that war. My father's family was Protestant, and through history some members were Protestant ministers, and some were schoolteachers. My grandfather was a medical doctor—the closest anyone in that family had come to being a scientist. My oldest uncle, whom we called the Greek Uncle, was a professor of Greek at the University of Leipzig. The second son became a doctor, like his father; the third son went into business—unfortunately, not successfully. My father was the youngest child; my aunt, Tante Lisbeth, the oldest."

Bethe said, "My father was quite a rebellious boy. He ran away from home—I think at the age of fifteen—to join a circus. He wanted to become a juggler, but after two or three weeks he found out that it was really hard to become a juggler, so he came home. It took my grandfather a long time to forgive him. He punished the runaway by not speaking to him for several weeks. My father was interested in the natural sciences from a very early age. He was not at all interested in schoolwork; four times during his school years, he failed to be promoted. Later on, he always used to mention this to comfort the parents of similar children. Anyway, he made up for it; after he finally graduated from a *Gymnasium*, at the age of twenty, he studied intensively, and three years later he had his Ph.D. in zoology from the University of Munich. Then he went to Strasbourg to do physiology. He was told that he ought to take a medical degree in addition, and did so, but I don't believe he really studied hard for it. I think he got the degree on the basis of his published papers, and not because of the clinical work he did."

Bethe smiled, and continued, "My mother's family was Jewish. Her father was a professor at the University of Strasbourg; his specialty was ear, nose, and throat diseases. For a Jew to get such a professorship was at that time—around 1880—quite exceptional. His family had been grape growers and wine merchants in the Palatinate. My grandmother came from a family of cloth merchants."

Because theoretical physicists and mathematicians are famous for their



"Hi. We're all in the eighteen-to-thirty-four-year-old age group that you're a member of. Come on out and play with us."

"What is this, Miss Henderson? I was expecting a battery of reporters."

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mathematical precocity, I asked Bethe if he had any early mathematical memories.

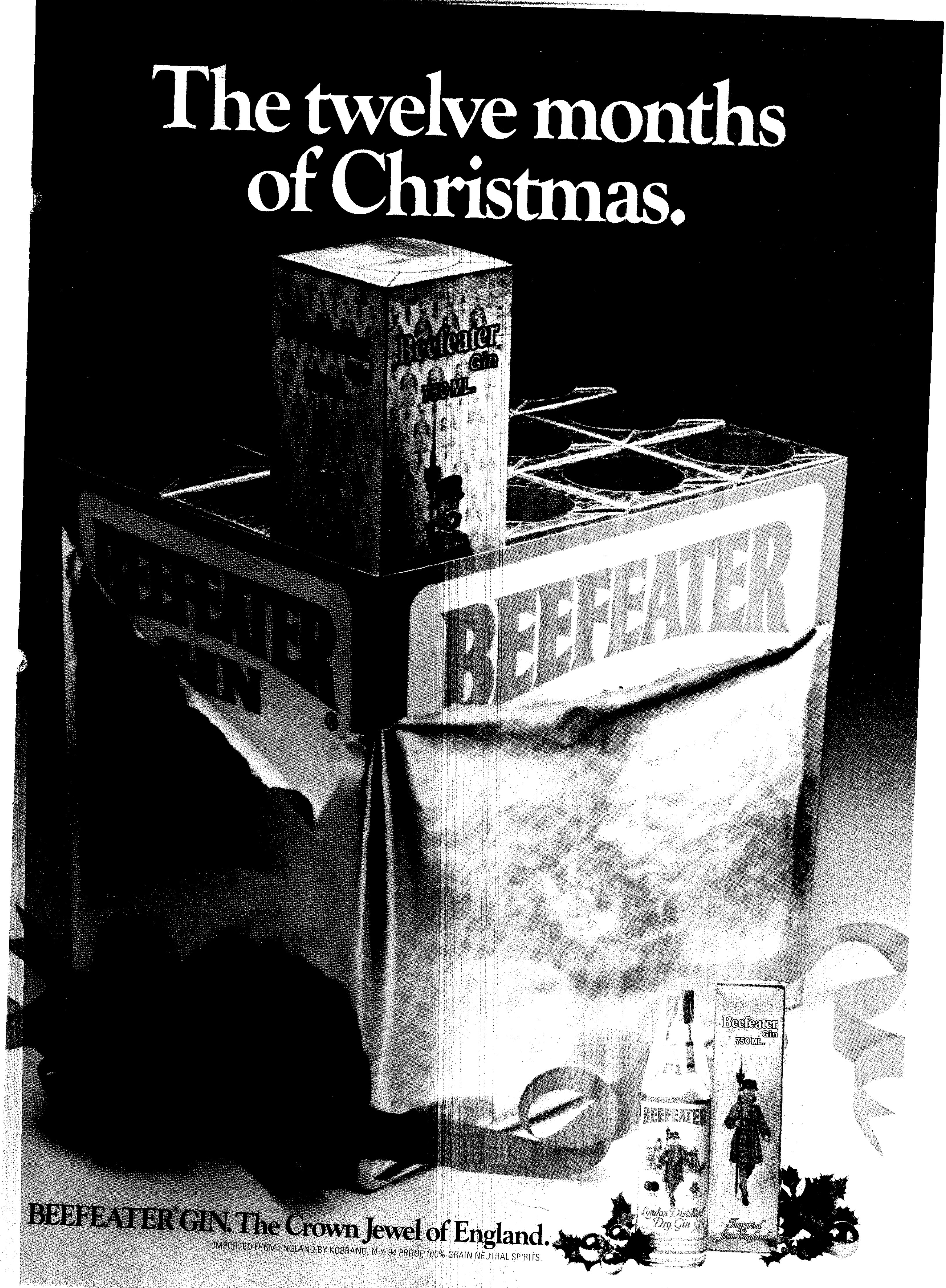
"Oh, yes—many," he replied. "I was interested in numbers from a very early age. When I was five, I said to my mother on a walk one day, 'Isn't it strange that if a zero comes at the end of a number it means a lot but if it is at the beginning of a number it doesn't mean anything?' And one day when I was about four, Richard Ewald, a professor of physiology, who was my father's boss, asked me on the street, 'What is point five divided by two?' I answered, 'Dear Uncle Ewald, that I don't know,' but the next time I saw him I ran to him and said, 'Uncle Ewald, it's point two-five.' I knew about decimals then. When I was seven, I learned about powers, and filled a whole book with the powers of two and three."

In 1912, the Bethes moved from Strasbourg to Kiel, where Bethe's father became chairman of the Physiology Department at the University of Kiel, and then, in 1915, they moved on to Frankfurt, for Bethe's father had been invited to start a Department of Physiology at the University of Frankfurt, which had been founded only the year before. Bethe, who was a rather frail child, was kept out of a regular school until the family moved to Frankfurt. In Kiel, he had been one of a small group of children studying under a private tutor. "Before starting with the tutor, I knew how to read and write," Bethe recalled. "But I wrote in a very funny way—only in capital letters and from left to right for the first line and then from right to left for the next line, and so on. Years later, I discovered, on the island of Crete, that there are many Greek inscriptions written the same way. At Teacher Lass's—the tutor's—I learned proper writing. I think I went to his house for two hours three days a week, so it was not very time-consuming. My life in Kiel was free and easy, but I had almost no friends. I saw the other children at Teacher Lass's, and I quite liked them, but I had no real friendships with them. My life was spent almost entirely with grown-ups—with my parents and close relatives. There was a lot of solitary contemplation. My father did talk to me about scientific things. He knew a bit of mathematics—mainly algebra—and in his work he used a slide rule. He had learned calculus, but could not apply it; at least, though, he understood what it was about. On the whole, my father was concerned that I should not work too far ahead of the school curriculum for my age, so when I wanted to read his book on trigonometry and calculus I had to borrow it secretly. But by then I was fourteen, and nowadays many mathematically bright youngsters learn calculus at that age."

In Frankfurt, Bethe began to attend a regular school—a *Gymnasium*. "They gave me an entrance examination that was very easy," he recalled. "The *Gymnasium* was for me, in the beginning, a strange new environment. All those boys—I think there were about forty in the class, some of them quite rough. I was new to Frankfurt and to the school—to *any* school. I was lucky in the end, because about three of the boys liked me and became my friends. It could have been very different. I did not suffer any beatings, or anything—I just felt myself a stranger in this group. I was perhaps a quarter of a year younger than the normal age for my class, but we were all about nine years old. Many of the boys were very good in gym, which I was not. I had never done any physical exercise to speak of, so I was very, very bad in gym. I always got a D in gym, and I've stayed that way, except that I have learned to ski and to climb mountains, both of which give me great pleasure."

I asked Bethe if his mathematical

The twelve months of Christmas.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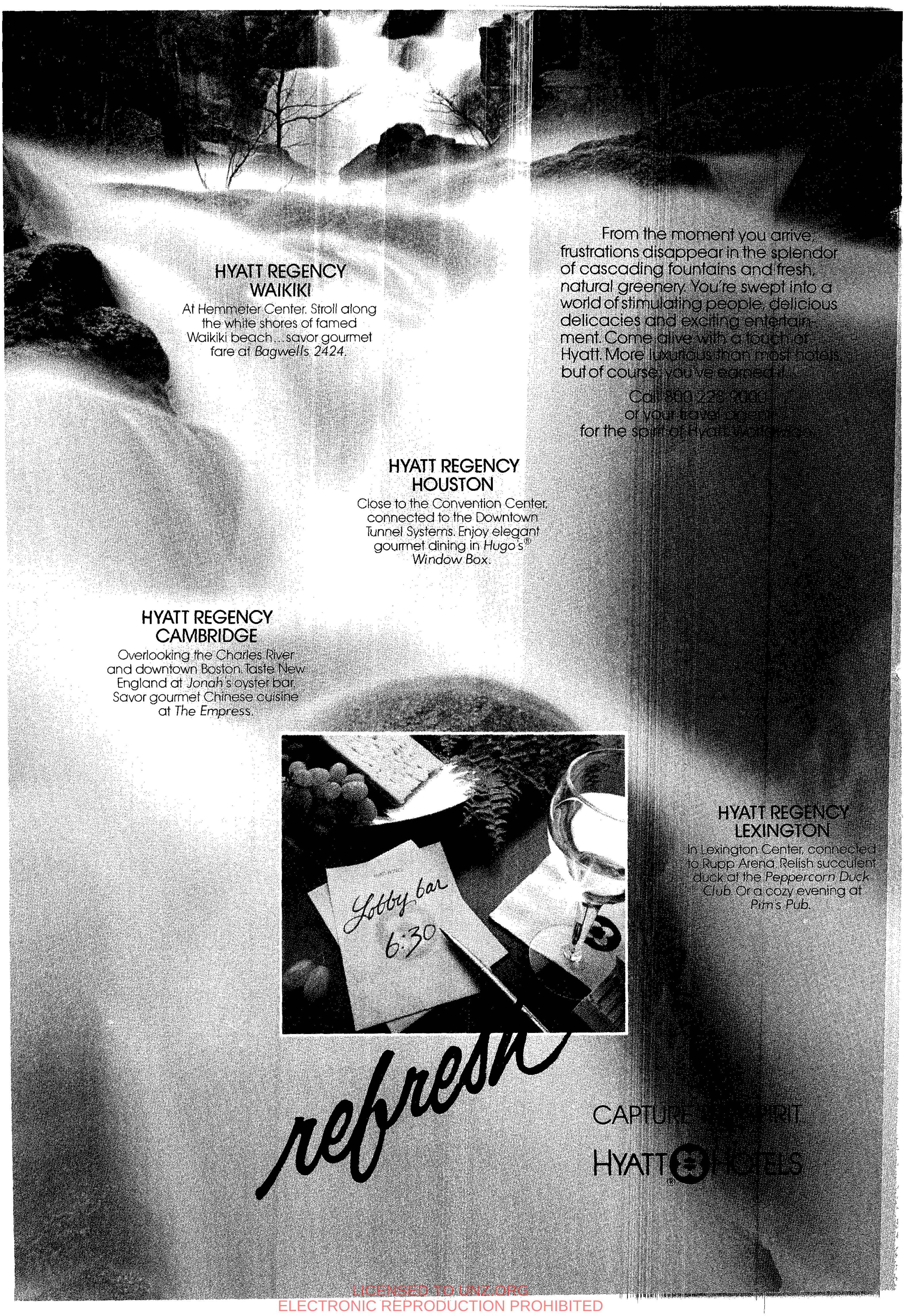

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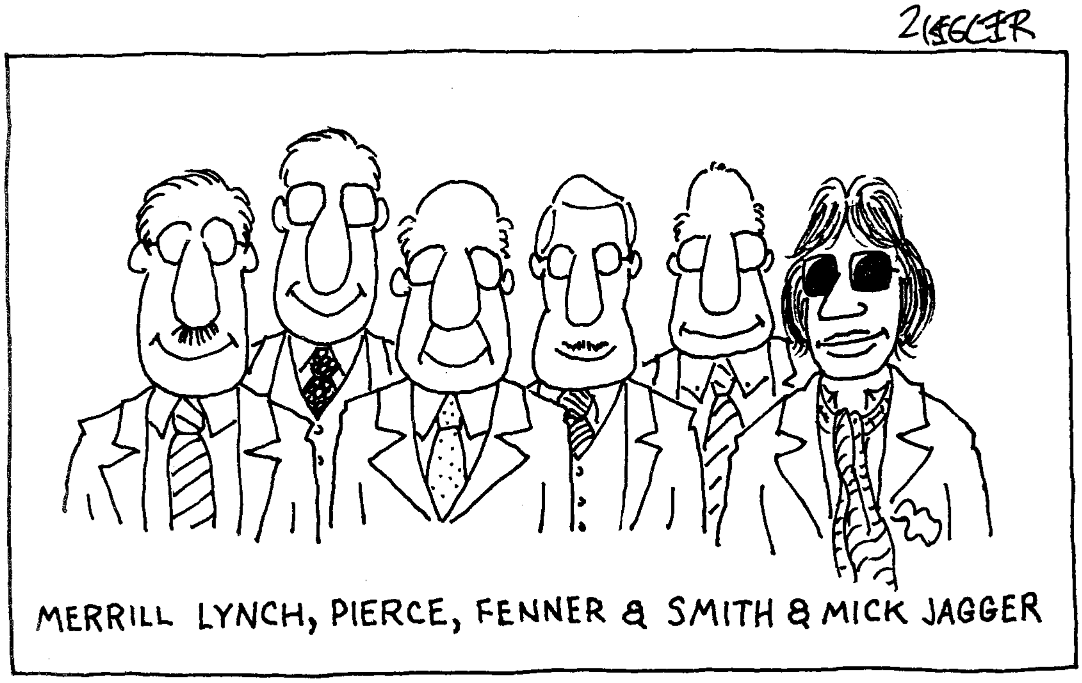
ability had been recognized in the *Gymnasium*.

"Not right away," he replied. "In fact, I think the recognition didn't come until I was in about my sixth year of the *Gymnasium*, which had nine years altogether. Then the math teacher noticed that maybe I was a little out of the ordinary. But he completely failed to understand what I was good at. When he wanted to give me some more advanced work, he asked me to prove a rather difficult theorem in plane geometry. Well, I wasn't particularly interested in geometry—ever. What I was interested in was algebra. I solved the problem, but it didn't give me any joy."

In Bethe's last few years at the *Gymnasium*, he took some elective physics courses. They were like college freshman physics courses, and included, Bethe recalled, "lots of mechanics." He said, "We used the calculus to calculate trajectories and things like that, and we also did some geometrical optics, which lends itself to mathematical computations. We had some elementary electricity. It was quite clear to me in high school that I wanted to study mathematics or physics—which, I wasn't quite sure. Perhaps a little more physics than mathematics."

Bethe's early years at the *Gymnasium* coincided with the First World War. By the time of the revolution that helped lead to the creation of the Weimar Republic, his father, who was a liberal, had become rector of the university. He took an active part in the negotiations between the university and the city's socialist government, and he ran for the city parliament as a candidate for the Democratic Party, which was the non-socialist left-wing party. "My father went around the district making speeches," Bethe recalled. "He was not elected, and I don't think he had expected to be. But his interest in politics persisted. He had a very liberal point of view but did not want to become a Social Democrat. Even so, he got along well with the Social Democratic city government. I was made much aware of politics, and it was during this period that many of my political attitudes were formed."



MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH & MICK JAGGER

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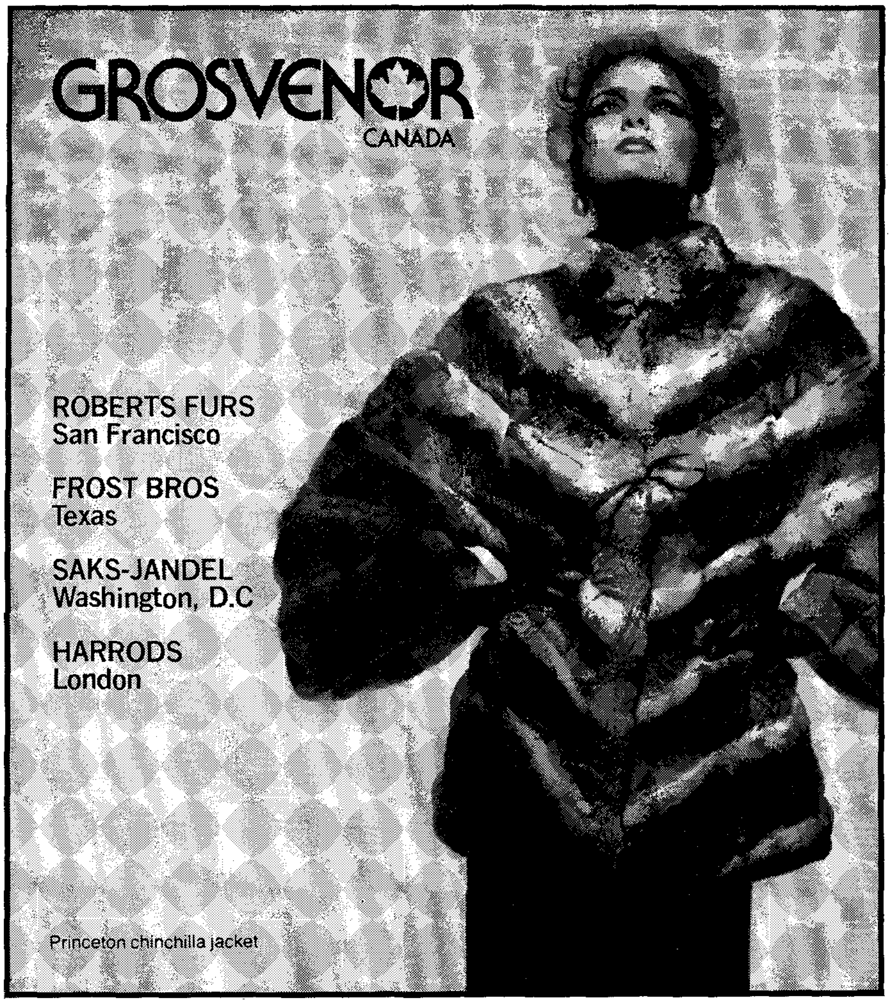
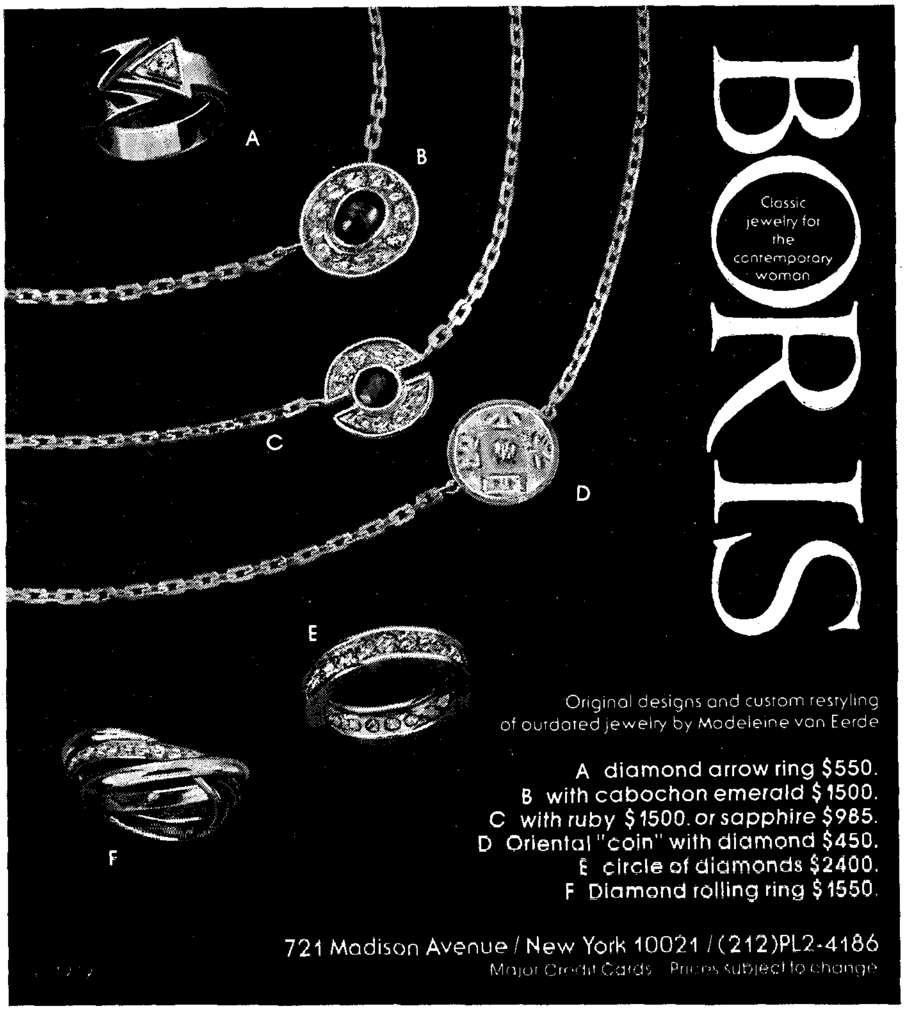
Bethe entered the University of Frankfurt in 1924. "Going to the University of Frankfurt made it possible for me to live at home—which was financially necessary and emotionally still good for me," Bethe said. "I took some courses in physics, chemistry, and mathematics. The physics I took in my freshman year was very bad. The professor was really an amateur physicist. Frankfurt, which was a city with great civic pride, had for some time had what it called a Physical Society, made up of citizens. When the university was founded, the president of this purely amateur society became the professor of experimental physics. His lectures could not teach me anything new, so I cut most of his classes. Instead, I read a textbook on classical physics by myself. However, there was an associate professor, Walther Gerlach, who was a young man of terrific enthusiasm. In his course in modern physics, he discussed electrons, spectroscopy, atoms, and so on. That was very, very interesting to me. I also took a course in the theory of numbers from Carl Ludwig Siegel"—a distinguished mathematician. "Although I liked the course, and had good personal relations with Siegel, I felt that this was not really what I wanted to work on. Gerlach left after my first year, and was replaced by a spectroscopist named Karl Meissner. He was a nice man, and he told me emphatically that I must not stay in Frankfurt but should go to a place with better theoretical physics. It had become clear to me by this time that I could not do experimental physics. My hands are just no good—I do everything wrong. In the chemistry lab, my lab coat was always in shreds, because I kept getting sulphuric acid on it. Besides, I had realized by then that because of my interest in mathematics I wanted to do theoretical physics. I loved mathematics, but I wanted to apply it to physics. We did have a theoretical physicist at Frankfurt—Erwin Madelung. He was not a very productive physicist, and, though he was well informed, he was scientifically conservative. The course I took with him had to do with classical physics. He never mentioned the quantum theory, and I remained totally unaware of it, even though it was the most exciting physics of the time. In Frankfurt, I studied in sort of a vacuum."

The quantum theory at this point—1924—was in a state of near-chaos. Niels Bohr, the great Danish physicist, had invented the "old quantum theory" in 1913: by assigning certain allowed (or quantized) orbits for the electron in the hydrogen atom, he was able to account for the observed light spectrum of atomic hydrogen. Bohr derived this result from certain quantum rules, which he had also invented. The rules appeared to be rather ad hoc, however, and as they were extended to the spectra of the heavier atoms, experiments began to contradict them. Furthermore, the theory could not account at all for the relative brightness—the intensities—of the different spectral lines in atoms. Bohr and his colleagues were well aware of the fact that they were dealing not with a consistent theory but with a transitional model of a possible future theory. By 1926, through the work of Bohr, Werner Heisenberg, Erwin Schrödinger, P. A. M. Dirac, Wolfgang Pauli, and others, such a theory had been created. Hence, in Bethe's view Madelung was quite justified in not teaching the old quantum theory to undergraduates; in fact, not to do so was then the standard practice in German universities.

After Bethe had been at Frankfurt for two years, Meissner urged him to leave for Munich. "Meissner not only told me to leave Frankfurt but also told me specifically to go to Sommerfeld," Bethe said. In 1926, Arnold Sommerfeld, the professor of theoretical physics at the University of Munich, was one of the most influential physics teachers in the world, his recent prize pupils having been Wolfgang Pauli and Werner Heisenberg, who by 1923 had both left Munich. Heisenberg went on to win the Nobel Prize in 1932, and Pauli in 1945. Before them, Sommerfeld had had among his pupils Peter Debye and Max von Laue, who also became Nobel Prize winners. Like Bethe, Sommerfeld worked in every area of theoretical physics, and his lectures, which have been published, in several volumes, still form one of the best introductions to many branches of the discipline. "In May of 1926," Bethe recalled, "I presented to Sommerfeld a letter from my father, who had met him by chance somewhere during the war, and a letter from Meissner. I think the letter from Meissner was the one that counted. Sommerfeld said, 'All right, you are very young, but come to my seminar.' "

In those days, at a German university, a professor of Sommerfeld's stature had considerable importance; the physics institute revolved around him and was virtually his private domain. "Sommerfeld had a huge office lined with books, and next to it was an equally large office for his official assistant, who at that time was the well-known theoretical physicist Gregor Wentzel," Bethe said. "And then there was another room of just about the same size, which was simultaneously the library and the abode of everybody else. All the foreign postdoctorals and the German graduate students—eight or ten of us—sat in that room. There was an enormously long table, and we sat at that table as best we could. Later on, when I went back after my doctor's degree, on a fellowship, I got a desk in a separate





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room. But what a room! Most of it was occupied by a spiral staircase leading to the basement. There was just enough space for a desk and for people to pass when they went up and down the staircase—which they did all day long." In 1926, the first year Bethe was in Munich, Linus Pauling was a postdoctoral fellow, and then came I. I. Rabi and E. U. Condon. "Among the German students at that time was Rudolf Peierls—he is now a British citizen, and is Sir Rudolf Peierls—and he and I became very close friends. We studied together, and we laughed a lot together. Rabi told me later that he and Condon always thought we were laughing at them—which, of course, we were not."

Bethe paused, then went on, "Sommerfeld was approachable, but at the same time he was very much the *Geheimrat*—very much the distinguished professor. His dignity was inborn, and was accompanied by a quiet sense of humor. A famous story has it that one of the foreign visitors, in speaking to him, addressed him many times as '*Herr Professor*.' After a few weeks, the visitor was told that Sommerfeld was really *Geheimrat*, whereupon he addressed him, correctly, as '*Herr Geheimrat*.' Sommerfeld is reported to have acknowledged the change by saying, 'You have really learned a lot of German.' Sommerfeld usually gave an advanced course and a seminar. The first course I had with him was in differential equations of physics, which was his specialty. It was an excellent course, and I never missed a class. The seminar met once a week, in the afternoon—I think it started at four and lasted until six or six-thirty. Here Sommerfeld was at his greatest as a teacher. The seminar was where we learned to analyze new material and to enable others to understand it. Sommerfeld would distribute topics or parts of an over-all topic, one to each graduate student and postdoc, and we had to report on them. He himself sat quietly and listened. But if the speaker skipped over a point that Sommerfeld judged necessary, Sommerfeld would interrupt with 'I don't understand,' or, more often, he would ask a very stupid-sounding question, so that the speaker would have to stop and explain, and if he could not explain, then Sommerfeld himself would take over. He did not permit sloppiness.

"Because Sommerfeld was so eminent, he frequently received scientific papers in advance of their public distribution, and so it happened that in 1926 he was sent Schrödinger's papers on wave mechanics as they were being

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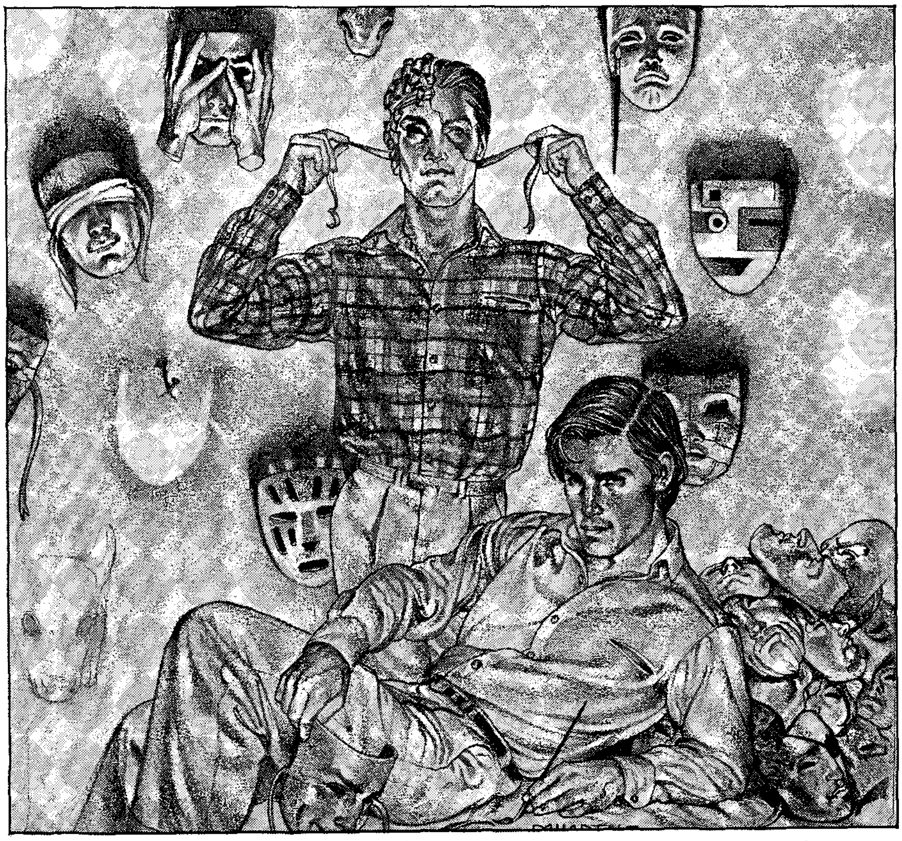

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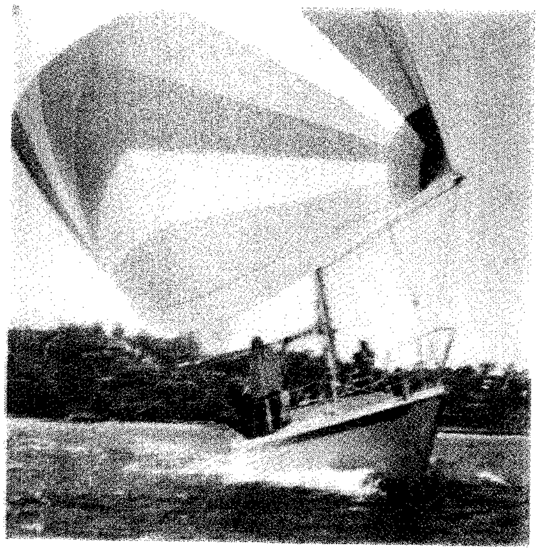

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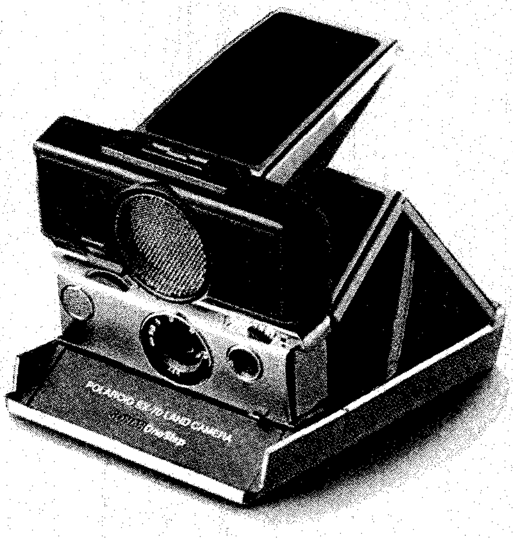

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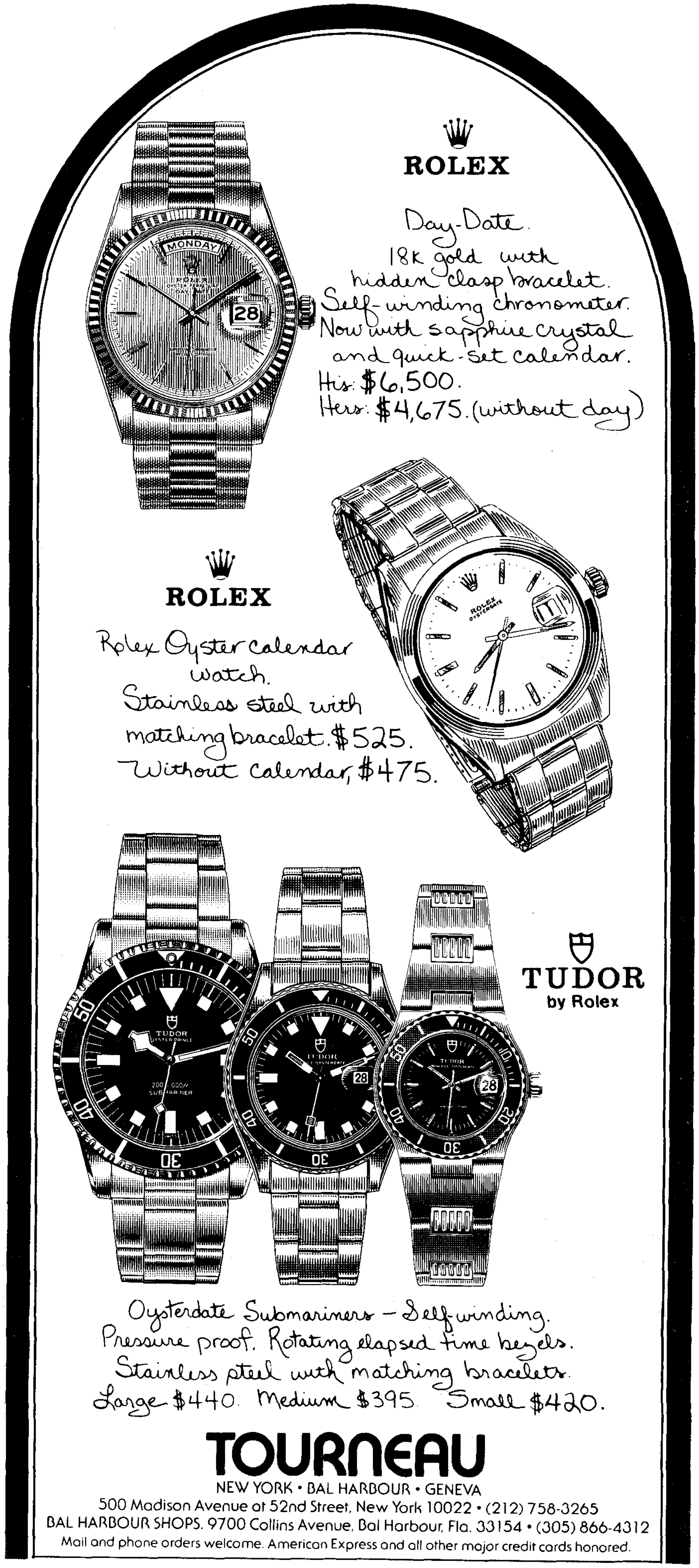
printed. The galleys were distributed to his seminar members, and each of us had to report on one section of them. That was superb. Schrödinger, you will recall, invented wave mechanics—a form of quantum mechanics that is much easier to handle than the one previously known, which was invented by Heisenberg. Nearly all problems in atomic and subatomic physics have since been dealt with by the use of the so-called Schrödinger wave equation. Schrödinger's wave mechanics was one of Sommerfeld's loves, and he followed the papers in detail. Furthermore, he added to them his own polynomial method of solution. Schrödinger, in his papers, did not develop the solutions to his equations but referred the reader to mathematical papers—which were usually hard for physicists to read, because they required a high degree of mathematical knowledge. This habit was rather annoying, and Sommerfeld profoundly disapproved of it. Whenever one of those equations was to come up in the seminar, Sommerfeld's assistant would call in the speaker in advance and say, 'When you come to this point, you do it this way,' and would instruct the speaker in the detailed systematic approach to the solution of the equation as it had been worked out by the *Geheimrat* himself.

"I had the great advantage of not knowing anything about the old quantum theory. For the older generation of physicists, quantum mechanics was difficult to accept, because they had to give up time-honored concepts, like the orbit of a particle. Moreover, the older form of the quantum theory, Bohr's theory of the atom, had led to many contradictions, and had thus got a bad reputation among physicists not completely familiar with it. Although the contradictions were resolved by wave mechanics and its subsequent interpretation and development, the quantum theory was still considered abstruse by many of the older people. To me, who had not gone through all these vagaries, wave mechanics seemed perfectly reasonable from the start, and to the students of today it seems obvious. In 1926, it was convincing to me because it gave the right formulas for the hydrogen atom, and everything seemed to agree with our experiments. The theory was beautiful."

Schrödinger's theory of wave mechanics grew out of the work of the French physicist Prince Louis Victor de Broglie. In 1923, de Broglie became aware that light has a quantum nature as well as the generally recognized wave nature. The energy (E)



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of a light quantum is related to its wavelength (λ, or lambda) by the Einstein-Planck formula $E = hc/\lambda$, where c is the velocity of light (a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, or 3×10^{10} centimetres per second) and h is Planck's constant (6.625×10^{-27} erg seconds), which is the fundamental constant of the quantum theory. De Broglie proposed that electrons, which up to that time had been thought to be ordinary material particles, had a wave nature besides. He suggested that the wavelength of an electron was given by rewriting the Einstein-Planck formula so that $\lambda = h/p$, where p is the momentum of the electron. The same connection between wavelength and momentum holds for light. De Broglie noticed that if one made this apparently absurd hypothesis the orbits that Bohr had assigned to the electron of a hydrogen atom acquired a new significance. These orbits were characterized by the fact that their circumference was an integer number of de Broglie wavelengths. The de Broglie waves just fitted around the electron orbits, with no overlap. In 1924, Einstein received a copy of de Broglie's doctoral thesis, and felt intuitively that there was something about it that was basically right. He began to examine the consequences. The fact that Einstein was interested brought the idea to the attention of other physicists, and Schrödinger was led to investigate and then to invent the equation—the Schrödinger equation—that these curious waves obey.

Unknown to any of these physicists, experiments that, in effect, confirmed de Broglie's hypothesis had been performed in the United States in 1921. This fact was brought to light by the physicist Richard Gehrenbeck, writing in the January, 1978, issue of the monthly *Physics Today*. The article describes experiments that were carried out at the laboratories of the Western Electric Company, in New York City, by Clinton Joseph Davisson and Lester Halbert Germer. Davisson, who initiated the work, had been assigned the job of investigating certain properties of electron emission from the cathodes used in early vacuum tubes. In the course of his work, he designed, with the assistance of Charles Kunsman, who had just received his Ph.D. in physics, an electron gun that enabled him to fire a beam of energetic electrons against metal grids—in particular, nickel. Davisson and Kunsman plotted a curve showing that the number of electrons that scattered from the

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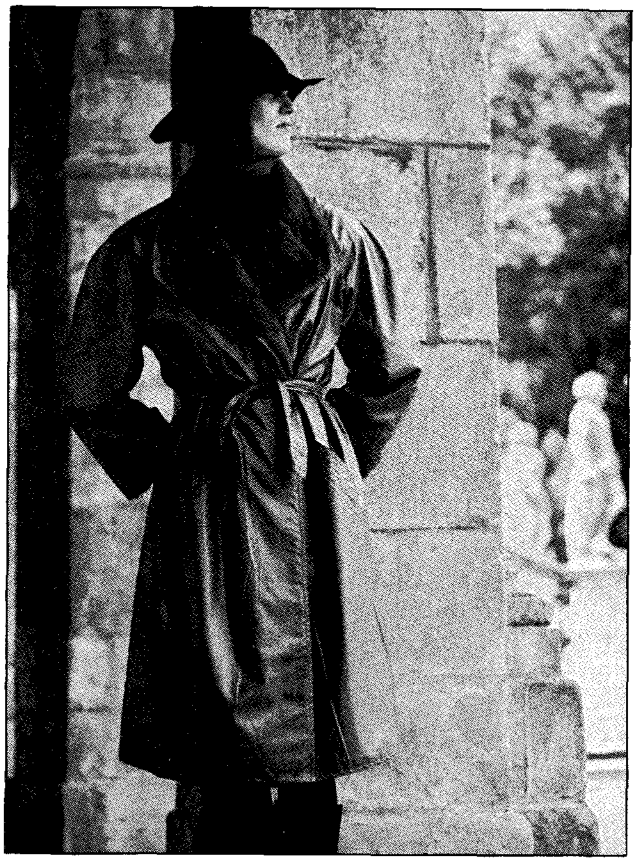

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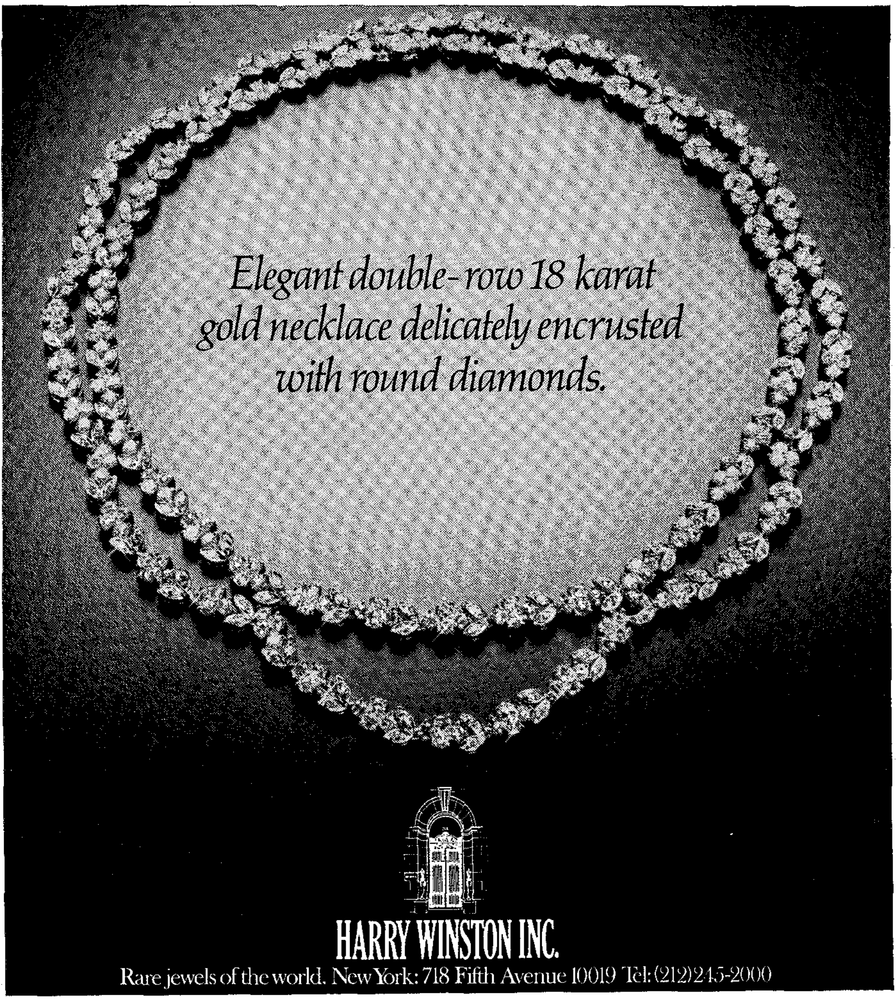
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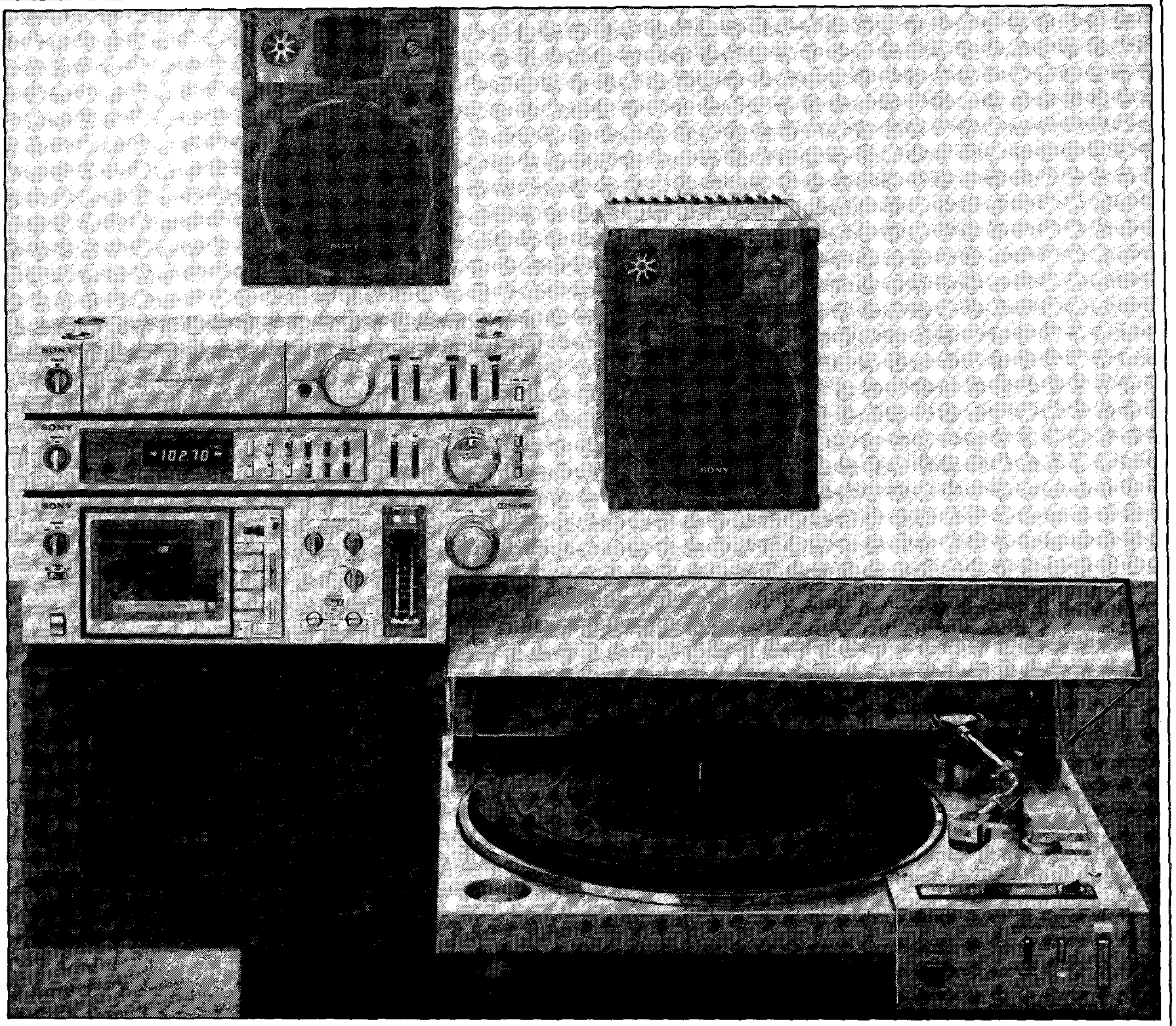

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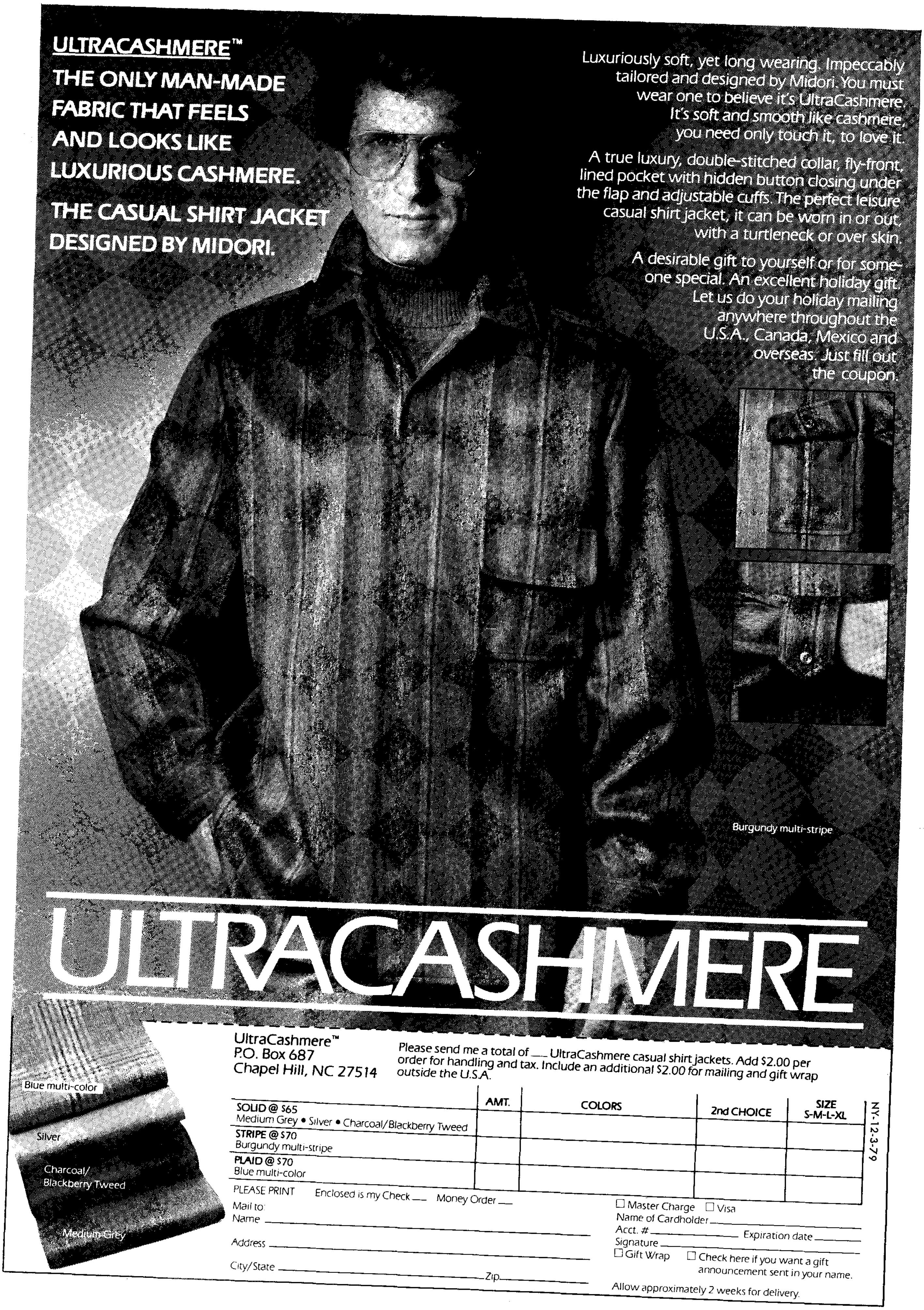
nickel was dramatically larger when the electrons rebounded at certain angles. It was as if the transmission of electrons were magically enhanced at these special angles. Davisson and Kunsman published their results in 1921 in a brief article in the journal *Science*. The data were rough, and the experimenters did not connect their observations to related ones that had been made about X rays a decade earlier in Germany by Max von Laue and his collaborators. When an X-ray beam scatters from a crystalline substance, it scatters from atoms in different planes of the crystal. These scattered beams can interfere constructively with one another, and at certain angles there will be maxima, or spots of maximum intensity, in the so-called diffraction pattern produced by the scattered X rays—the von Laue spots. These diffraction patterns are an essential tool in analyzing the structure of crystals, and their existence demonstrates the wave nature of X rays. In classical physics, waves can interfere with one another, while particles, which is what electrons were considered to be until the mid-nineteen-twenties, cannot. Davisson thought that his results might have something to do with the atomic structure of nickel, but he grew increasingly discouraged about interpreting them precisely. By the end of 1923, he had dropped the project, and Kunsman had left the company.

In 1924, Davisson decided to try once more to understand the pattern in which his electrons were scattered, this time with the assistance of Lester Germer, who had recently returned to Western Electric after an illness. They worked on variations of the original experiment with mixed results until the summer of 1926, when Davisson and his wife decided to visit England. There Davisson went to a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, and at that meeting, to his astonishment, he heard his and Kunsman's work cited as evidence for the de Broglie waves—which, it turned out, he had never heard of. The wave nature of the electrons was responsible for the diffraction patterns in precise analogy to von Laue's X rays. Davisson spent most of the return voyage from England reading and trying to understand Schrödinger's papers, and he and Germer soon set to work in earnest. By January, they had data that definitively showed the electron's wave nature. G. P. Thomson, the British physicist, working at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, had obtained similar results, and in 1937 he and Davis-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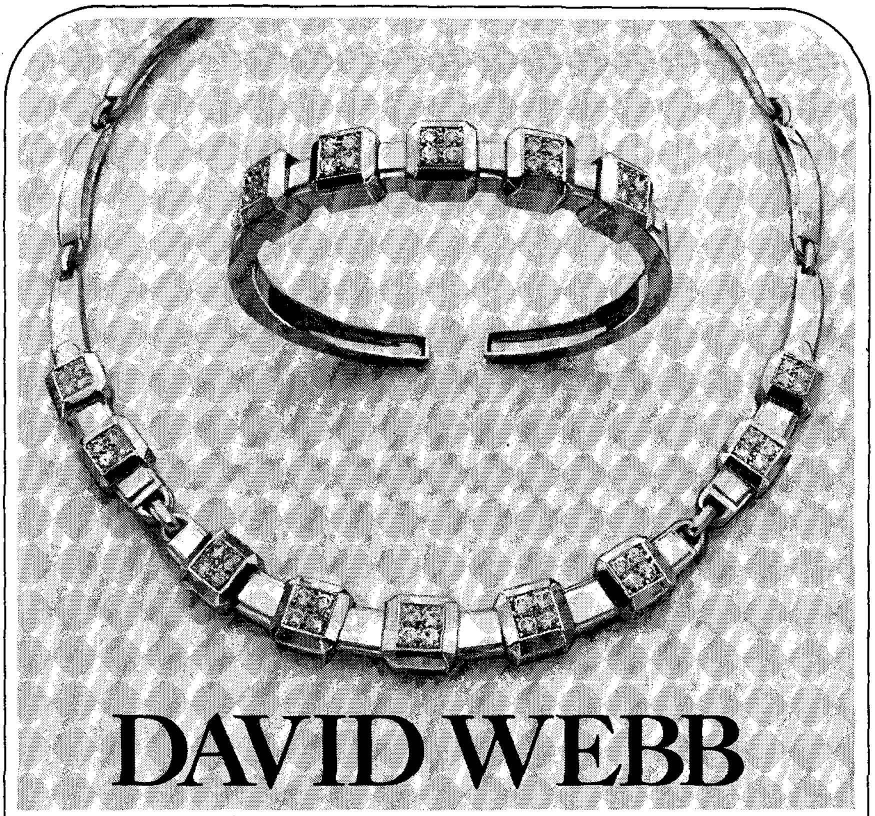

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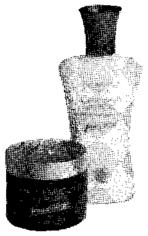

son shared the Nobel Prize in Physics.

Beautiful though the results of these experiments were, there remained a dilemma. The X-ray-diffraction theory, applied to electrons, predicted that the angles at which the maxima of the diffraction would occur depended on the wavelength of the electron—or, to turn this notion around, from the diffraction pattern one could compute the wavelength of the electron. But experimental results did not quite fit de Broglie's formula. In 1926, when Bethe went to Sommerfeld for advice about what he might work on, Sommerfeld suggested that he try to account for the discrepancy. Bethe found that if he supposed that while the electrons from Davisson's electron gun were inside the crystal they acquired additional energy—because their interactions with the atoms in the metal accelerated them—they fitted the experimental curves. The value of this additional energy he had to assume arbitrarily so as to obtain a fit. (This phenomenological model had also been proposed, independently of Bethe, by C. H. Eckart, by A. L. Patterson, and by Fritz Zwicky.)

After this simple exercise, Sommerfeld suggested to Bethe, as a problem for his Ph.D. thesis, that he make a detailed theory of the diffraction of electrons by crystals, based on Schrödinger's equation. He suggested that Bethe look for clues in a 1914 paper by Richard Ewald's nephew Paul P. Ewald, also done at Sommerfeld's institute, which dealt with the diffraction of X rays by crystals. So Bethe started out by making a more or less direct translation of Ewald's thesis from X rays to electrons, and found that this worked very well. "But then I became too ambitious and wanted to do it more accurately," he told me. "That did not work at all, because the interaction between electrons and atoms is far too strong. The calculations became quite messy. So my thesis was long and to a large extent messy and unnecessary. It made Pauli say to me when we met for the first time, 'Mr. Bethe, I was very disappointed in your thesis. From Sommerfeld's talk about you, I had expected better of you.' That made me feel just great. But somehow one survived comments of this sort from Pauli."

In 1928, having passed his doctoral examination, Bethe began to look for a job. I asked if Sommerfeld had helped him, and he replied, "He did not. He did nothing. He went on a round-the-world trip. It was the year of his sixtieth birthday, and he did not want it

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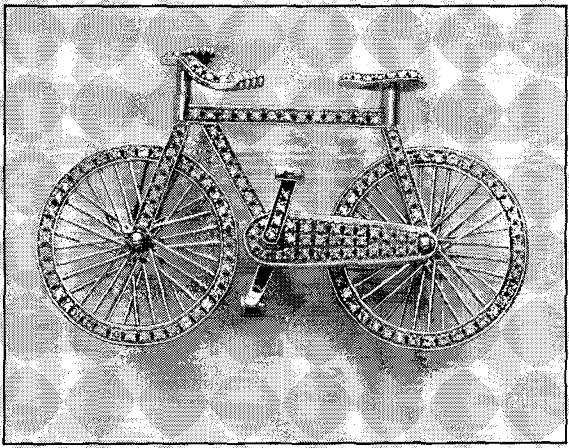

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celebrated, so he took a leave and went around the world and returned the following spring. He simply left me to my own devices. Jobs were terribly scarce. The structure of the German universities was hierarchical. Most departments consisted of one professor and in some cases an associate professor, called an 'extraordinary' professor, and then there were some assistants—equivalent to our instructors. There were few of these positions, and the salaries were low—enough for a bachelor but not enough for a family. It seemed quite uncertain whether I could get a job. Many people went into high-school teaching, because the high schools were eager for well-qualified people. In fact, I remember that in my high school practically every teacher had a doctor's degree. This was quite customary, and often necessary for advancement in the German high-school system. In fact, I would say that the job situation was as bad when I got my degree, in 1928, as the American job situation was when I came to the United States, in 1935—during the Depression. There is nothing like it now, as far as physicists are concerned. But one feature of our present situation here is worse—the high schools are generally not willing to take Ph.D.s in physics, or mathematics or English or anything else. They say that these people are overqualified. What a pity, both for the high-school students and for the young people looking for a job! Luckily, near the end of the Depression some of the smaller universities and colleges were happy to take the good young people. They said, 'We know perfectly well that they won't stay very long. They will go to the more famous universities as soon as they get an offer. But if we have them for, say, five years, that will improve the teaching in our university for this time.' "

Fortunately, soon after Bethe received his degree, he got a teaching offer from Professor Madelung, his former teacher, in Frankfurt, and accepted it. "I was to do research and, together with the assistant in experimental physics, teach the elementary laboratory," Bethe recalled. "We shared the teaching two afternoons a week and got along very well. But as far as research was concerned, Professor Madelung had not changed, and the atmosphere turned out, just as it had two and a half years earlier, to be not especially stimulating. However, I had learned to read the physics journals and to work on my own. I settled down to reading, and learned group theory, an essential mathematical tool

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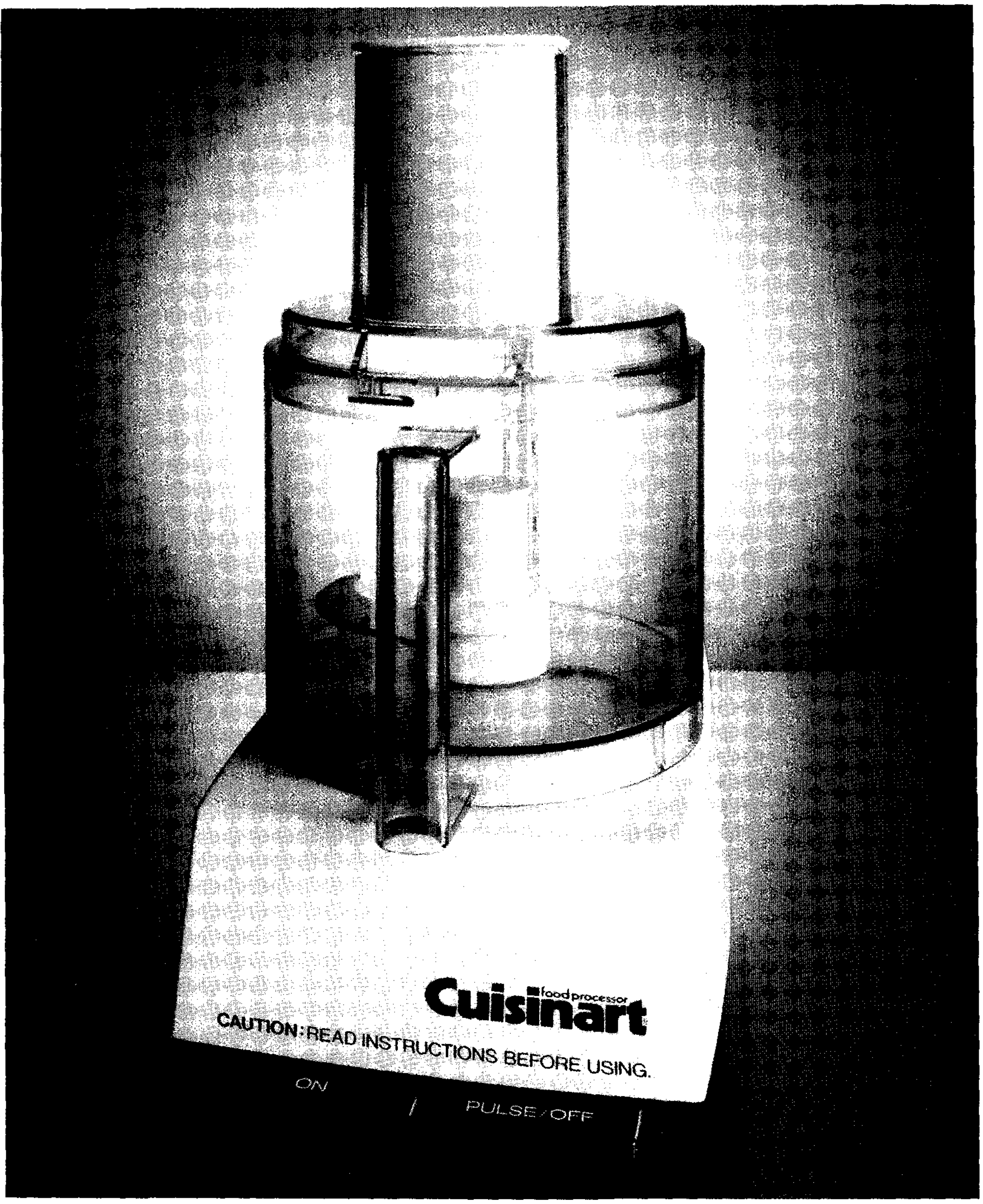

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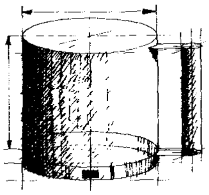

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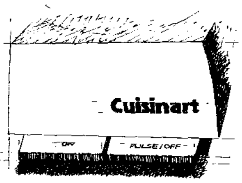

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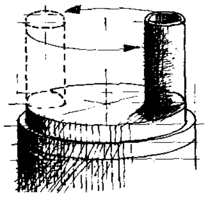

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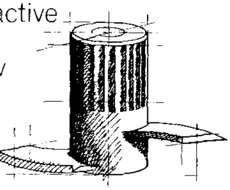

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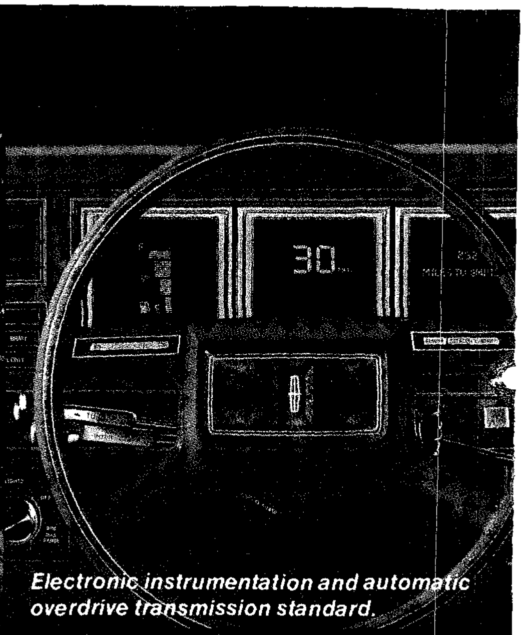

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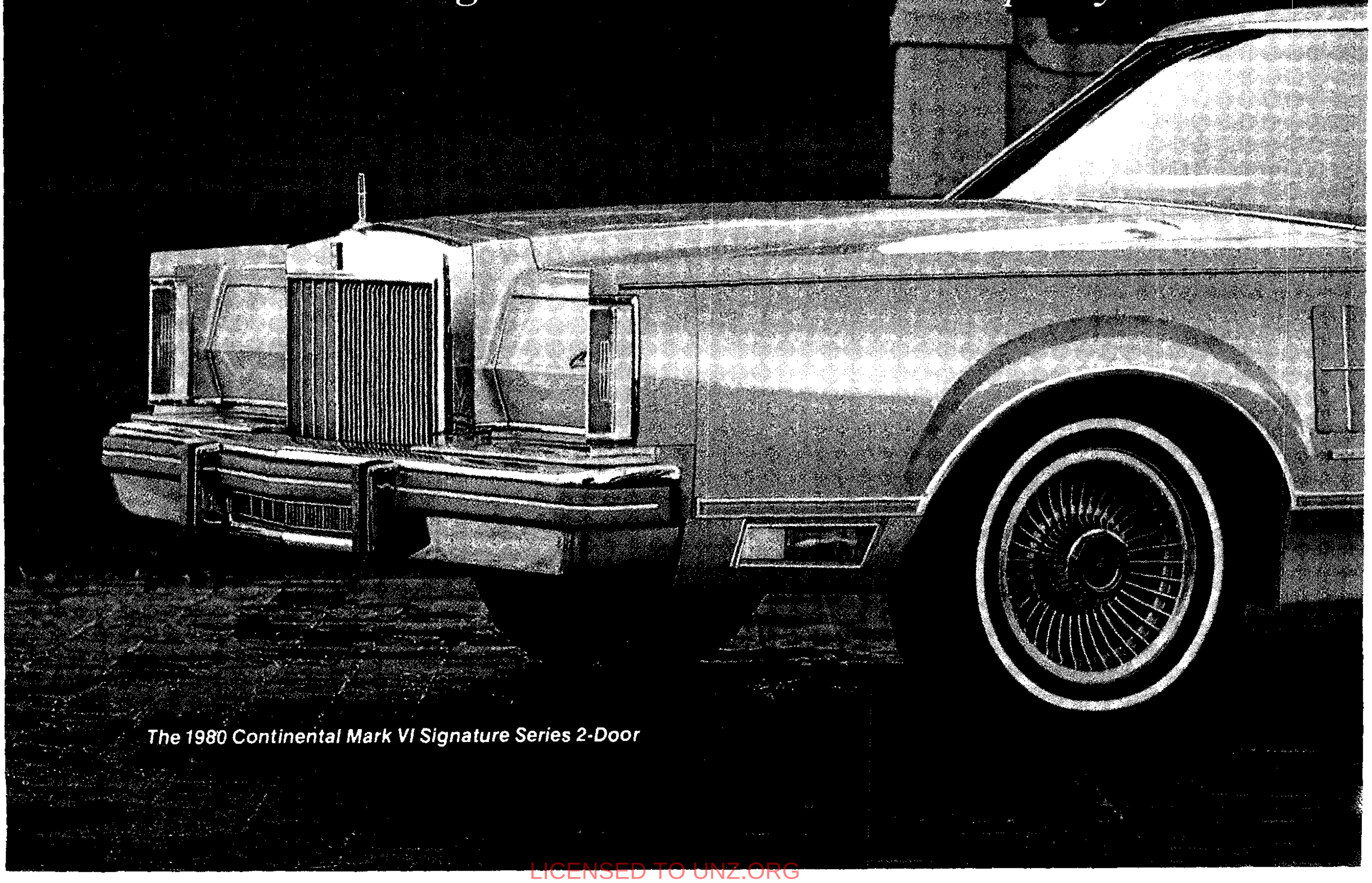

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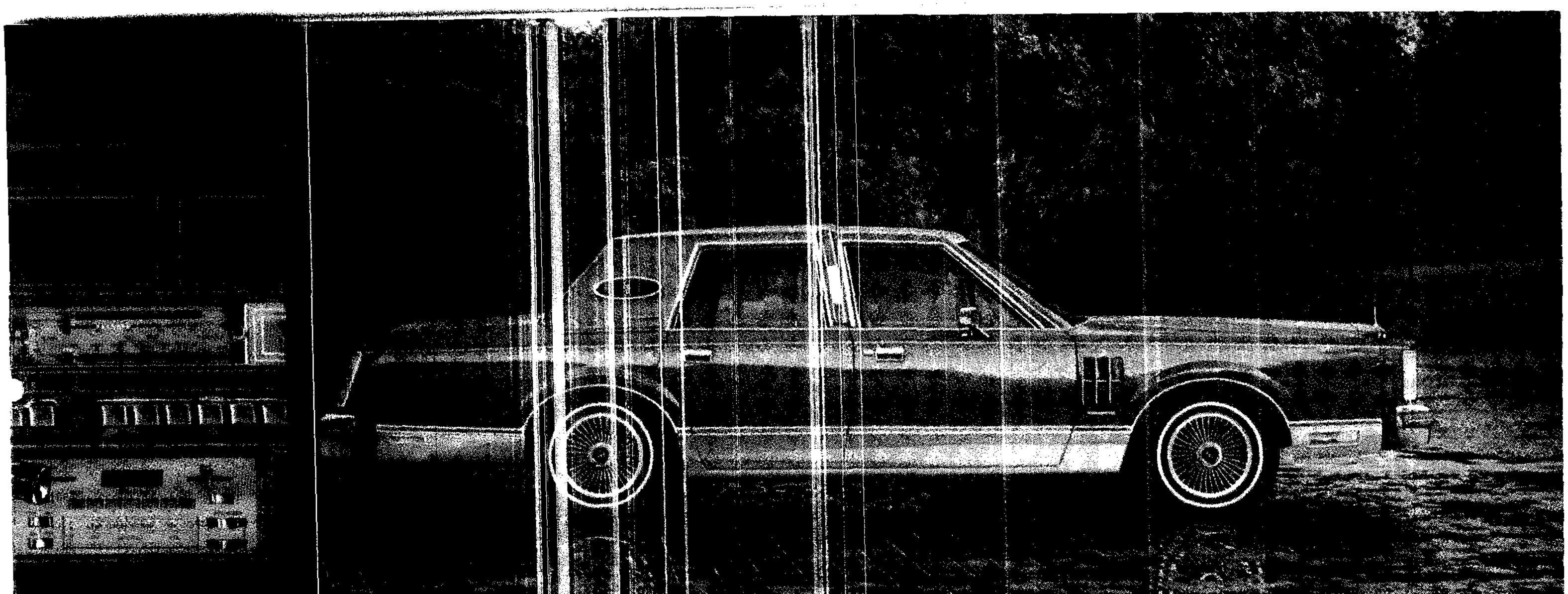

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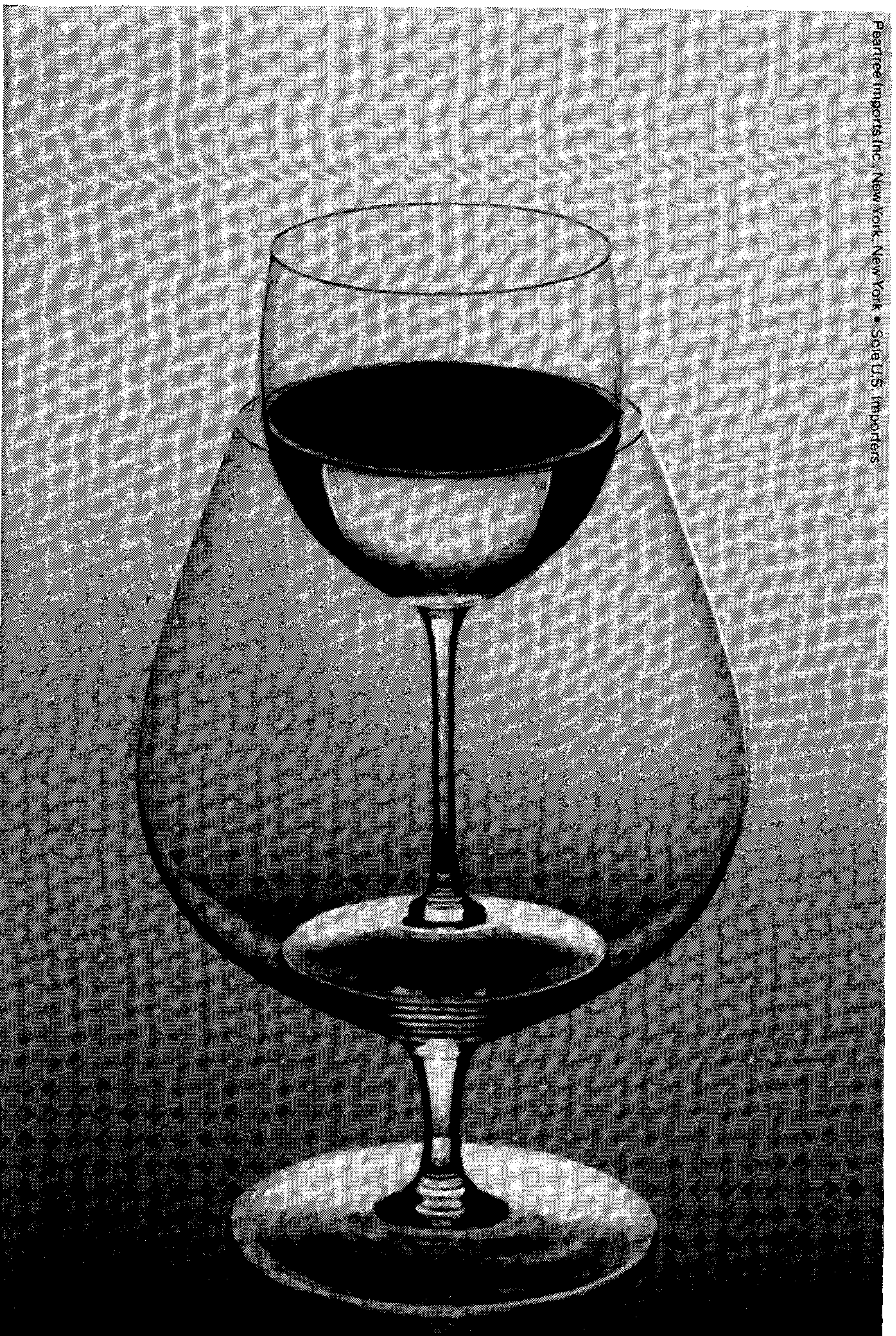
for theoretical physicists, and applied it to the behavior of atoms in crystals. Luckily, after half a year I was rescued by Ewald, who asked me to come to Stuttgart as his assistant."

Paul P. Ewald was then professor of theoretical physics at the Technical College of Stuttgart. "He knew about my thesis," Bethe said. "In fact, while I was doing the thesis he had asked me to come to Stuttgart to give a seminar talk. I even remember how he paid me for that seminar. At that time, there were big five-mark pieces, as big as a silver dollar, and he gave me, I think, ten of those pieces. It was the first time anyone had paid me for talking about my own research, and it made me very proud. It was very nice. He liked the talk, and that was lucky, because he had invited me to stay at his home, and I did. He knew that my father had worked at Strasbourg under Richard Ewald, his uncle. I immediately became good friends with Ewald and with Mrs. Ewald, and when his assistant left, in the spring of 1929, he offered me that job, which I readily accepted. The next half year was one of the happiest periods of my young days."

Bethe smiled at the memory and went on, "I was considered a child of the family. They invited me very often for dinner. They invited me to go on walks with them on Sunday, and if they didn't feel like going themselves they asked me to take the two older children—a boy fourteen and a girl twelve—for walks by myself, which was also very nice. And the girl later became my wife, so I really did become one of the family. The arrangement back in 1929 was a very happy one, and perhaps especially happy for me because my parents had been divorced two years before."

Ewald, who celebrated his ninety-first birthday last January, now lives near the Bethes in Ithaca. On the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, he was honored by the German Physical Society with its Max Planck Medal and by the American Crystallographic Association, at its 1978 spring meeting, with a symposium on his life's work to date. Ewald's dynamic theory provided the basic understanding of the diffraction of X rays in crystals. It was about forty years before modern technology could make crystals close enough to perfect for Ewald's theory to be tested in detail. Nowadays, it is one of the most effective methods of finding imperfections in crystals.

"Ewald ran his department in an open and hospitable way," Bethe said. "Visitors came from all over the world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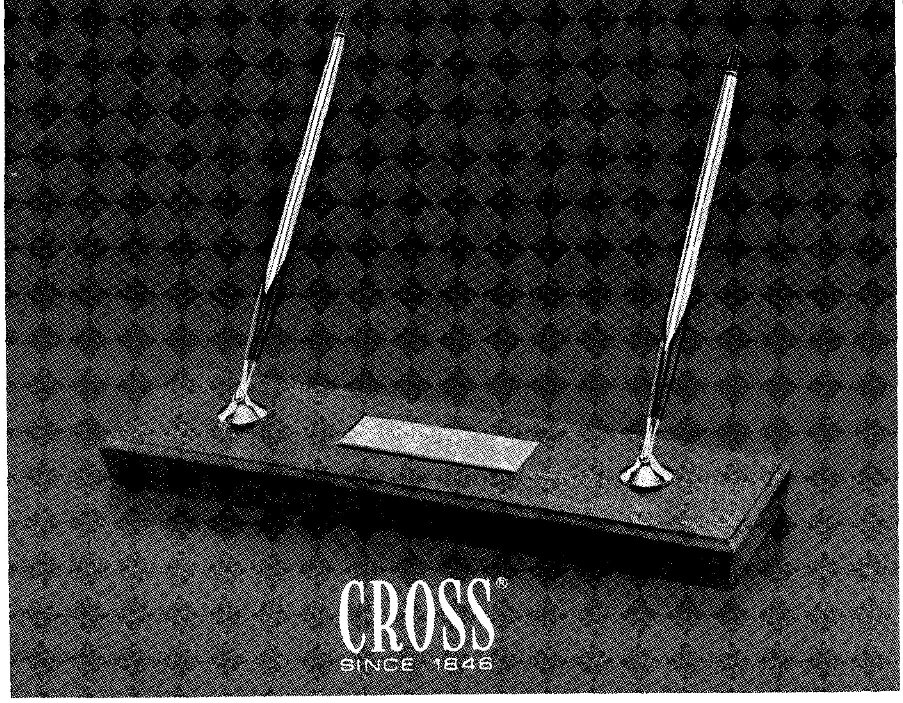

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for long or short stays to give talks and to study under him. One of the talks was by Douglas Hartree, who had just developed the Hartree method." This is a fundamental technique that enables one to deal, in an internally consistent, approximate fashion, with problems that involve many electrons. It is used to compute the properties of heavy atoms, which have large numbers of electrons orbiting the nucleus. "The Hartree method was exactly what I had been waiting for, because I wanted some quantitative way to explain atomic structure," Bethe went on. The next great step forward was taken by the Norwegian physicist Egil Hylleraas, when he applied a variational principle to the helium atom.

A variational principle is a powerful tool for calculating the approximate energy level of an atom. One problem that can be attacked by the variational technique is whether or not certain atomic systems are "bound;" that is, whether they are stable. The helium atom has two electrons orbiting a nucleus with two positive charges, and Hylleraas made the first quantitative calculation of the electrons' energies. It is now a standard example given in quantum-mechanics textbooks.

"Somehow, I had heard that people were interested in the negative hydrogen ion, which is a single proton surrounded by two electrons," Bethe said. "Was it stable? Following Hylleraas's method and using a simple mechanical desk calculator, I soon found out that it was. I did not know then why the stability question was interesting, but now I know that H-minus is important because in the upper layers of the sun, below the photosphere, it is the main absorber of the sun's radiation from the interior—the radiation that does not get out of the sun. In Stuttgart, at any rate, I got what I missed so much in Frankfurt—conversations with people who had similar interests. I also did a lot of talking with Ewald himself, and he made a number of useful suggestions in the general area of my thesis—perhaps to improve it, but to no avail. I gave quite a number of seminars. One of my nicest duties came twice a week; namely, to give a course in quantum mechanics to Ewald and all the assistants—both his own and the ones in the Experimental Physics Department. Well, in the midst of this paradise Sommerfeld returned from his trip and found out that I was at Stuttgart. He wrote a postcard to Ewald saying, in effect, 'Bethe is *my* student. I need him for my work in solid-state physics. Send him back

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immediately.' Ewald and I thought that Sommerfeld had some nerve to do this, but I left it entirely to the two dignified people to fight it out, and of course Sommerfeld won, pulling rank. Though I had been very happy in Stuttgart, I think that scientifically it was good for me to go back to Munich—which I did in the fall of 1929. Sommerfeld offered me a few inducements to sweeten the change. Not only did he provide me with my own little room but he said I could become a *Privatdozent* the following spring, which was unusually early, and he got me a German national fellowship."

That winter, Bethe wrote what he still considers his best paper, even though it was his later work on the energy production in stars that earned him the Nobel Prize. At first sight, the subject matter of the early paper seems almost prosaic, but as it was developed by Bethe and others over the years it encompasses many of the processes that take place in atoms and nuclei when they collide with energetic charged particles. The paper, titled "The Theory of the Passage of Swift Corpuscular Rays Through Matter," appeared in the *Annalen der Physik* in 1930. In 1913, Niels Bohr had presented the classical theory of how charged particles slow down when they pass through matter. Basically, they excite the electrons in the atoms through which they pass, and with each of these "inelastic" collisions the charged particle loses some of its energy. Then, when quantum mechanics was invented, Max Born developed a quantum-theoretic formalism for doing collision theory. This was a triumph for wave mechanics, because the old quantum theory had not been able to deal with collision problems at all. Born's paper was also essential for the correct interpretation of Schrödinger's wave function. Earlier, when Born was the professor of theoretical physics at Göttingen, he had made fundamental contributions to Heisenberg's formulation of quantum mechanics. "But Born's collision theory had been left in a stage where it was rather difficult to do explicit calculations, especially on inelastic collisions," Bethe told me. "I thought I could do that better, and I invented a trick for doing it." Bethe's "trick," which involves a way of rewriting the complicated integrals in the collision formula, is by now standard, and appears in so many textbooks that one almost forgets that it had to be invented by someone. "With that trick, you can do all sorts of things," he added. In his paper, Bethe investigated the role of

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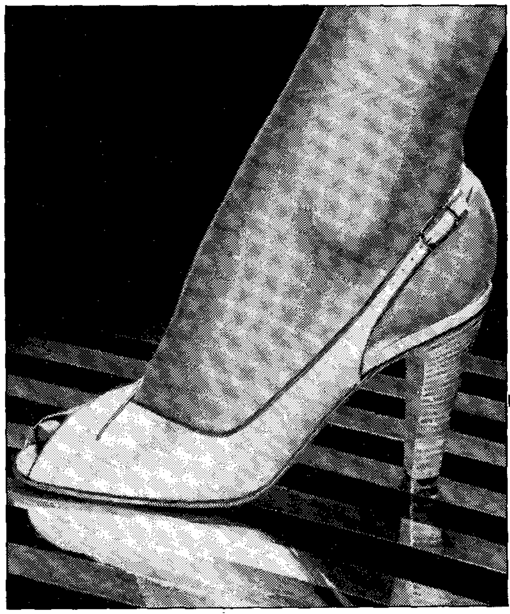

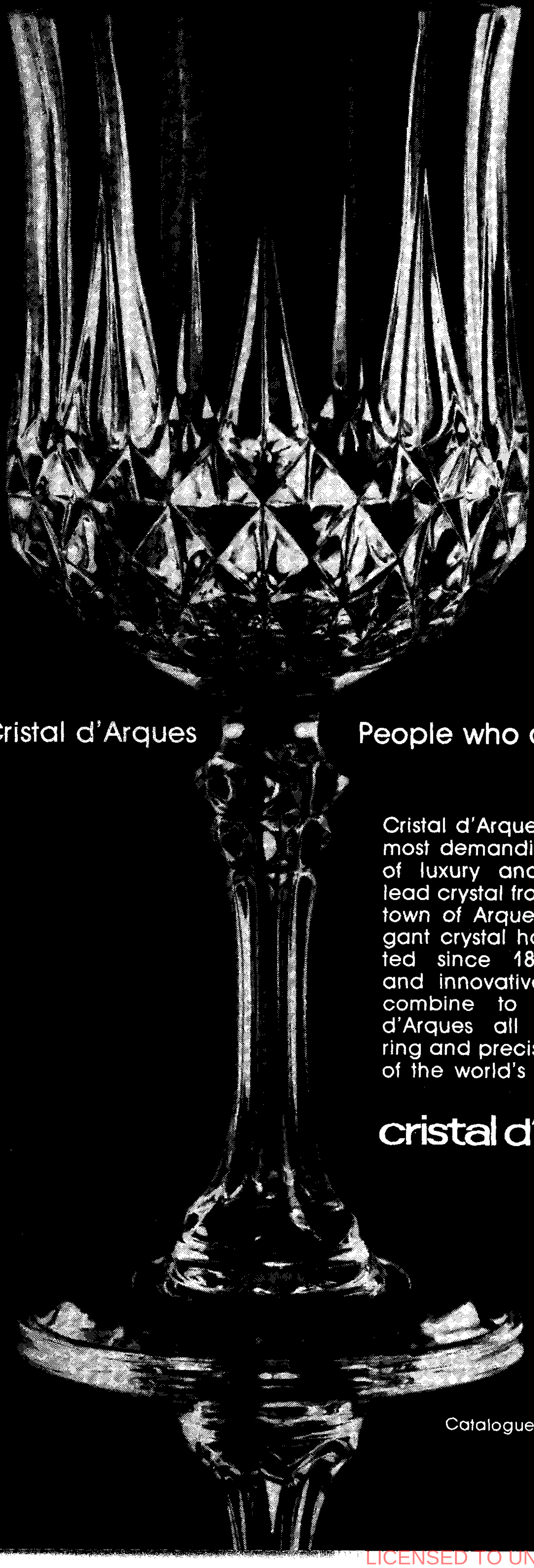

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Catalogue upon request. Write J.G. Durand, Millville, N.J. 08332 the electron structure in atoms as it is manifested in these collision processes. In the years since, the energy of the particles passing through matter in experiments has increased, because the particles are being produced by larger and larger accelerators, and the processes that Bethe and others have taken into account have become more and more subtle. Bethe's interest was in basic scientific understanding, but his paper had practical consequences. In modern experiments, physicists have to distinguish many different kinds of particles that may emerge from an experiment, and one means of sorting out the particles is to measure the ionization they produce in a gas. Bethe's theory permits one to calculate this ionization, and thereby distinguish the particles.

Bethe went on, "I submitted this paper to the university in order to become a *Privatdozent.* The process of becoming a *Privatdozent* was a solemn affair. Dressed up in a tuxedo, I had to give my 'inaugural' address in a big auditorium, before an audience of faculty and students. I had to write down a number of theses of my own choosing, which I had to defend against attacks from the audience. Sommerfeld, pro forma, attacked me, as did several of the other professors. There were about fifty people listening. Many of my papers are being put into the Cornell archives now, and while I was sorting them I came across these theses. Some of them were all right, and some of them sound ridiculous now. After that ceremony, I was allowed to give lectures at the university. In the summer of 1930, I gave a course of lectures on collision theory. The other day, I found an old statement from the University of Munich about this. You may recall that at German universities students had to pay for the specific course of lectures they attended. The *Privatdozent* received part of this money, which was known as *Kolleggeld.* I had about twelve students. The statement from the university finance office consisted of a long sheet that started out with what the students had paid, then listed what the university would keep—the taxes and seven other items that were being subtracted. I ended up with fifty marks for a term's work." Fifty marks was then twelve dollars.

BETHE's first vague glimmering of the growing change in political attitudes in Germany came in 1928. He told me, "I wasn't at that time aware of any trouble brewing. Of course, I read the newspapers, but I

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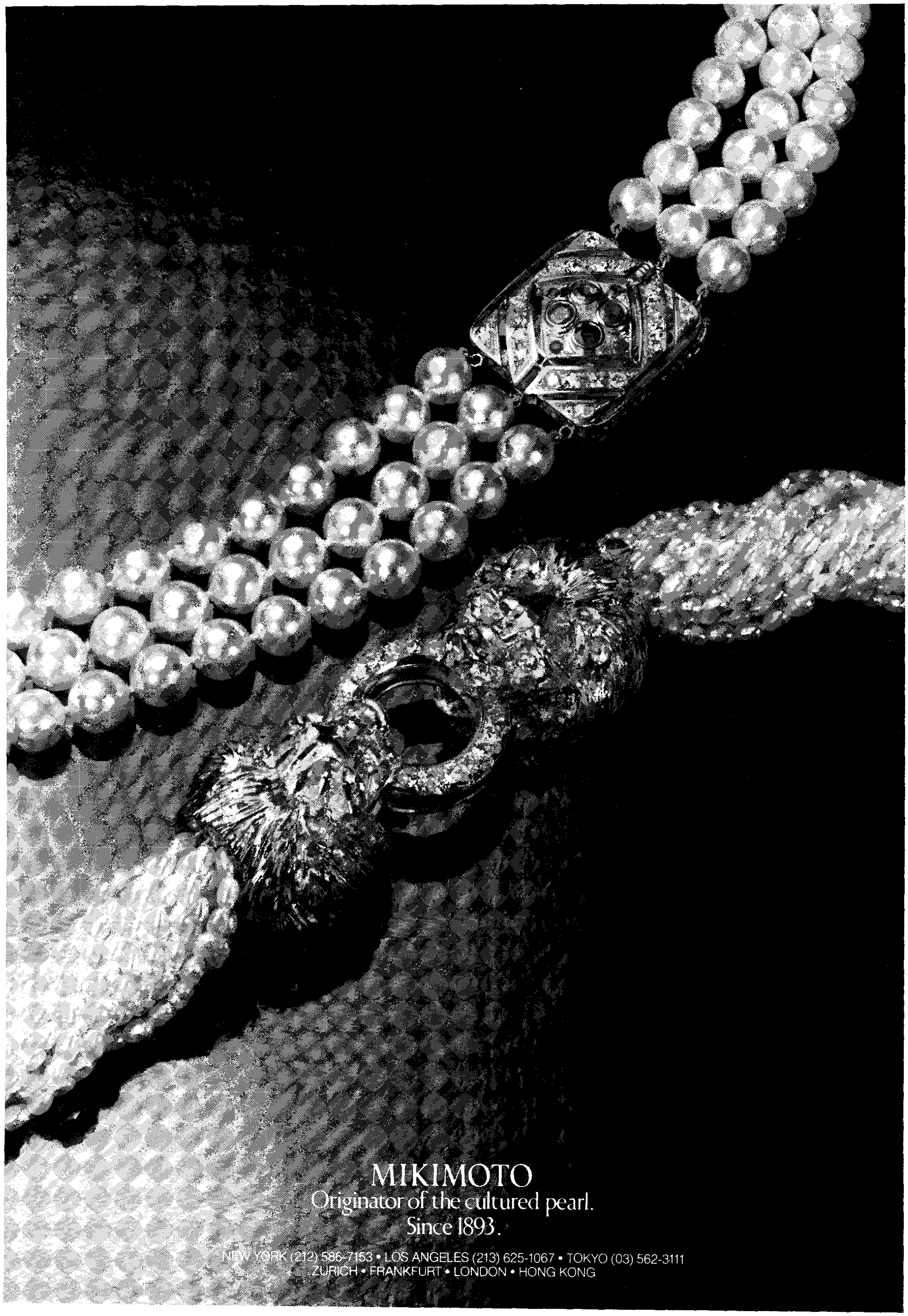
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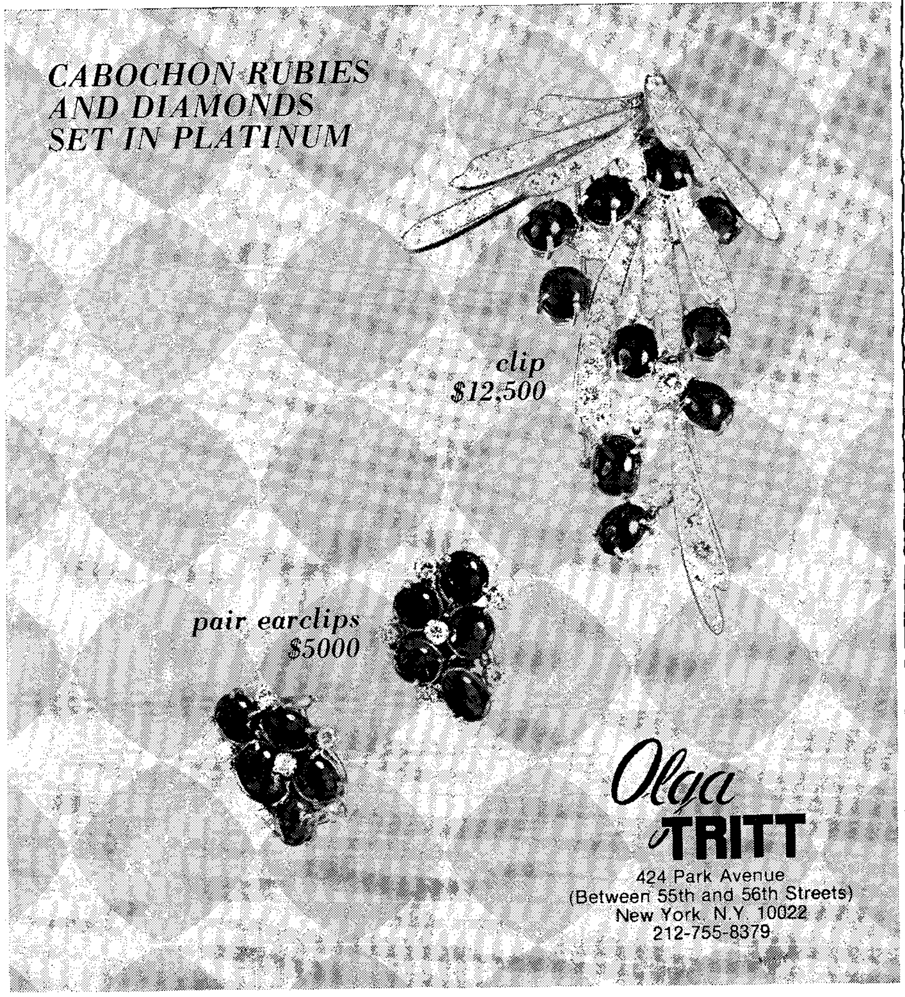

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read only what seemed important to me then. Economic developments, international relations—things like that. I found talking to my fellow-students about politics to be essentially impossible. I found them to be ultra-conservative and unrealistically nationalistic. Not so much the ones in theoretical physics as the ones in other fields. Their talk seemed absolutely crazy to me. They were forever talking about Imperial Germany coming back and about the horrible injustice of the Treaty of Versailles. I agreed that the Treaty of Versailles was quite nasty to Germany, but it was a fact, and I *thought that Germany should try* its best to live within this framework. Indeed, it had been doing very well from 1925 to 1928. There were a few of the physics students who were in the Nazi movement, but it was not until the 1930 elections to the Reichstag, when the Nazis got something like a hundred out of five hundred delegates—a jump from ten or twenty—that I felt that things might easily go wrong."

Bethe spent part of the years 1930 and 1931 outside Germany. He had been awarded a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship, which he used to visit Cambridge University and then Rome, where he worked at the University of Rome with Enrico Fermi. "Sommerfeld suggested that I divide the time between two countries," Bethe said. "First, he suggested that I go to England and the United States. He felt that I should go to Davisson, in New York. Davisson, for some reason, wasn't interested, and in any case, as it turned out, it would have been a mistake. So I went to Rome instead, also at Sommerfeld's suggestion. England was a revelation to me—I found that the English had a much healthier attitude toward life than the Germans. You could talk to them about politics, philosophy, or anything else in a reasonable way. They didn't look for mysterious origins somewhere. The mystical element in the life philosophy of many Germans had always repelled me, and still does. In England, everything was clear and simple. I was happy. I lived in a boarding house that served the worst food you can imagine, but I was frequently invited to the colleges for dinner, and that was always a treat. There was a lot of good talk in college after dinner. There were delightful old men, learning to fly at the age of sixty. They and the rest were very sensible about politics, and they took life pretty well the way it came. England at that time

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was a happy country in comparison to Germany—quite prosperous and with a much wider horizon."

I asked Bethe if during this time he had encountered P. A. M. Dirac, who later assumed the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics at Cambridge—a professorship that had once been held by Isaac Newton.

"Dirac gave a course in the quantum theory in which he read the material word for word from his book," Bethe said. "Somebody once asked him why he did that, and he said, 'When I wrote the book, I thought very hard about how to formulate it, and there is no better way.' Early in my stay, I attended some of Dirac's lectures, along with another German postdoc. He found it useful to attend because he learned how the words in Dirac's book were pronounced. I had learned English, and I didn't find that sufficient reason to listen to what I could read, so I went only two or three times and then stopped."

After his stay in Cambridge, Bethe went to Fermi in Rome. Fermi was just thirty, but even then he was an internationally known physicist. "He was a professor, which I was very far from being, and he was already a member of a special academy in Rome that Mussolini had created," Bethe said. "Because of this, he had the title Excellency, a higher title than Sommerfeld's *Geheimrat*. But what a difference! Where Sommerfeld had been approachable but still always the dignitary, Fermi did not seem to have the word 'formality' in his vocabulary. He was one of the least stuffy people I have ever met. You could go to him anytime, and it was like two graduate students talking to each other. Let me tell you just one anecdote. Fermi used to wear a leather jacket, and he always drove his own car. One day, he encountered a roadblock right in front of his institute. He leaned out of the window and said to the policeman, 'I am His Excellency Enrico Fermi's chauffeur'—which, of course, got him waved on, whereas a statement that he was His Excellency Enrico Fermi himself would not have been believed. Fermi seemed to me at the time like the bright Italian sunshine. Clarity appeared wherever his mind took hold. I was tremendously impressed by his facility with physics—by his way of looking at a problem. Somebody would come to him and say, 'I don't know how to solve such-and-such a problem,' and Fermi would say, 'All right, let's think. Perhaps we could do it this way.' And, talking aloud about his own thinking process, he would develop the

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general theory of this particular problem. Once he had solved a problem, it was obvious that this was the way to do it. In the simplest, most straightforward manner, you could then proceed to act on the knowledge gained from Fermi's analysis. Discussions ranged over every aspect of physics. For all these reasons, Fermi was a magnet for Italian physicists, who, no matter where they might be teaching or studying, spent a good deal of time in Rome. I met, among others, Emilio Segrè, Franco Rasetti, Edoardo Amaldi, Giulio Racah, and Bruno Rossi, all of whom became prominent later on. From Fermi I learned lightness of approach; that is, to look at things qualitatively first and understand the problem physically before putting a lot of formulas on paper. Sommerfeld never could have done that and never would have. Sommerfeld's method was to start out by inserting the data of a problem into an appropriate mathematical equation and solving the equation quantitatively according to the strictest mathematical formalism for those specific data, and finally he would interpret the results for their physical significance. Under his tutelage, you never looked at the problem first with a view to finding the easiest way to solve it. It was from Fermi that I learned to do this. Fermi was as much an experimenter as a theorist, and the mathematical solution was for him more a confirmation of his understanding of a problem than the basis for it. Both approaches have their uses and advantages. For me, it was very important to learn both. Fermi and I wrote a paper comparing three methods of treating the relativistic electron-electron interaction—unifying electromagnetic quantum theory with relativity. The research took two days. Then he said, 'Well, now we have solved it, now we will write a paper.' So on the third day he himself sat down at the typewriter—there was no secretary in the institute. His procedure was to state a sentence in German—he spoke excellent German, while I spoke hardly any Italian—and I would either approve it or modify it. When we came to an equation, we would agree on it, and I would write it down in longhand. That was the paper. It came to ten printed pages in the *Zeitschrift für Physik*. It was a nice paper, and even though Fermi did by far the larger part of it, it had my name on it along with his. I felt very happy about that, and I learned a lot from it. It taught me how to write a scientific paper simply and

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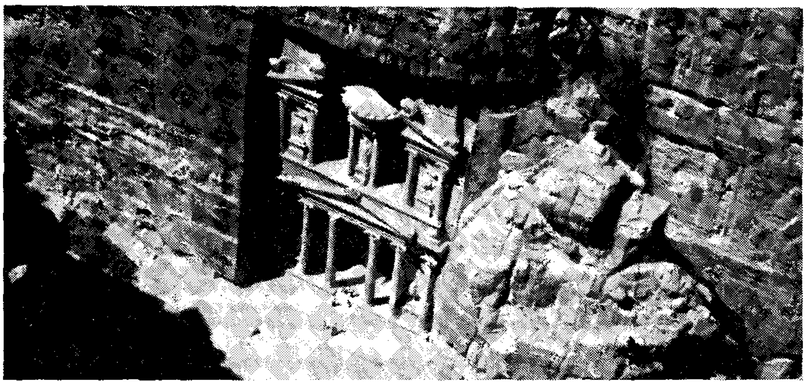

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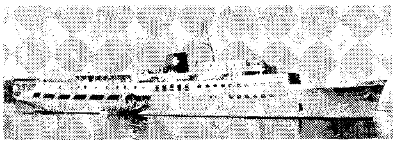

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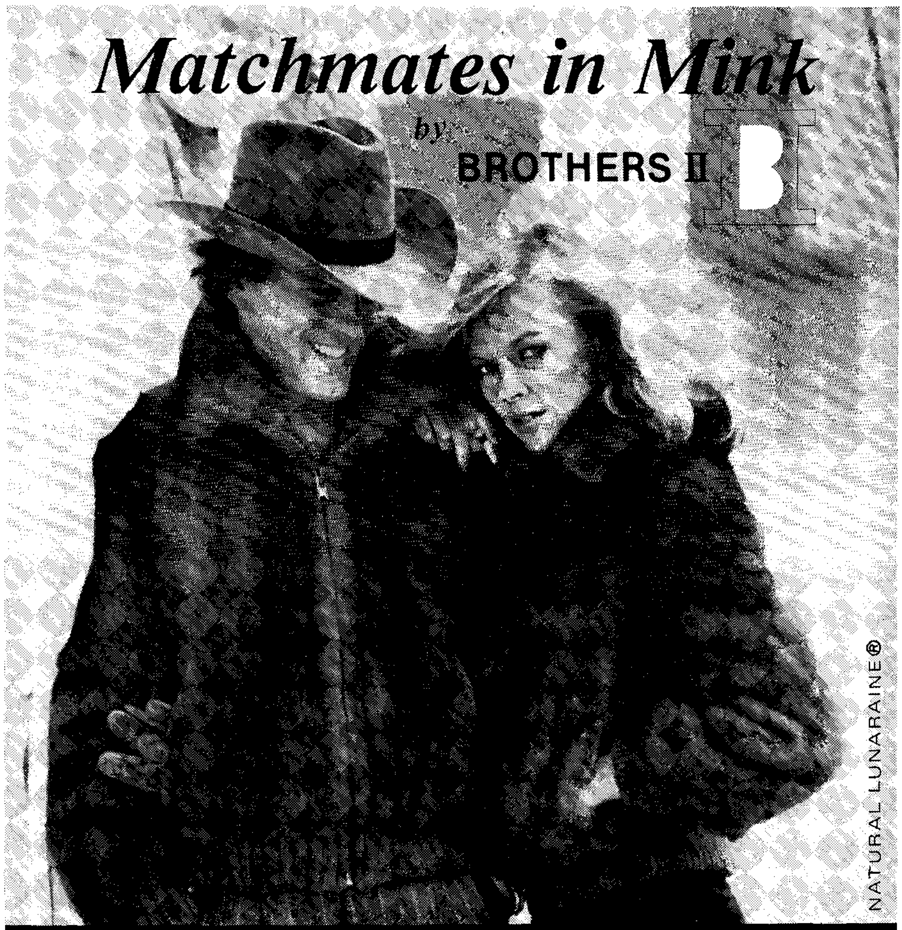

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clearly. My stay in Rome came to an end much too soon."

In 1931, Bethe returned to Munich. "The Depression came," Bethe said. "In 1930, it was still not very noticeable, but by 1931 there was a deep depression. There was terrific unemployment all over Germany. I think twenty per cent of the labor force was unemployed, and in certain regions things were even worse. There was a lot of misery. At one point, in the summer of 1931, the banks were closed. And some banks failed, among them two of the biggest banks. Fortunately, my parents' money was not in either of those. But the accounts in all banks were blocked for a while, so you had to live on promises. I was apprehensive, fearing that the situation would lead to catastrophe, but I certainly did not anticipate that the Nazis might take over the government. I thought that maybe they would get into the government, but I did not dream that anything would happen that would force me to leave the country. For me, the years 1931 and 1932 were a very good working period. Because of my newly acquired English, Sommerfeld turned over to me all his English and American postdocs. One of the American postdocs was Lloyd Smith, from Cornell. I gave him a nice problem involving the Hartree method. A few years later, when I had to leave Germany, he suggested to his department chairman at Cornell, where he had become a professor in the meantime, that I be asked to come there. I accepted, of course, and, as you know, have been there ever since."

In 1932, Bethe, in collaboration with Sommerfeld, wrote one of his three great review articles. It was published in 1933 in the *Handbuch der Physik*, under the title "Elektronentheorie der Metalle," and contained the basis for the modern solid-state theory of metals. He also paid a second visit to Fermi in Rome. "During this time, the political situation in Germany was rapidly becoming worse," Bethe told me. "For me personally, things were still all right. Sometime in the summer of 1932, I got an offer from Tübingen, an old and very good university in Württemberg. It was for a sort of assistant professorship in theoretical physics, and I went there in November of 1932. Hans Geiger"—the inventor of the Geiger counter, for measuring radioactivity—"was the professor of experimental physics. He was interested in my quantum-mechanics course, and came to it regularly. I gave that course for advanced students and

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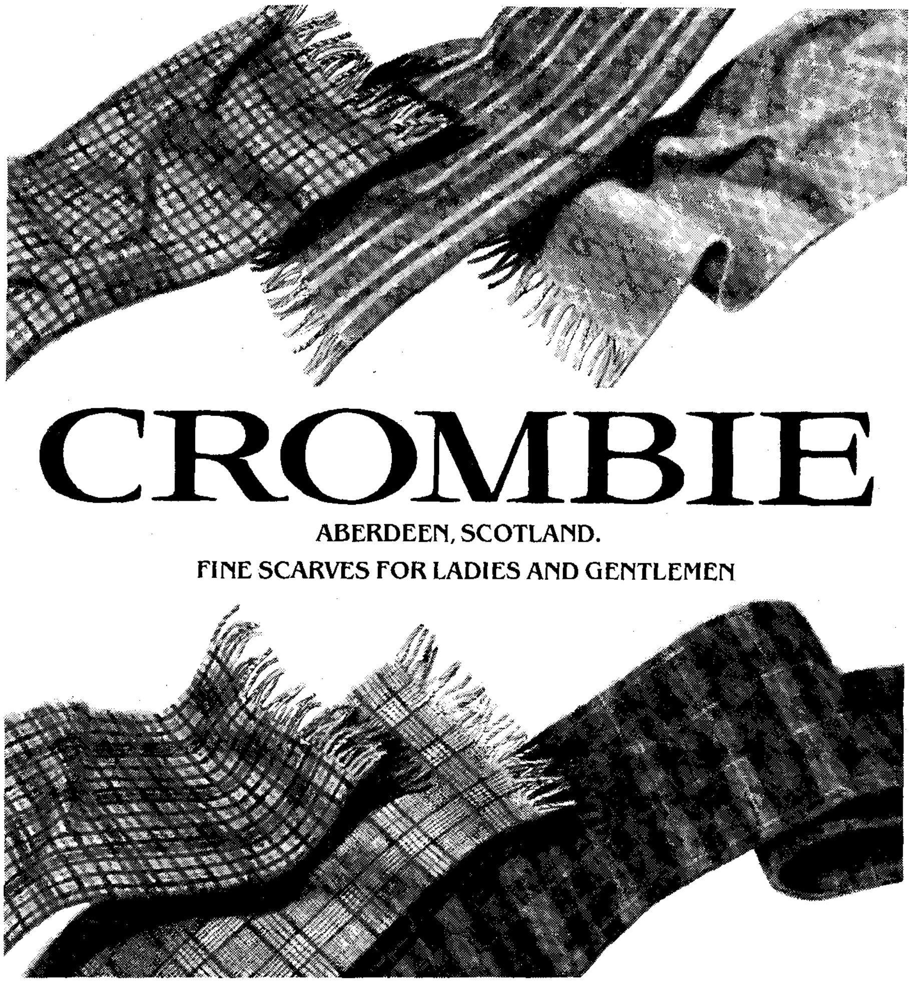
for, essentially, the entire experimental-physics faculty. I also gave a course in electrodynamics. I had a good time scientifically in Tübingen. Geiger explained his experiments to me, and in other ways made a lot of me, so all seemed to be well on the personal level. However, the general atmosphere in Tübingen had become very bad. Many students wore the brown shirts and swastika armbands of the National Socialist organization. Some of them were in my classes. It was clear from the way people talked, from the way students talked—perhaps not the majority, but the most vocal of them—that they were confirmed Nazis. This showed afterward, on the thirtieth of January, when Hitler was named Chancellor. The Nazis had a tremendous torch parade through the city. It was quite clear where Tübingen's heart was."

I asked Bethe whether the wearing of armbands by the students in class was something new.

"It was indeed," Bethe replied. "I had never seen it in the classroom in Munich, either in Sommerfeld's institute or in the experimental institute. But suddenly it was inescapable. Also, it was evident that the German economy wasn't getting any better. Brüning"—Heinrich Brüning had been selected by the German President, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, to head a coalition government in 1930—"followed a policy of deflation, which increased unemployment. He was succeeded by Franz von Papen, then by Kurt von Schleicher, who gave way to Hitler. Hindenburg was so old that he did not understand what was happening. It was clear that catastrophe was coming—and it came. But even after the Nazis began to govern Germany, I still did not think I would have to leave. I remember that during February of 1933 I went to the Ewalds, in Stuttgart, for some kind of festivity. Stuttgart was only an hour's bus ride from Tübingen. At that party, I talked really quite foolishly. I was still optimistic, whereas Ewald was depressed and sure that things would be very, very bad. I simply did not think that anybody could do all the things Hitler said in 'Mein Kampf' he was going to do. It was inconceivable."

The Reichstag fire occurred on February 27, 1933, and soon after that Hitler took over Germany. On April 4, 1933, the first racial laws were promulgated. Jews were declared unfit for government service, and since the universities were run by the state, this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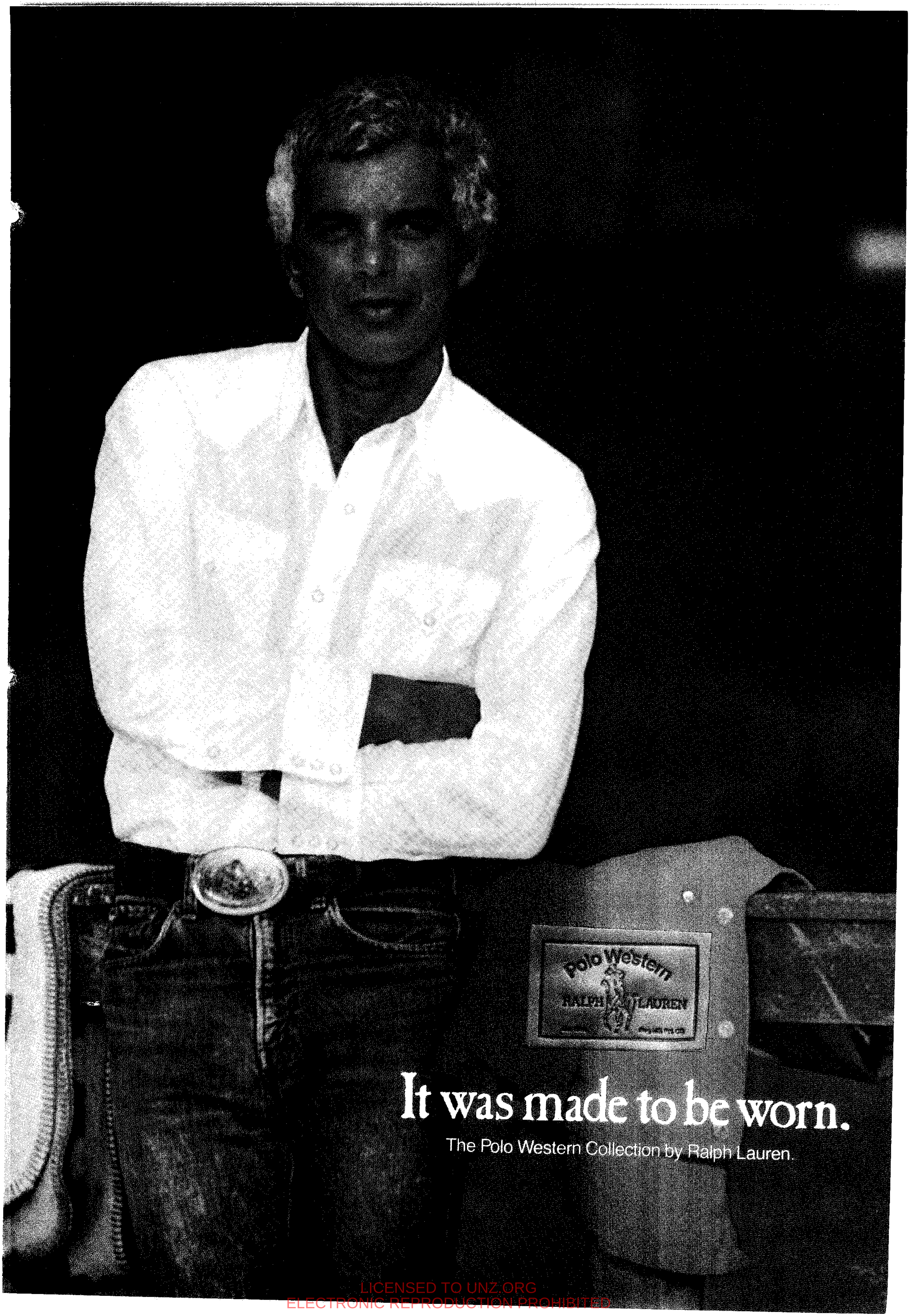
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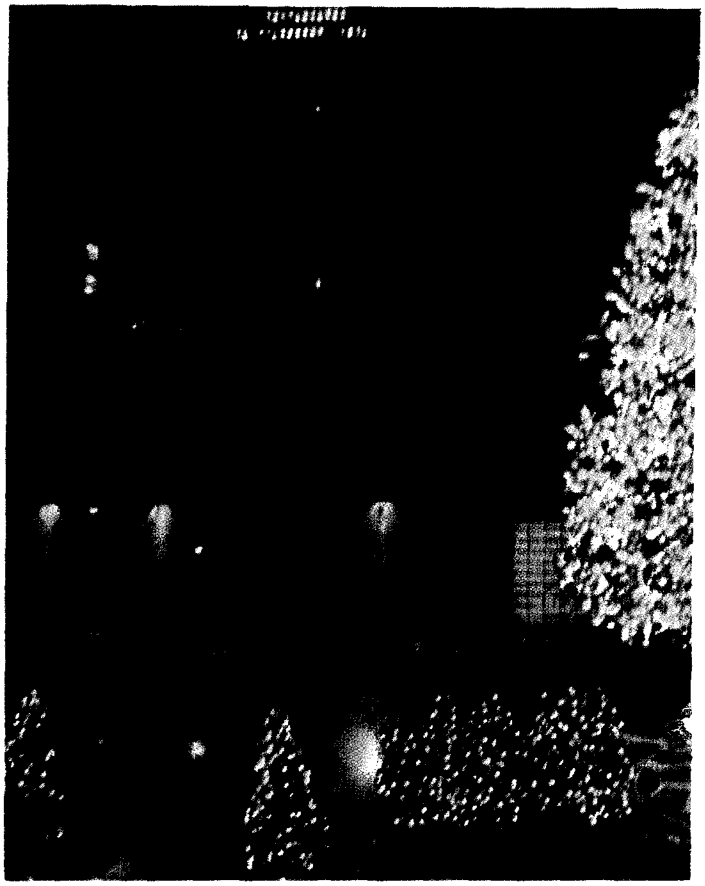

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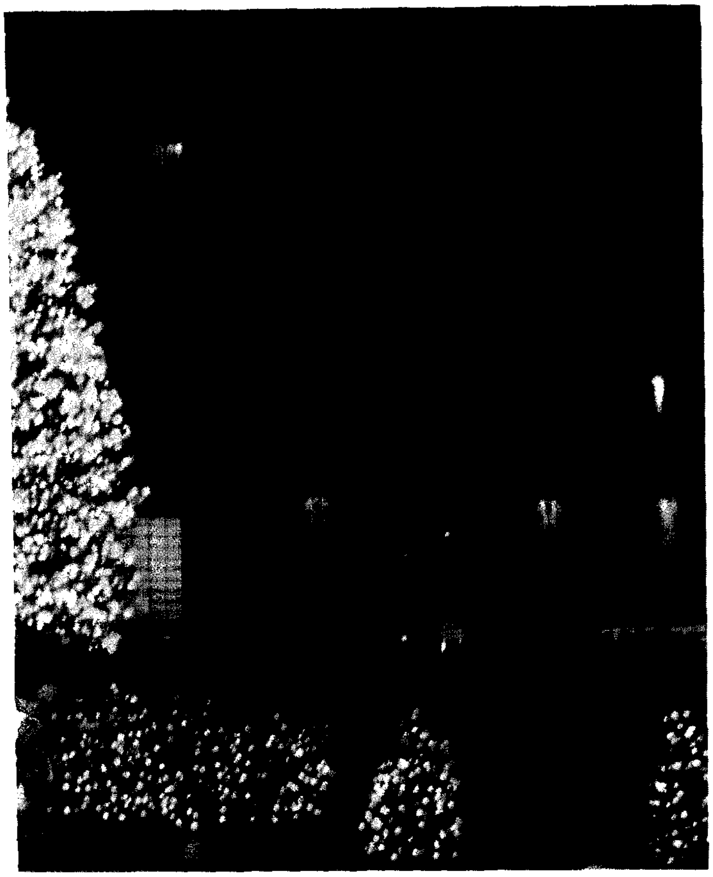

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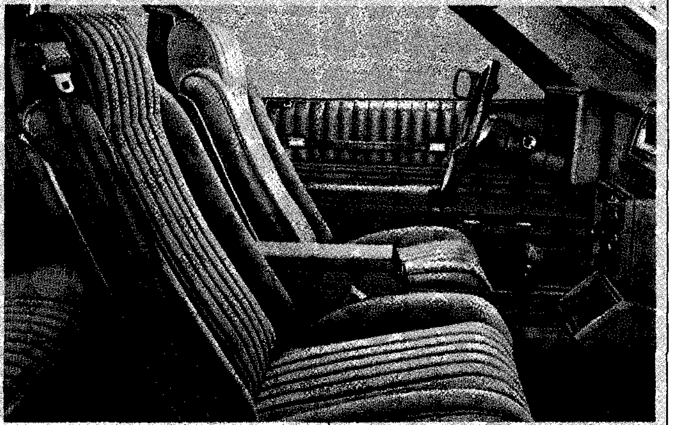

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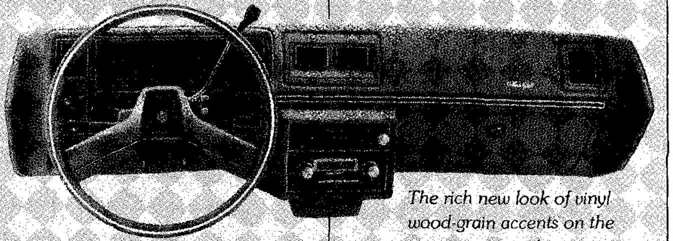

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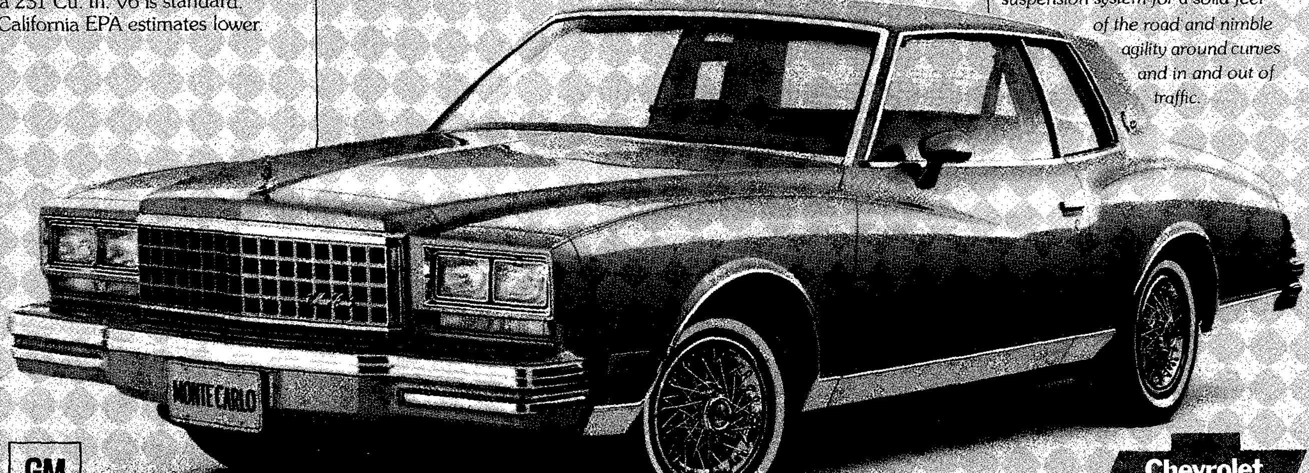

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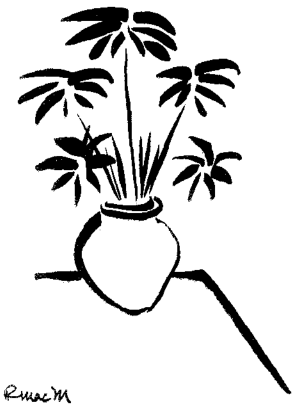
decree applied to all Jews connected with them. “I had been to Austria on a beautiful ski trip,” Bethe recalled. “Just a day or two before I returned, there was a boycott of Jewish stores—on the first of April. Then there were the racial laws, and I was not sure how strictly they would be applied. But it was clear that according to the laws I could not hold a university position, because two of my grandparents were Jewish. The first I heard about this directly was when one of my two Ph.D. students in Tübingen wrote me a letter saying, ‘I read in the papers that you have been dismissed. What shall I do? Tell me, what shall I do?’ What should *he* do? I had not heard of my dismissal, but it had been published in the papers. I asked him for the clipping, and he sent it to me. It turned out that there were only two of us whom they had been able to dismiss without difficulty. Then I wrote to Geiger, who had been so friendly to me. He wrote back a completely cold letter saying that with the changed situation it would be necessary to dispense with my further services—period. There was no kind word, no regret—nothing. Then, a few days later, I got a letter from the Württemberg Ministry of Cultural Affairs which said that I was dismissed in accordance with the law but that my salary would be paid for April—which was the month in which I was dismissed—and that was that. So, of course, I wrote to Sommerfeld crying for help, and Sommerfeld immediately replied, ‘You are most welcome here. I will have your fellowship again for you. Just come back.’ ”

“Sommerfeld must have been a great man,” I observed.

“He *was* a great man,” Bethe replied. “Not only did he do that for me but he spent most of the summer term of 1933 finding jobs for the various people with Jewish ancestors who were in any way connected with him. He must have found jobs then for at least half a dozen people. He went out of his way to write letters to everybody he knew—and he knew almost everybody—trying to place the Jewish, half-Jewish, or quarter-Jewish physicists somewhere. Mostly in England. Maybe one or two in France. He had no fear. He was an old man. He was a man of great reputation. He did not think that anybody would do anything to him—and, indeed, nobody did. He was allowed to serve out his term until retirement. The only unpleasant thing he suffered was that when he retired he had no influence on the choice of his successor. He wanted Werner Heisenberg to be his successor—the best choice possible—and Heisenberg wanted to come. Not only had he grown up in Munich but he liked Sommerfeld very much, and Munich, next to Berlin, was the university with the greatest prestige. But the government found Heisenberg not acceptable—not sufficiently Nazi—so he was rejected. Instead, they appointed a man who had been, I think, an assistant to Johannes Stark”—an early and eager Nazi convert—“and had absolutely no idea of theoretical physics. None. I believe he had never published a paper apart from his thesis. But he was a Nazi with a very low Party number, and so he was put in. After that, I think, Sommerfeld did not enter the institute again until after the war. He took all his books home and worked at home—paid no further attention to the university.”



Sommerfeld, who died in Munich on April 26, 1951, retained an active interest in physics until the end of his life. In 1948, when Bethe paid his first visit to Germany after the war, he went to see Sommerfeld, and although Sommerfeld was in his eightieth year and nearly deaf, he was eager to learn about the latest results of research. As Sommerfeld’s case suggests, the Nazis seemed to have a policy of more or less ignoring the activities of the older scientists but crushing any dissent by younger people. Bethe now thinks that if the Nazis had attacked the older, distinguished men, they would have encountered some opposition. The rapid deterioration of science that took place in Germany after the passage of the racial laws has been documented in a recent book, “Scientists Under Hitler,” by the historian Alan D. Beyerchen. Among those scientists who left the country, Beyerchen points out, Bethe was one of nineteen who had won the Nobel Prize or would eventually win it. For those who remained, doing science had an unreal quality. Bethe gave me a remarkable illustration of this unreality. The helium atom has been found to have two completely separate sets of spectral lines, known as orthohelium and parahelium. These distinct systems can be traced back to the quantum states of the two electrons that orbit the

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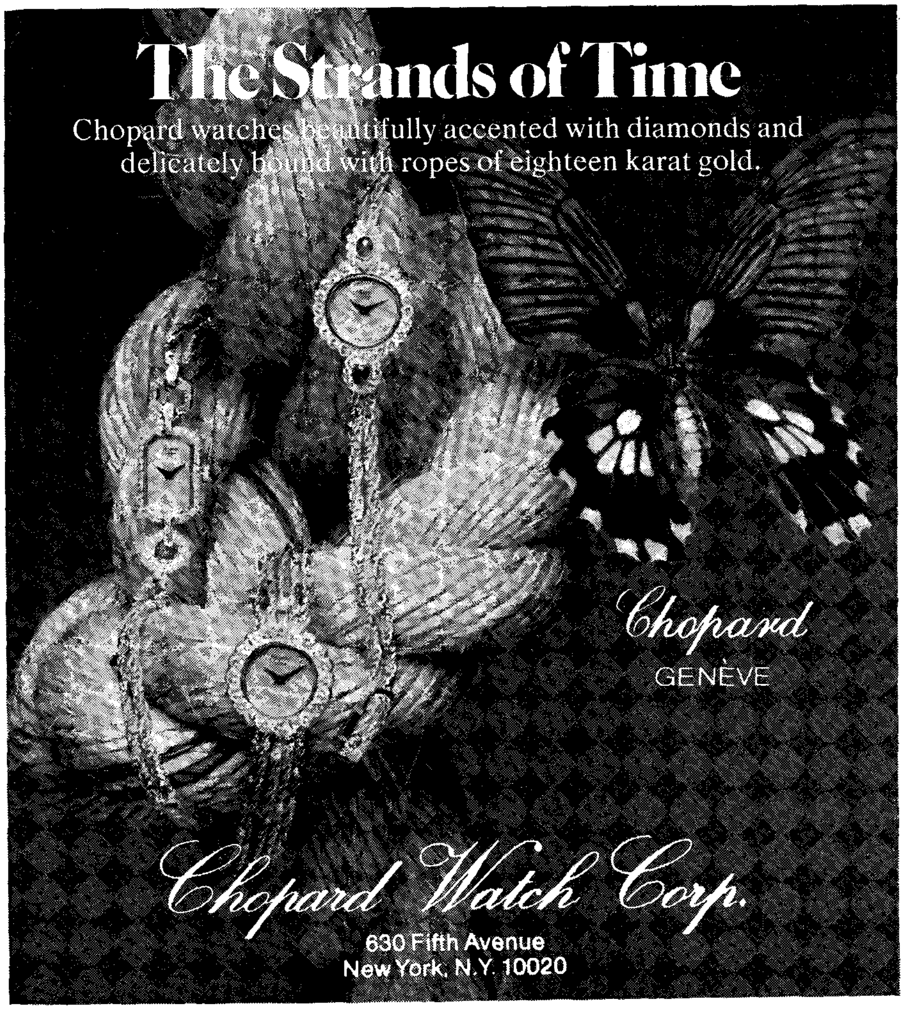
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helium nucleus. One of Pauli's great discoveries in quantum mechanics is the so-called exclusion principle, which limits the states that two identical particles like the helium electrons can occupy. In particular, the lowest energy state of parahelium—the "ground" state—does *not*, according to quantum mechanics, have any counterpart in orthohelium. A few weeks after the racial laws were passed, Stark was appointed president of the German equivalent of the Bureau of Standards. "One of the people on the staff was a very good spectroscopist named Kopfermann," Bethe said. "Stark considered himself a spectroscopist, too, and told his staff, 'We had better look for the ground state of orthohelium.' Kopfermann knew, of course, that this state doesn't exist, but he also knew that Stark didn't believe in quantum mechanics—he characterized it as a 'Jewish invention'—so he couldn't tell Stark directly that, according to this theory, that state doesn't exist. So Kopfermann looked off into the air and said, 'Herr President, I have a hunch that that state doesn't exist.' Hunches were considered to be fine, and so when Stark and all his collaborators couldn't find the state, Kopfermann became a great man, because he had the right German feeling for how to do physics."

In 1933, although Bethe was relatively secure under Sommerfeld's wing, it had become clear to him that he would have to leave Germany soon. "In 1933, there were already people being sent to concentration camps," he said. "Dachau was very close to Munich, and people told hair-raising stories about the treatment of the prisoners. At that time, there was one Nazi student in Sommerfeld's institute, and there was one Communist, and then there was me. The Communist and I used to talk to each other—exchange political stories and stories about the concentration camp. Luckily, after a short time the factotum of the institute, a Jack-of-all-trades but primarily a machinist, came to us and said, 'Now, look, boys, what you are doing is dangerous. Stop talking! There is the Nazi, listening, and any day he may denounce you.' Although I gave a lecture course in Munich without any disturbance, I was also supposed to give a big colloquium—a joint experimental and theoretical colloquium—about the neutron, which had just been discovered. But the day before it was scheduled I was told that I must not give it, because the students would make demonstra-

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tions—very violent demonstrations—if I did."

At this time, fortunately, Bethe received an offer of a temporary lectureship at the University of Manchester, and he accepted it at once. "There was a very slight question in my father's mind about my leaving Germany," Bethe said. "He wrote asking me whether I would not rather take a position in industry—which I could have held, since it would not have been a state position. But he didn't take that idea very seriously. My Greek Uncle, on the other hand, was all against my leaving. I tried only halfheartedly to explain it to him. He wouldn't have agreed, no matter what I said—and nothing he said persuaded me. My mother was quite upset. She was terribly attached to me, especially after the divorce. It was financially impossible at that time for her to emigrate. She would have been allowed to take out about six thousand dollars, and she could not have lived on that. She was being paid alimony by my father, which could not have been paid abroad, so leaving was out of the question for her.

"Also, it did not seem dangerous at that time for her to stay. I went back to Germany from England and the United States many times to see her, even in 1938, when I had considerable misgivings—I was not sure whether I would ever get out again. I tried in letters to make it clear to her that it would be much nicer for us to meet in Switzerland that time, but she didn't understand. So I had to go back into Germany. On this occasion, I also saw my father, with his new family. Then my mother and I left for Switzerland. At the frontier, nobody said anything, even though I was of military age and had a German passport. I had American residency by then, but that did not change my German citizenship. During our time together in Switzerland, my mother and I had several visitors who were in search of jobs in America. Their tales, as much as my urging, made my mother realize that she, too, should consider emigration. I tried to persuade her to stay in Switzerland until I could get her here, but she returned to Germany. In the fall of 1938, there were the real pogroms. She herself was not arrested, but one of her cousins was. My mother's passport was stamped with the information that she was Jewish, and, as happened to most Jewish women, the name Sarah was added to her name. She had to wear the yellow star on the outside of her clothing whenever she went out of the house. All this finally upset her sufficiently so that she really prepared

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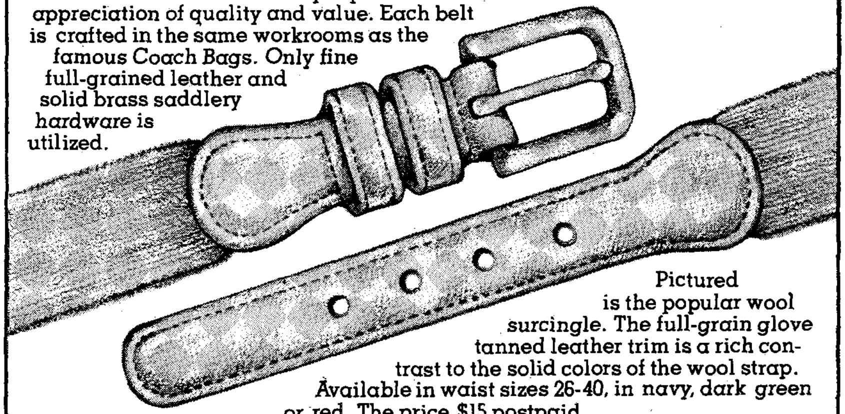

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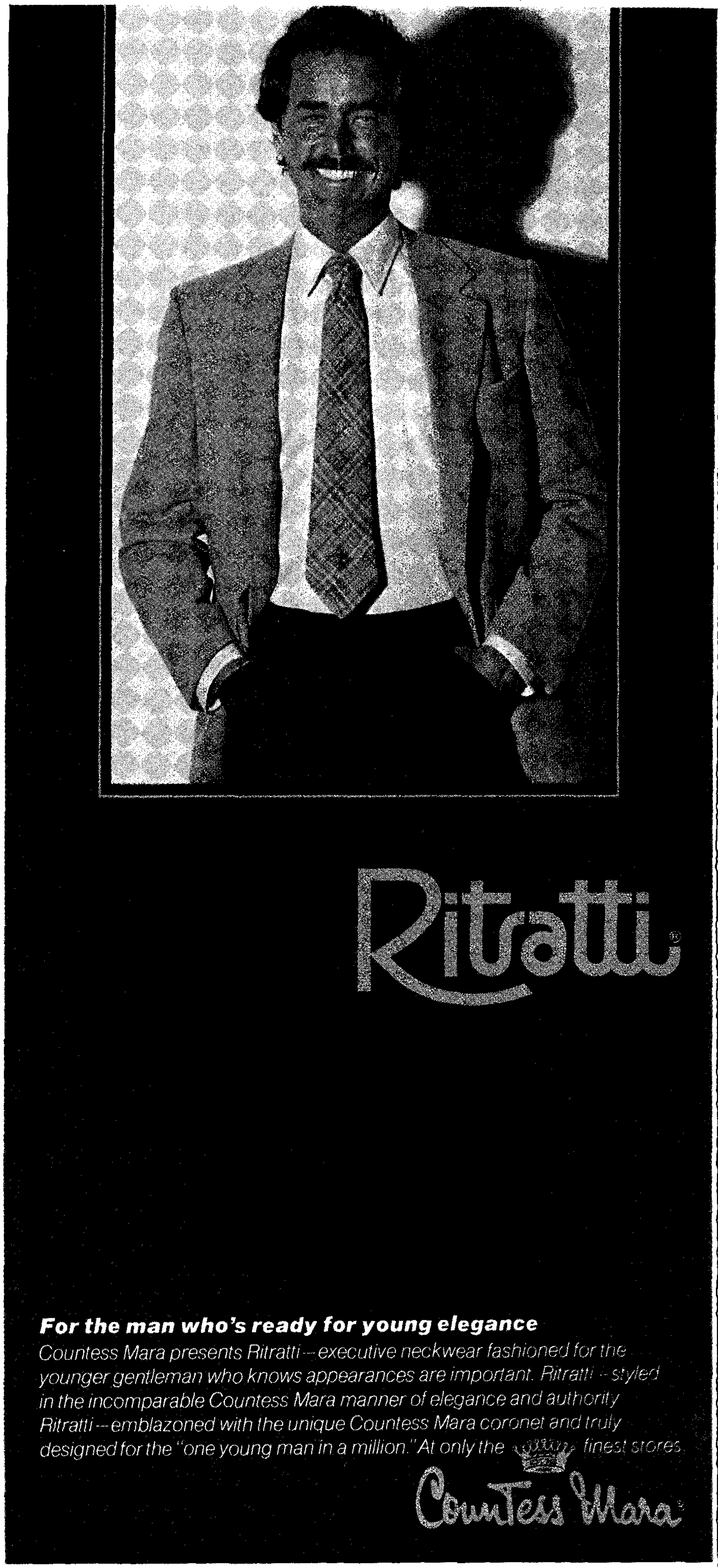

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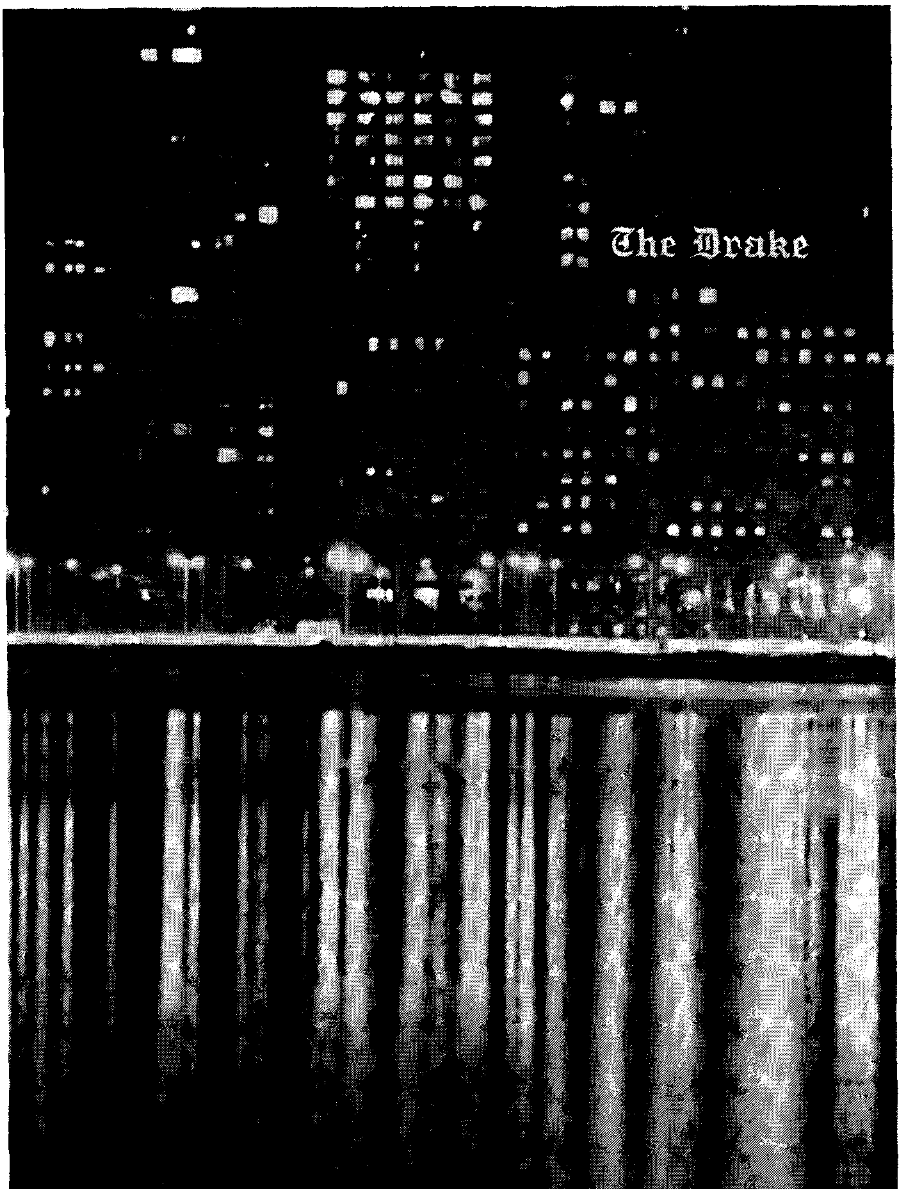
for emigration. She was very lucky. Because she had been born in Strasbourg, she was able to get her immigration visa on the French quota, which had room. The German quota was by then full. She left Germany to come to America in June of 1939, just before the war."

In addition to the article that Bethe wrote with Sommerfeld on the solid-state theory of metals, he had written a review article on quantum-mechanical systems involving one and two electrons. In 1957, it was translated and brought up to date, with the collaboration of the Cornell physicist E. E. Salpeter, under the title "Quantum Mechanics of One- and Two-Electron Atoms." It remains the basic reference on this subject. "When I left Germany for Manchester, I took with me about three thousand dollars—the proceeds of my two long articles in the *Handbuch der Physik*. In 1933, there was no difficulty in taking this money out of Germany. In fact, I could have taken twice as much if I had had it. I simply went to the regional internal-revenue office and stated my case, and the people there immediately put their signature to it. My future wife, who emigrated three years later, was allowed to take out ten marks—then four dollars."

FOR some five years before Bethe left Germany, he and Peierls had exchanged letters. Professor Peierls recently told me that Bethe used to attach serial numbers to his own letters. Peierls saved Bethe's letters and has now deposited them in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, the university from which he recently retired as the chairman of the Theoretical Physics Department. On a 1930 trip to Russia, Peierls had fallen in love with a young Russian physics student, Genia Kannegiesser, and returned the following year to marry her. She had come with him to Manchester, where he had a position at the university. Even at twenty-five, Genia Peierls was, in Bethe's words, "a formidable woman, generous to a fault, immensely energetic, and used to taking command." He added, "She has remained that way, and generations of physicists have come under her tutorial wing." Bethe was the first of a long line of physicists who lived with the Peierls. "She took my education in hand," Bethe remarked. "I learned quite a lot from her about worldly behavior, and not being afraid of people. Physicists were no problem, but I was afraid of most other people. Living with Rudi and Genia was a happy arrangement in every respect. Rudi and I worked together. He had just become interested in studying the atomic nucleus, and I joined him in that." James Chadwick, working at Cambridge, had discovered the neutron in 1932, and now physicists were beginning to explore the applications of quantum mechanics to nuclei. Peierls and Bethe made frequent visits to Cambridge, and during one of them they learned that Chadwick and Maurice Goldhaber, now of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, on Long Island, were in the process of splitting the nucleus of heavy hydrogen, or deuteron, by irradiating it with energetic light quanta—gamma rays. Chadwick told Bethe and Peierls that in his view no one would be able to come up with a theory of the process. "So Rudi and I went home together and developed the theory and wrote what I still think is a nice paper," Bethe said. "Unfortunately, I had no prospect of staying in Manchester, since I was only replacing someone who was on a year's leave of absence. But my old friend Mott"—now Sir Nevill Mott, who shared the 1977 Nobel Prize in Physics with John H. Van Vleck, of Harvard, and Phillip W. Anderson, of the Bell Laboratories and Princeton—"whom I had known from my previous visit to England, was working at Bristol. I gave a talk there, and rather wistfully intimated that I would love to come to Bristol. He took the hint and, a few weeks later, offered me a fellowship at Bristol for a year, with the chance that it might be renewed. But in the summer of 1934 I got a cable, out of the blue, from Cornell offering me an acting assistant professorship, with the prospect that it might be made into something permanent."

Bethe knew next to nothing about Cornell when he accepted the job, and what he heard about it during the next few months hardly reassured him. "I met a physicist who had been there. He said, 'Don't go to that place. It is a terrible place. It is so straitlaced that you have to go to church every Sunday. You won't like it at all.' I accepted anyway, and when I was offered a salary of three thousand dollars a year I considered myself immensely rich. I came in early February of 1935. What I found was a department full of ambition. A new chairman, R. C. Gibbs, had just been selected, and he explained to me that the department was changing from one in which research was done to provide thesis topics for graduate students to



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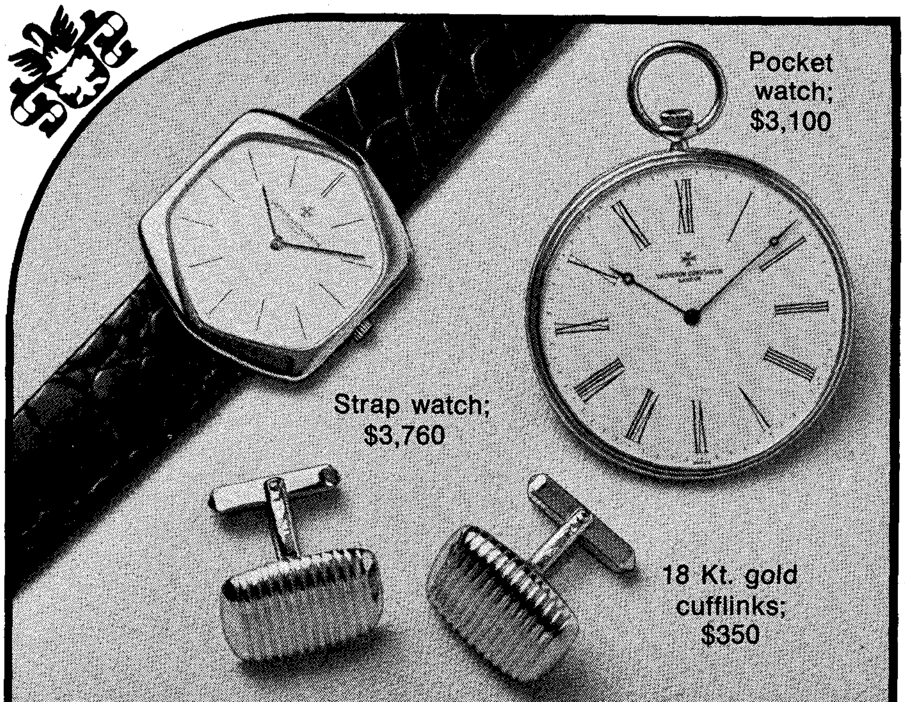
one in which graduate students could participate in ongoing research. Not everyone agreed with this new emphasis on research, and there was some disagreement on which fields to expand into. It was the progressives versus the conservatives. The progressives had won the fight and now had the backing of the administration. My appointment—I was a theoretical nuclear man, and a foreigner to boot—was one of the signs of change. The year before, it had been decided to build a cyclotron—the first one to be built outside of Berkeley—and Gibbs had brought in M. S. Livingston for this purpose, because Livingston had assisted E. O. Lawrence during the building of the original cyclotron, in 1930, and is generally credited with having made it actually run after Lawrence had the idea for it. The third man to be appointed in nuclear physics was R. F. Bacher. The Cornell Physics Department was a very friendly one, and I immediately became part of it. I felt perfectly at home, and was glad I had exchanged England for America. Though I had had an excellent time with my colleagues and my friends in England, it was clear there that I was a foreigner and would remain a foreigner. In America, people made me feel at once that I was going to be an American—that maybe I was one already. In fact, after going home for the summer to see my mother I felt that Germany was much stranger than America—that it was a weird country."

Bethe shook his head. "I found my colleagues at Cornell terribly eager to learn, but not very knowledgeable," he went on. "The courses that I gave to the graduate students were a lot of fun, but on the whole the students didn't have as much background as I had expected. Livingston, who had done a lot of nuclear physics before, had a big card file of all the papers that had been written on nuclear physics. Imagine having that now! But he didn't really understand many of the basic ideas. So I explained them to him, and then I explained them to Lloyd Smith, and then I was invited around the country and explained some more nuclear physics here and there. Finally, I decided that it would really be much easier if I wrote it all down. That was the basis of my articles on nuclear physics in *Reviews of Modern Physics*. I wrote essentially everything I knew in those articles."

The first of the articles was written with Bacher and was published in 1936. Many years later, Bacher recalled, "Bethe wrote these articles



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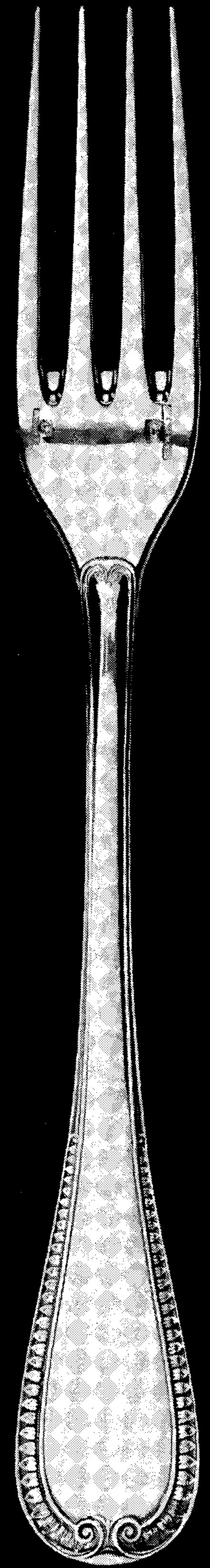

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seated under a very dim light in Rockefeller Hall at Cornell, a large pile of blank paper on his right and a pile of completed manuscript on his left. Bethe always wrote in ink, with some, but not very many, corrections, even to complicated calculations. He was and is indefatigable, and worked regularly from midmorning till late at night—but would always stop cheerfully to answer questions."

The second article, which Bethe wrote by himself, appeared in 1937, along with the third, written in collaboration with Livingston. "I talked a lot with Livingston about his experiments on the then new Cornell cyclotron," Bethe told me. "It cost eight hundred dollars and was the second-smallest working cyclotron ever built. We wanted to build a bigger one, and one of the things I did in those days was to design a cyclotron that would use the minimum amount of iron. Iron was expensive. That was the first purely engineering calculation I did in my life."

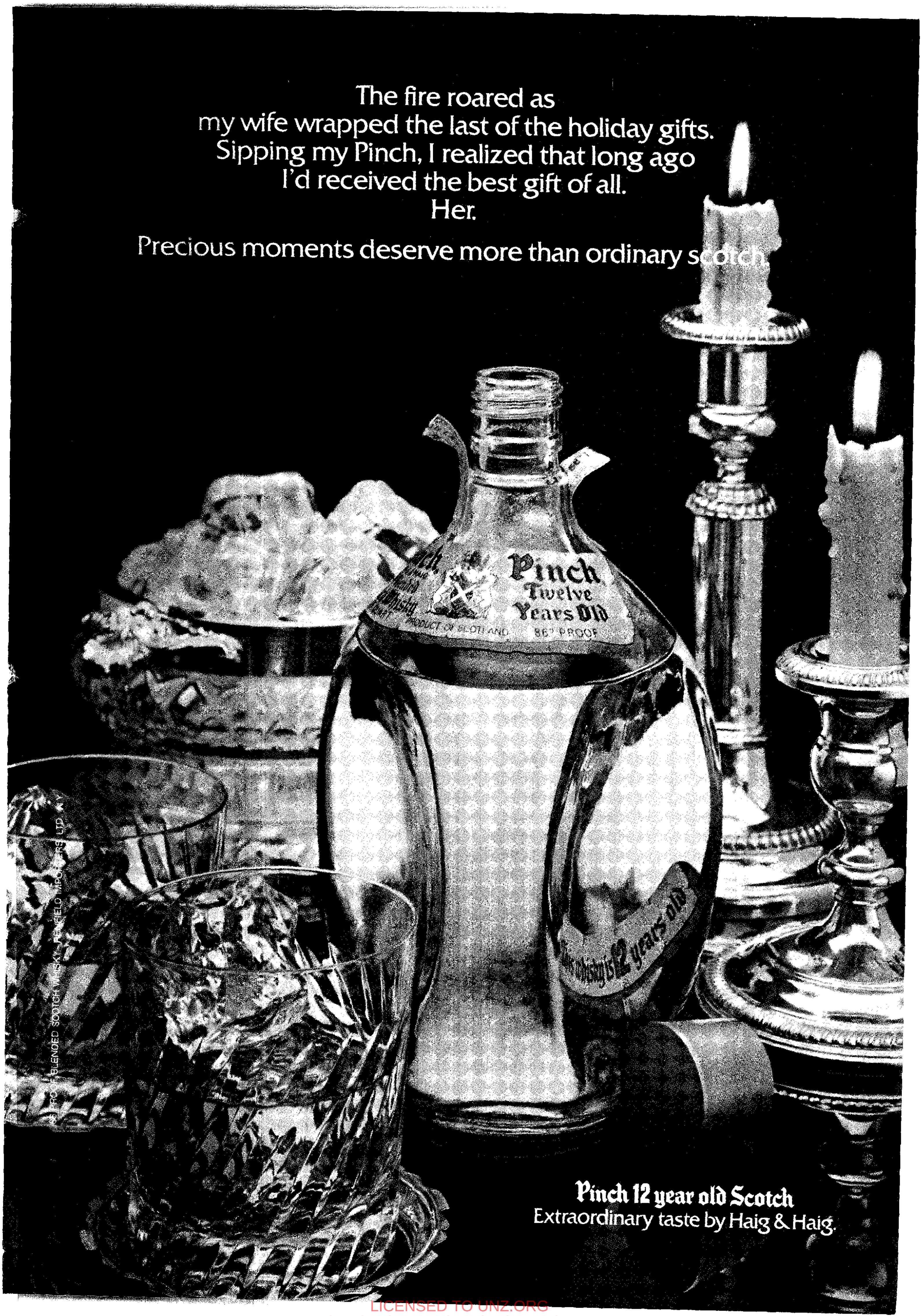
IN the spring of 1938, Bethe went to Washington to attend a meeting on astrophysics sponsored by the Carnegie Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. The meeting—a small one by today's standards, involving only thirty-four people—had been arranged by two George Washington University physicists, George Gamow and Edward Teller. Astrophysics up to that time had developed separately from theoretical physics. Though the astrophysicists had been able to calculate the interior structure of a star when they knew only the surface temperature, the size, and the mass—a tremendous achievement—they did not know the source of a star's energy. They did suspect that reactions among atomic nuclei probably played a role. In the light of that suspicion, Gamow and Teller became convinced that the problem was ripe for theoretical physicists, and they and some of their students were working on it. The conference had been organized so that other physicists could learn the basic facts from the astrophysicists and get into the subject. Gamow, who had a mischievous sense of humor and a prodigious imagination, claimed—and this claim is still repeated in some books as serious history—that on the train ride back to Cornell afterward Bethe invented the carbon cycle that accounts for the energy production in stars hotter than the sun. (Gamow also added Bethe's name to a paper he had written with a collaborator, Ralph Alpher, in 1948, so that the author list would read "Alpher, Bethe, and Gamow.") Bethe actually began working on his carbon-cycle theory after he returned to Cornell, and, as he recalls it, the theory took him about six weeks to complete. By that time, no one who was working in astrophysics had much doubt that the energy emitted by the sun and other stars was due to nuclear fusion. In fusion reactions, two light nuclei collide and "fuse"—form a new nucleus—and the energy released is mainly in the form of gamma rays (γ). Relatively elusive particles called neutrinos are also emitted. There is a loss of mass, the mass being converted into radiant energy according to Einstein's equation $E = mc^2$.

The question remaining was what fused into what in a star like the sun. It was known that most of the mass of the sun is made up of hydrogen and helium. (About two per cent of the mass is in heavier elements—carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen.) Hence, the energy-production mechanism had to make use primarily of hydrogen and helium nuclei. The German physicist C. F. von Weizsäcker had proposed a year earlier that the basic reaction must be the fusion of two hydrogen protons. This reaction produces a deuteron, which consists of a proton and a neutron bound together, a positron, and a neutrino. Symbolically:

$$P + P \longrightarrow D + e^+ + \nu$$

where P stands for proton, D for deuteron, e^+ for positron, and ν for neutrino. This reaction does not liberate much energy. But the newly formed deuteron starts a chain of reactions, the net result of which is that hydrogen is transformed into helium, with the release of a large amount of energy. This is real alchemy: we need the sun's energy a lot more than we need gold.

Von Weizsäcker had suggested the basic P-P fusion reaction, but he had not calculated the rate to see if it agreed with the actual rate of energy production in the sun. The sun radiates energy at a rate of 3.86×10^{33} ergs per second (or, equivalently, about 3.86×10^{23} kilowatts), and any valid theory must reproduce this rate. C. L. Critchfield, who was a student of Gamow and Teller, decided to calculate the rate of the P-P fusion reaction. To do so, Critchfield needed to know, among other things, the quantum-mechanical intricacies of the deuteron, and he turned to Bethe for help. "By the time of the Washington conference, we had our calculation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done," Bethe told me. "We knew that it fitted the energy production of the sun. But the *P-P* fusion reaction did not seem to fit the bigger stars. So I said to myself, 'Well, maybe there is something else for these bigger stars.' I went through the periodic table step by step and looked at the various nuclei that could react with protons. Nothing seemed to work, and I was almost ready to give up. But when I tried carbon, it worked. So, you see, this was a discovery by persistence, and not by brains. Once I had discovered the carbon cycle, I was able to do the detailed calculations rather easily, since I knew, from my review articles, how nuclear reactions vary with temperature, and so on."

The central temperature of a star is a crucial factor in dictating which of the nuclear reactions—*P-P* or carbon cycle—is responsible for energy production. In the interior of the sun, where the fusion reactions take place, the temperature is now estimated to be about fourteen million degrees Kelvin. (Zero degrees Kelvin is —459.69 degrees Fahrenheit.) At very high temperatures, all the electrons are stripped off the atoms inside the star. An atom has a positively charged nucleus, and surrounding this, at lesser temperatures, is a cloud of electrons, or negatively charged particles. These two types of charge normally make the atom as a whole electrically neutral. But when the atoms are heated up they collide, and as the temperature continues to increase, these collisions get more violent, until the electrons are knocked off the nucleus. At enormous stellar temperatures, the electrons never get a chance to regain their place, and so at the center of a star matter exists in its plasma state—as a gas of free electrons and free, positively charged nuclei. The fusion takes place among these positively charged nuclei. Now, two like charges will repel each other, so the repulsion of the charges must be overcome if fusion is to occur. According to classical physics, this repulsion will never be overcome, since such an action would lead to a violation of the conservation of energy. But quantum physics is more flexible: many processes that cannot happen according to classical physics can happen, but with a small probability. In this instance, the theory determines the probability, which depends strongly on the central temperature of a star.

The central temperature is not easy to arrive at experimentally. What we see of a star like the sun is the light coming from the surface, so we can

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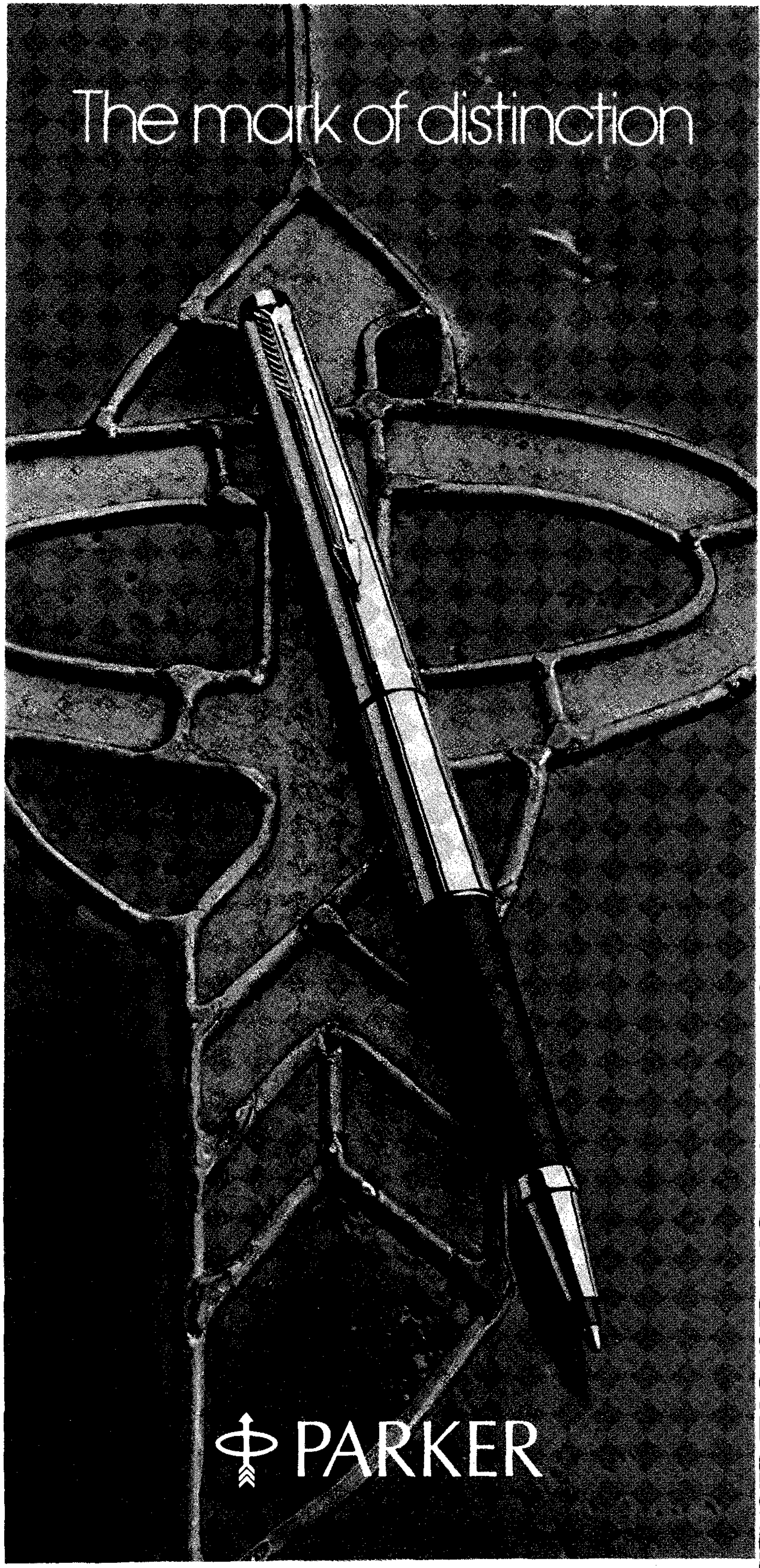

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directly measure the surface temperature by analyzing this light. In the case of the sun, the surface temperature is fifty-seven hundred degrees K. At the time of the Washington meeting that Bethe attended in 1938, Sir Arthur Eddington had estimated the central temperature of the sun to be forty million degrees. At such a temperature, however, nuclear reaction proceeds too quickly; that is, the rate gives a much larger energy production than is observed. But at the Washington meeting the Danish astronomer Bengt Strömgren pointed out that if the sun contained a good deal of hydrogen the central temperature could be much lower than Eddington had calculated. He thought that it might be as low as twenty million degrees. At this temperature, the nuclear reactions do proceed at the right rate for the observed energy production, and, Bethe said, "that sounded better for our reaction probabilities." At twenty million degrees, the Bethe carbon cycle is the dominant energy process, and for a while after Bethe invented it he thought that it might account for the energy production in all the stars. But in the next few years it became apparent that even Strömgren's estimate was too high for the sun's temperature—that its temperature was closer to fourteen million degrees, the currently accepted value. At this temperature, the von Weizsäcker-Bethe-Critchfield process is the dominant energy-production mechanism. The literature on stellar-energy production dating from this time is necessarily ambiguous, because no one knew quite what the temperatures were. If one reads Bethe's seminal paper, one can easily get the idea that the energy production in all the stars comes from the carbon cycle. A little later in the development of the subject, he changed his mind, and now we know that the *P-P* calculations he and Critchfield presented in 1938 really do fit the sun and explain solar-energy production. The carbon cycle is relevant for hotter and more massive stars, like Sirius and Cygnus Y.

The Bethe carbon cycle was a six-step process to convert hydrogen into helium, releasing about the same large amount of energy as the conversion of hydrogen into helium by the process that starts with the *P-P* reaction. In the carbon cycle, the carbon acts as a catalyst. It is not destroyed, and that is why Bethe's formulation is referred to as a cycle. In the sun, the carbon cycle is a relatively unimportant mechanism for energy production, but it takes over in the stars whose central temperature

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is greater than about eighteen million degrees. The six steps involve nitrogen (N) and oxygen (O), which are manufactured as the cycle proceeds, and for this reason it is sometimes referred to as the *C-N-O* cycle. The first five steps are these:

$$C^{12} + P \longrightarrow N^{13} + \gamma$$
$$N^{13} \longrightarrow C^{13} + e^{+} + \nu$$
$$C^{13} + P \longrightarrow N^{14} + \gamma$$
$$N^{14} + P \longrightarrow O^{15} + \gamma$$
$$O^{15} \longrightarrow N^{15} + e^{+} + \nu$$

And, finally:

$$N^{15} + P \longrightarrow C^{12} + He^{4}$$

Working out the details was what took Bethe six weeks. "The paper was finished in the summer of 1938," Bethe told me. "I sent it to the *Physical Review*. But I had a graduate student named Bob Marshak. He had been sent to me by Rabi in 1937, in the same way that I was sent to Sommerfeld. We got along together very well, and he was very much interested in astrophysics. He followed my calculations closely, and one day he said, 'Did you know that the New York Academy of Sciences has a prize for the best paper on energy production in stars? It's five hundred dollars. Why don't you submit your paper? But it must not have been published.' So I asked the *Physical Review* to return the paper to me, and I promised Marshak a finder's fee of ten per cent. I got the prize, and he got the fifty dollars. I used part of the prize to help my mother emigrate. The Nazis were quite willing to let my mother out, but they wanted two hundred and fifty dollars, in dollars, to release her furniture. Part of the prize money went to liberate my mother's furniture. Marshak also knew about a W.P.A. project in New York where a group under the physicist Arnold Lowan did mathematical computation. He suggested that we ask for help in calculating the internal distribution of temperature and density in the sun. And this became the first modern determination of the temperature in a star." Subsequently, the carbon-cycle paper was duly published by the *Physical Review*, which is the standard American physics journal. As for Robert Marshak, he has had a distinguished career in physics and was until recently the president of the City College of New York.

ON September 14, 1939, Bethe and Rose Ewald, the daughter of his Stuttgart professor Paul Ewald, were married in New Rochelle, New York.

"In 1935, when I got my visa to emigrate to America, I visited the Ewalds," Bethe told me. "And Rose, who was then seventeen, was present when I told Mrs. Ewald that I was going to America. Rose said, 'Why don't you take me along?' I didn't take her seriously, but two years later, when I was giving a lecture at Duke University, there she was. She had emigrated in 1936, and now had a job as a housekeeper in Durham and was going to Duke part time. Rose had found out that I was coming to Duke, and at a banquet after the lecture she talked to me about trying to find a position for her father, who was also attempting to emigrate." He did manage to emigrate to England, in 1937, with his entire family. "Rose was then twenty, and I fell in love with her. I proposed to her in a letter as soon as I got home, but it took us two more years and a trip back to Europe on her part before we were married. In order to get a marriage license, we had to invent a domicile for her, since she had no fixed residence while going to college, and we picked New Rochelle, because it was the residence of the mathematician Richard Courant, an old family friend, who had helped Rose to immigrate and to find jobs before she went to college full time. We were married by a judge who recited the marriage ceremony in its briefest possible form—we thought it was a rehearsal. But he said now you are married, and so we are still. I handed him ten dollars, which he apparently considered more than his normal fee. After that, he was much friendlier. Richard Courant and his daughter Gertrude were there, along with Rose's housemother from Smith College, to which she had transferred in 1937, and the Tellers. Edward Teller, of course, was one of the two physicists at George Washington University who arranged the meeting that led to my work on the source of the energy of stars. In the years since we had both come to the United States, I had spent many happy hours at their home, in Washington, mostly in connection with scientific meetings. Edward and I had endless innumerable discussions on scientific problems. Later, Rose and I went for summer trips to the mountains with the Tellers. They were our best friends in this country." The friendship was one that would be severely tested in the years ahead.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the first part of a three-part Profile.*)

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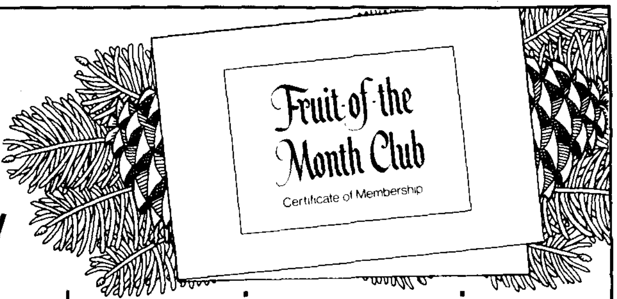

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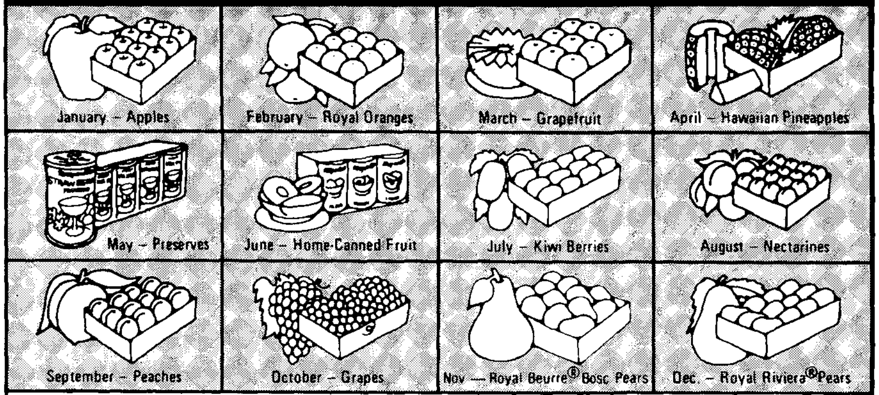

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THE THEATRE

The Irish in Brooklyn

A WISE novelist has written, “In family life nothing fortunate is probable,” and it is this dark maxim that lies behind the hurly-burly of events taking place in Frank D. Gilroy’s new play, “Last Licks,” at the Longacre. Why this agreeable serious comedy, excellently acted, wasn’t greeted with general praise at its opening I am at a loss to understand, and I regret its imminent departure. It has three interesting characters, a pleasingly old-fashioned plot peppered with surprises, and a no less pleasingly old-fashioned set, by William Ritman, of the sort that prompts one to exclaim, “Why, one could live in it!” Could live in it, that is, if one found the courage to put up with the grimly authentic interior decoration of a house that, though we are to think of it as still standing in 1979, evokes the dusty oak trim and stained-glass Paradise Lost of turn-of-the-century Brooklyn. The house belongs to an elderly failed businessman, Matt Quinlan—one of those gruff, ill-lettered Irish Catholics out of the lower-middle-class depths—who, having assumed the protective puritanical coloration of his Protestant betters, leads in secret a life of mingled lechery, cupidity, heavy drinking, and guilt. Matt’s wife of nearly forty years has died several months before the play begins, and Matt has since been moping about the house in a state of seemingly inconsolable emotional and physical disarray. His only child, Dennis, has a family of his own to attend to but has been doing his best to see to the old man’s needs. Now he must go off to California on business, and he offers his father a reasonable choice: either he will consent to take up residence in a nearby old people’s home or he will consent to his son’s hiring a live-in companion for him. Matt querulously rejects first one alternative and then the other.

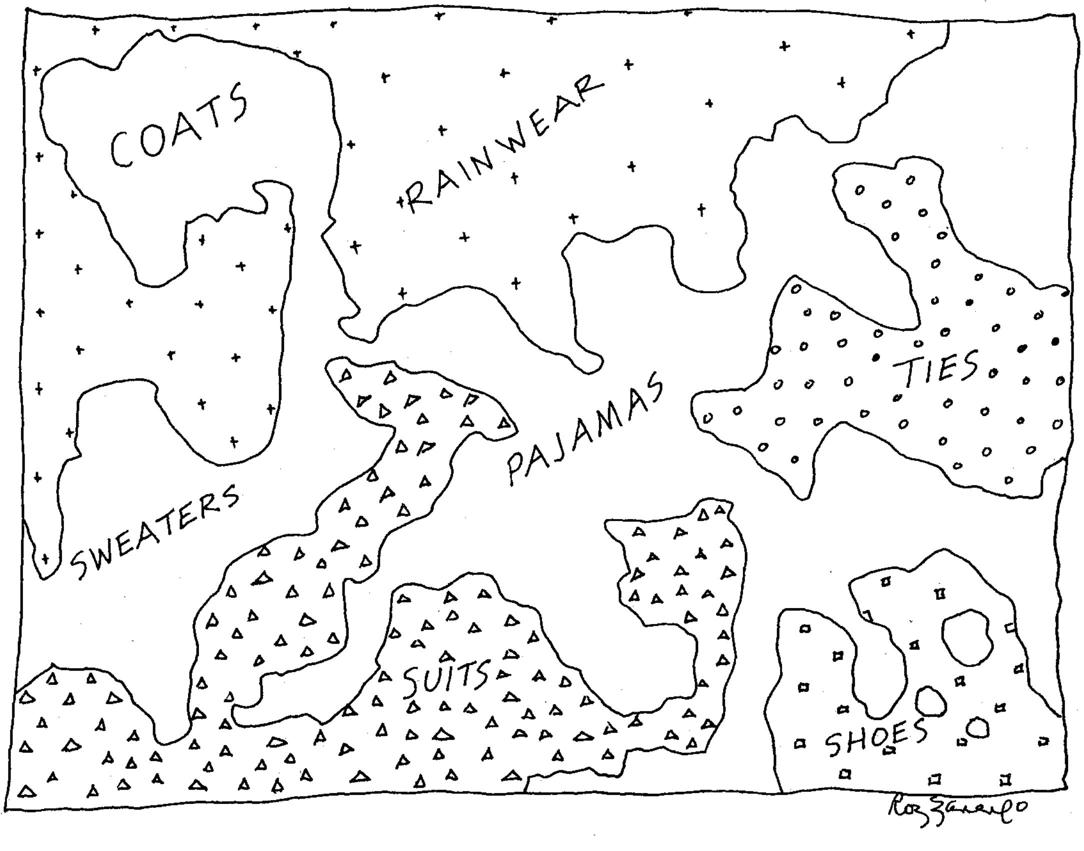
A candidate for the post of companion arrives; she is a good-looking woman of about forty, whose credentials (at first unknown to Dennis) include the fact that she is an ex-nun and, before the death of Matt’s wife, had been for a considerable time Matt’s exceptionally lusty mistress. The play spins like a carrousel upon this sturdy axis, with revelation following revelation. Matt and Margaret Quinlan were not such a devoted couple as we had been led to believe; Dennis in youth was both a dutiful go-between during his parents’ quarrels and Matt’s untiring rival for Margaret’s love. Father and son engage in the oldest of mortal combats for a grisly prize: possession of the ghost of the dead mother. Matt’s mistress is also, for Matt, a prize worth fighting for, if Matt has enough humanity left in his squeezed-out heart to measure her worth.

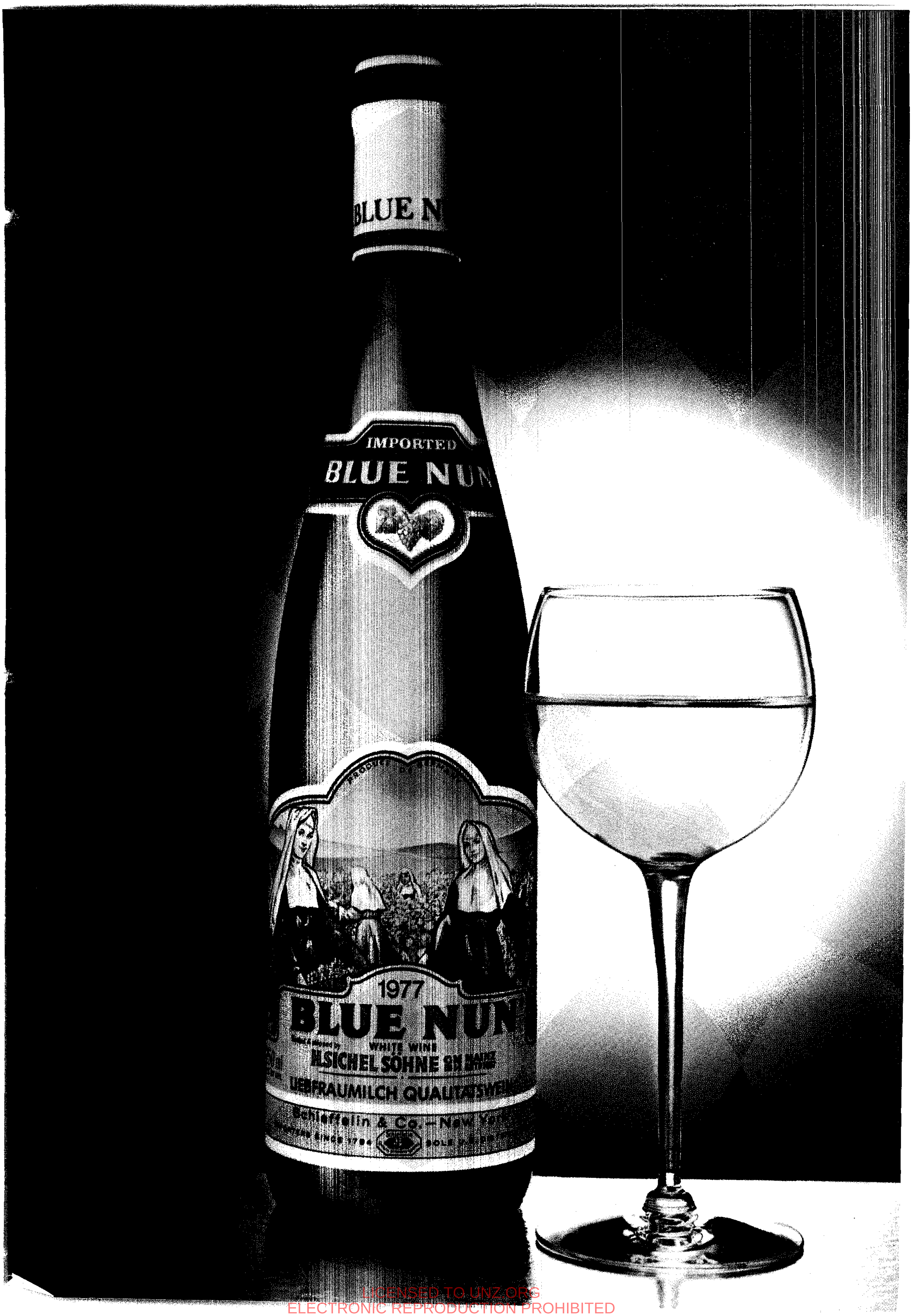
Ed Flanders is superb as rascally Matt, and is well supported by J. T. Walsh as Dennis and Susan Kellermann as the mistress. One perceives at curtainfall that Mr. Gilroy’s title must be ironic; none of the three has by any means given or taken his last licks, and I had a feeling that even the mother might still have an uppercut or two ready to deliver from beyond the grave. The director, Tom Conti, evidently shares his playwright’s belief that the age-old Irish gift for contention makes for lively opportunities onstage; his little cast raises homely bickering to a high art. The costumes are by Pearl Somner, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Golden Rule Days

“CONTENTION” is too weak a word for the crisscross of violent adversary collisions that make up most of “Class Enemy,” a play by Nigel Williams at the Players Theatre. The time is the present, and the place is a high-school classroom in an impoverished section of London. Thanks to the six fiercely miserable adolescent hooligans who occupy the classroom, little teaching can be expected there; the room is a desolate, battered wasteland, and on the only occasion in the play when a master visits it he devotes himself to calling his charges savages, incapable of being educated. To while away the time, each of the six tells a story, two or three of which turn out to be unexpectedly charming. In the second of the two acts of the play, a boy nicknamed Sky-Light, who we can be fairly sure is not past redemption (and who is no doubt a youthful version of the playwright), challenges the very worst of his companions—an especially daunting and especially foulmouthed miscreant nicknamed Iron—to a fistfight, from which Sky-Light emerges bleeding, seemingly half dead, and yet unconquered. Iron then hurls himself about the room in an exhausting paroxysm of self-punishment and

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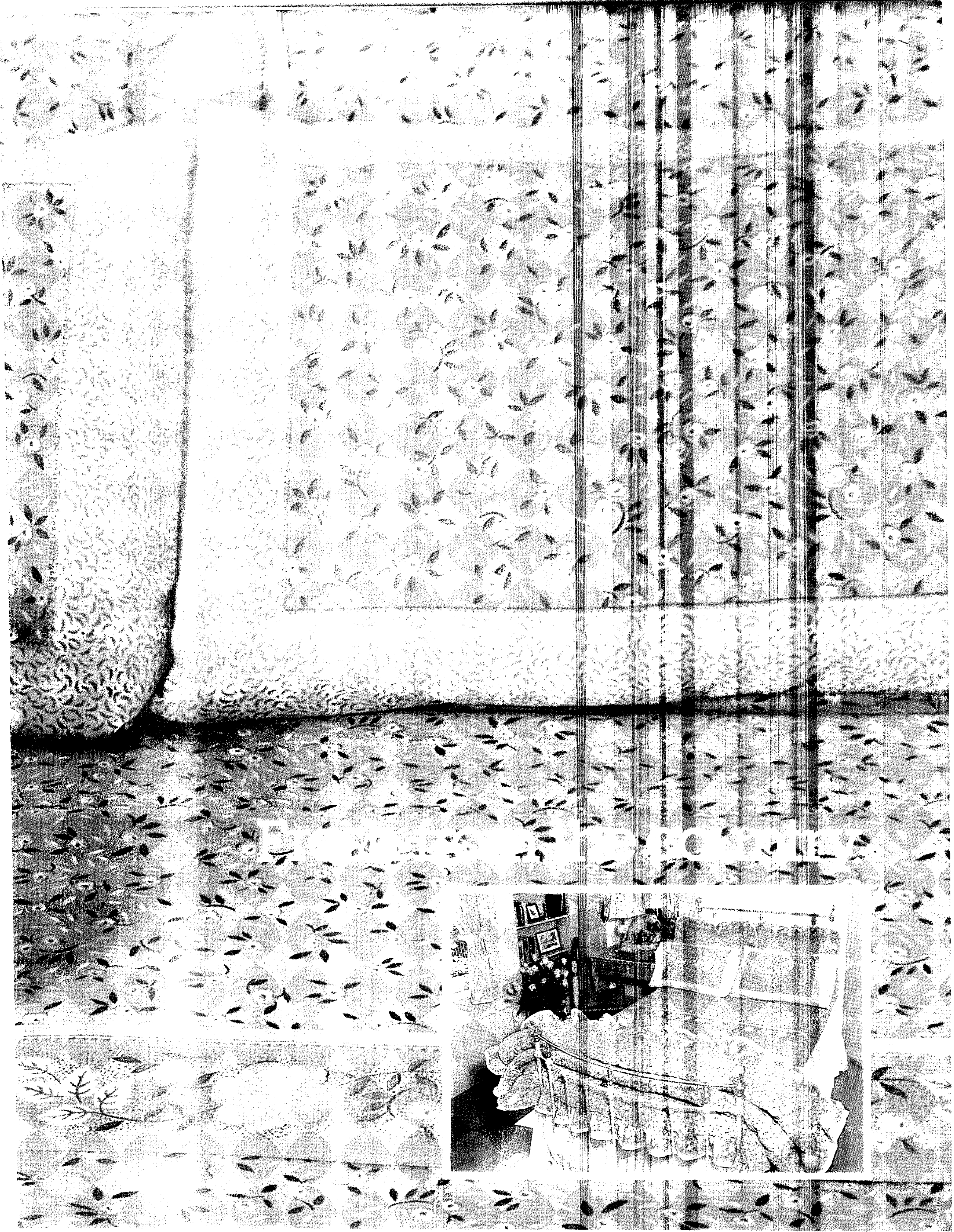

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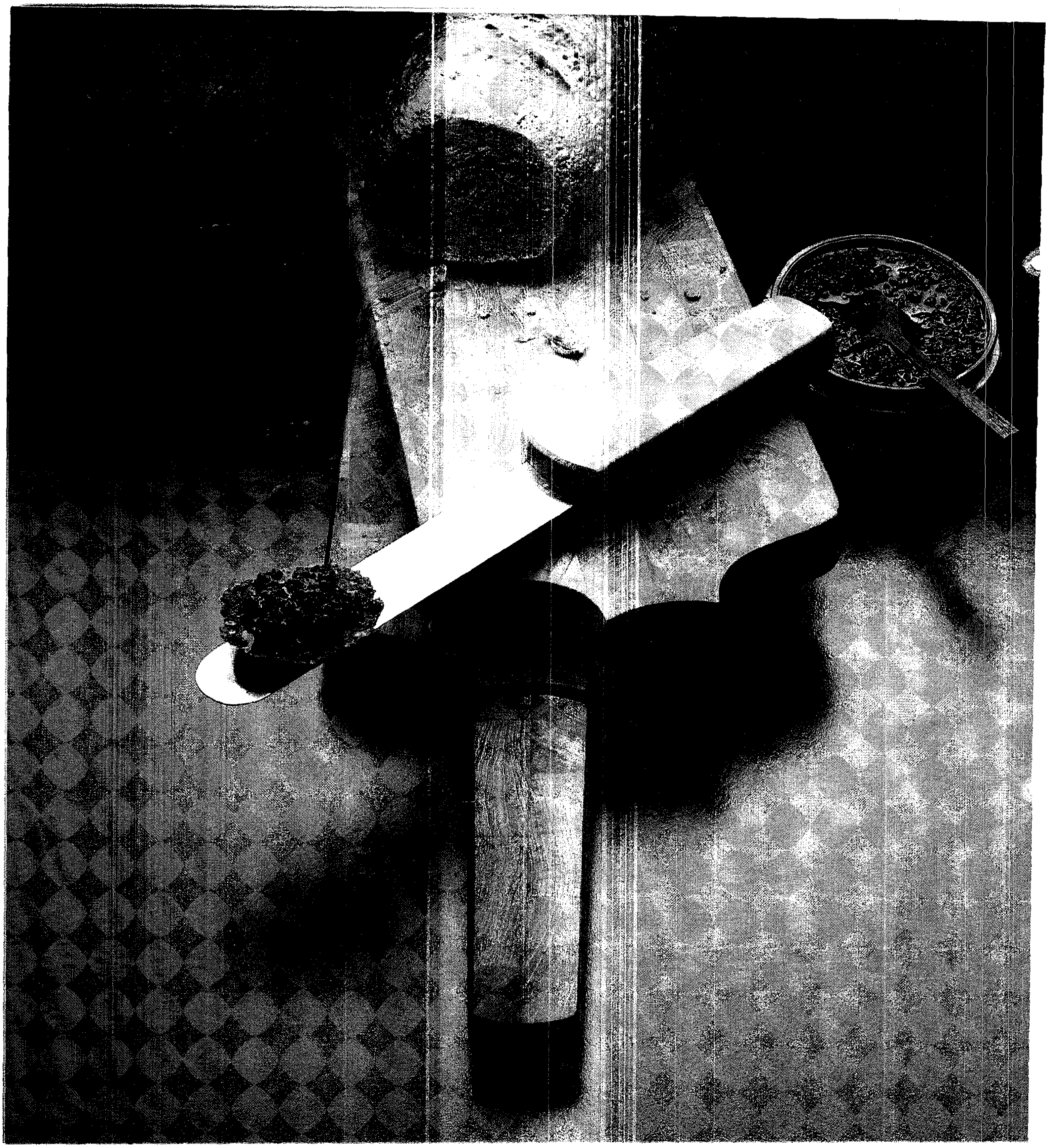

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self-pitying confession; soon thereafter, the play ends, on the same note of false hope—surely *someone* is coming along the corridor to teach them—on which it began. “Class Enemy” is a slight work, composed in a language unremittingly of the gutter. It has the stamp of documentary truth upon it and yet the stamp of documentary convention as well; we have been scourged without the boon of any accompanying illumination. Still, the play is very well acted, under the direction of Tony Tanner, and I cannot resist naming all six of the hooligans: Maxwell Caulfield, Bruce Wall, Lance Davis, Lenny Price, Jay Lowman, and Alvin Alexis. The pompous master is played by Daniel De Raey. The scenery was designed by Edward Burbridge, the lighting is by Marshall S. Spiller, and the costumes are by Clifford Capone.

“Smart Aleck” is a one-man show in the American Humorists Series at the American Place, telling us as much as any of us need to know about the life, times, and assorted witticisms of Alexander Woollcott. Because Woollcott was forever quoting himself, perhaps it will pass for a kind of homage if I quote myself on Woollcott; many years ago, I wrote, “Everything that one reads about Alexander Woollcott (1887-1943) makes him seem a waspish, self-promoting little second-rater, but since he had many discerning friends, the chances are that he possessed some eerie charm that has eluded history. Edna Ferber said of him that he was a New Jersey Nero who had mistaken his pinafore for a toga, and Howard Dietz gave an indirect critique of the quality of his writing by referring to him as Louisa May Woollcott. Through some unfortunate glandular misadventure in youth, he grew up to be a fat, sexless pasha, and his persistent verbal abuse of friends may well have been based on a defensive need to strike the first blow. . . . He was a poor critic, an execrable actor, and a successful ‘personality’ on radio, where he peddled with breezy unction pipe tobacco and breakfast food.” Howard Teichmann, a biographer of Woollcott, has written and directed this sufficiently amusing sketch, and Peter Boyden has succeeded in bringing to Woollcott’s often cruel wisecracks an undercurrent of the touching. Woollcott took care to know, among many others, Harpo and Groucho Marx, Harold Ross, George S. Kaufman, Tallulah Bankhead, Moss Hart, Frank Lloyd

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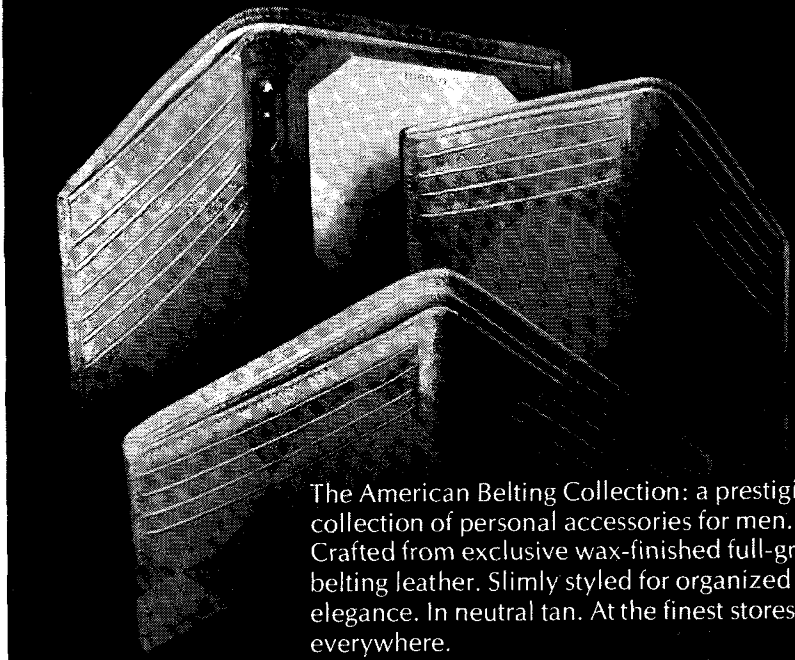

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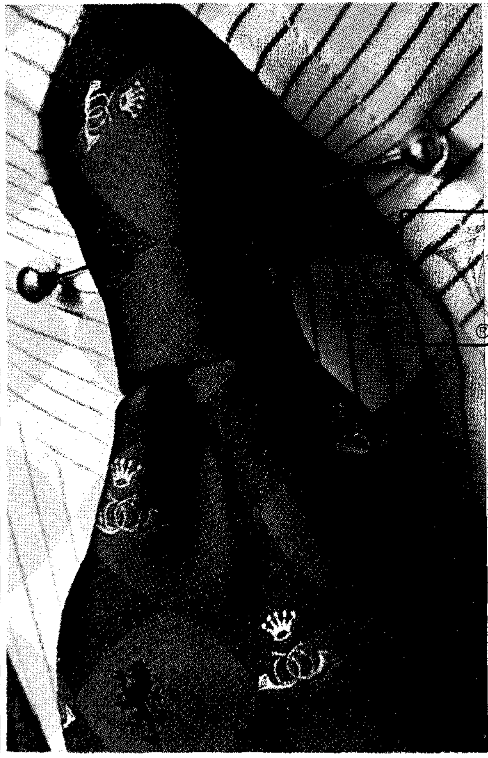

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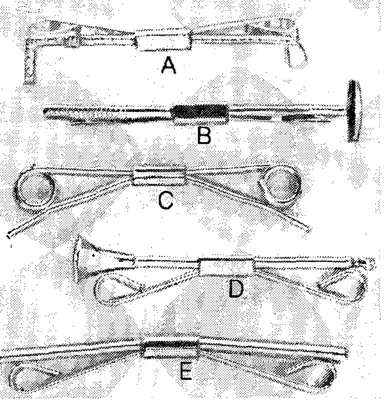

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Wright, and Bernard Shaw—a ziggurat of notabilities holding up and lending importance to a man desperately in want of glory, if not of love.

PLAYING at the Theatre East is a comedy called "The Office Murders," by Martin Fox. The setting is the grubby headquarters of what appears to be a truly terrible magazine, and the plot concerns itself with the slow unveiling of a homosexual attraction between the presumably heterosexual publisher and his presumably heterosexual editor, both married. This unveiling is presided over by a mischievous, down-at-heel assistant editor who is so extravagantly homosexual in thought, word, and deed that we are tempted to expect, by the final curtain, some shocking revelation about *his* private life—say, that he is passionately in love with a girl who went to Miss Porter's and Smith and is now getting her doctorate in historic preservation at Columbia. What actually happens at the final curtain is the pileup of bodies promised in the title; there are a great many turns and twists of plot before that pileup occurs, and I'm afraid I wasn't any more troubled by the nasty way the characters died than I was by the nasty way they had lived, but the play, directed by Kimothy Cruse, has the benefit of three admirable actors—Joel Crothers, Harry Reems, and Bob McDonald. The setting is by Bob Phillips, the lighting is by Mal Sturchio, and the costumes are by Amanda J. Klein. Theatre East is laid out in the round, and performers with long eyelashes must often have difficulty avoiding bodily contact with the audience. A kind word for this state of affairs would be "cozy." —B.G.

•

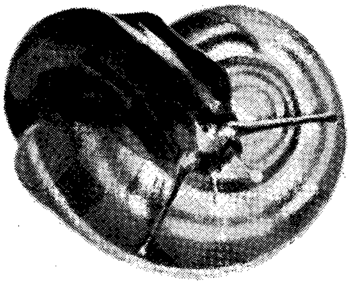
BUS SAFETY INSPECTION CORRECTION

There were several numerical errors in a story on defective school buses that appeared in the North/West and South/West sections of Thursday's Post-Dispatch.

The story says 30 percent of the buses in the Parkway School District failed an annual inspection by the Highway Patrol. Actually, 30 percent (34 buses) of the district's buses were out of service at the time of the inspection. The district's failure rate was 69 percent (80 buses). One bus, or about 1 percent of the fleet, passed. And 115 buses were inspected, not 114, as reported.

As noted in the chart accompanying the story, 99 of Parkway's buses have since been reinspected and approved, for a total of 100 approved buses. The Highway Patrol says the remaining 15 buses will be given still another inspection next week.

Faberge' by Alan Fung.



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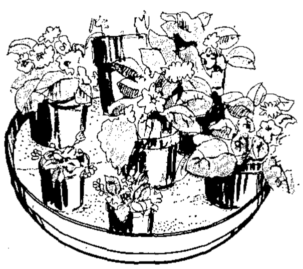

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The chart contained other errors.

The Ritenour School District owns no buses, contracting with the R.W. Harmon Bus Co. instead. The figures in the chart are correct, but they apply to R.W. Harmon.

The University City School District contracts for its bus transportation with the Rustman Bus Sales Inc. The figures entered in the chart behind Rustman's name are correct, but the figures entered behind the school district's name should be disregarded.

The figures for the Valley Park School District were incomplete. As reported in the chart, none of the district's four buses was approved. Two were found defective; two were out of service. But one bus was fixed before inspectors left the site; the other three were later reinspected and approved.

The Webster Groves School District contracts with M. & K. Bus Lines for transportation. The numbers that follow the school district's name in the chart should therefore be disregarded.

The Wellston School District owns two buses, both of which were out of service at the time of the Highway Patrol's inspection. They have since been reinspected and approved. The numbers after the school district's name in the chart should be disregarded.

The figures after the "Private Carriers" category were entered by mistake and should be disregarded.

The figures for the Harmon bus company should have read as follows: 35 (not 33) buses inspected; four approved, for an approval rate of just over 11 percent (not 38 percent). Twenty-two (not 26) buses were found defective, for a failure rate of nearly 63 percent (not 49 percent). Nine buses (not seven) were out of service, a rate of about 26 percent (not 13 percent). Thirteen buses (not 10) were later approved on initial reinspection; 17 (not 23) were approved after a second reinspection. The one remaining unapproved bus will be inspected again next week.

The figures for L. & A. Transit should have read as follows: 54 buses inspected; 21 approved, for an approval rate of about 39 percent (not 3 percent). Twenty-six (not 30) buses were found defective, for a failure rate of about 48 percent. Seven buses were out of service, a rate of 13 percent (not 17 percent). Ten buses were approved on a reinspection; the other 23 were approved after a second reinspection, completing the fleet.

The figures for the M. & K. Bus Lines should have read: 38 buses inspected; one approved, for a rate of about 3 percent. Thirty buses were found defective, or about 79 percent. Seven were out of service, or about 18 percent. Thirty buses were later reinspected and approved; the remaining seven buses will be inspected again next week.

The approval rate for School Transportation Inc. should have been 21 percent (not 22 percent); the defective rate should have been 68 percent (not 88 percent); the out-of-service rate should have been about 11 percent (not 14 percent).
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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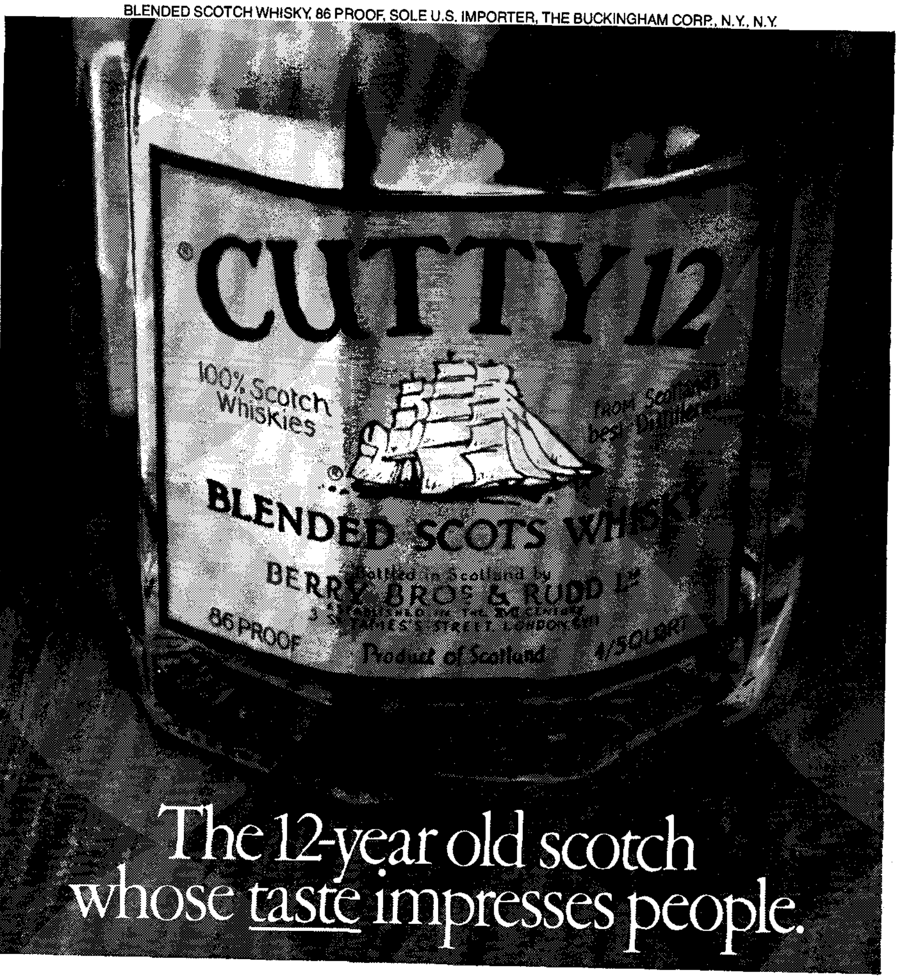

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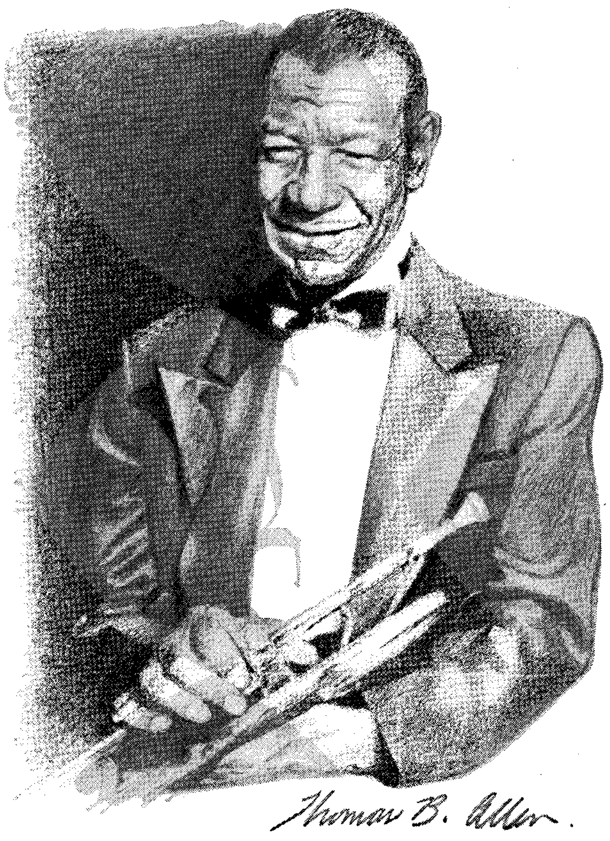

Jabbo Smith

TWICE during "One Mo' Time," a re-creation from New Orleans of a 1926 black vaudeville show, now at the Village Gate, an elderly trumpet player lugs a heavy period floor mike in front of the onstage bandstand and sings a song. Each time, he stops the show. It is a kind of singing that is almost gone. It resembles Louis Armstrong in the twenties and thirties, but it is looser, the voice is lighter, and it pours. Before he returns to his seat, the trumpeter, almost as an afterthought, takes a short solo. It is a kind of trumpet playing that is almost gone, too—heavy-toned, daring but uncertain, melodic, lifting, querulous. The playing is as it should be, for the singer-trumpeter is none other than the legendary Jabbo Smith.

Smith, who was born in 1908, has been a legend half his life. Or, to put it another way, he was only in his mid-thirties when he began to slide into obscurity. At seventeen, he joined Charlie Johnson's excellent band, and within a year he had the New York brass establishment on its ear. Just short of nineteen, he recorded two spectacular takes of "Black and Tan Fantasy" with Duke Ellington and was asked by Ellington to join his band. Full of oats, Smith turned Ellington down. Four months later, he joined James P. Johnson and Fats Waller in the "Keep Shufflin' " band, and recorded four classic Victor sides with Johnson, Waller, and the reedman Garvin Bushell. The show closed in Chicago late in 1928, and Smith stayed put. He gave Louis Armstrong an ecstatic run for his money by recording nineteen small-band sides for the Brunswick label, which are as startling now as they were then. His career, just five years old, began to slow down, and after a two-year stint with Claude Hopkins (1936-38) and a spell at the New York World's Fair (1939) he vanished. By the mid-forties, he had settled in Milwaukee, and by the mid-fifties he was out of music. His legend had formed. In 1953, the English *Jazz Journal* began a search for Smith. Two years later, the bassist Milt Hinton was quoted by Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro in their oral history "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya": "Jabbo was as good as Louis [in 1930]. He was the Dizzy Gillespie of that era. He played rapid-fire passages while Louis was melodic and beautiful . . . He could play soft and he could play fast but he never made it. He got hung up in Newark . . . He had delusions of grandeur and he'd always get mixed up with women . . . If he made enough for drinks and chicks in any small town like Des Moines or Milwaukee, that would suffice." A painter named Phil Stein heard Smith when he was hung up in Newark. "I was a member of the Newark Hot Club," Stein said recently, "and we used to go into the black section all the time looking for rare recordings. We also went into the black bars that had music, and we went enough so that we became accepted. One night in 1941, we stopped at the Alcazar, and there was a blues group, playing very easy. It had an interesting trumpet player, rather muffled and subdued, but it was so dark we couldn't tell who it was. When we learned it was Jabbo Smith, we couldn't believe it. We knew all his Brunswicks and his four Deccas. We spoke to him immediately, and discovered that he was kind of down and out. He was sickly and his lip was bad, and he had a miserable room in a boarding house. We visited him there, and he had all these pencil portraits of himself. He said he wanted to be an artist. He seemed to me a very introverted person, very frail, a poetic kind of person. We were concerned with trying to pull him up, so we organized a little concert for him to raise some money, but it wasn't a success. He did go back with Claude Hopkins for a while, and we went to see him in his apartment after he moved to Harlem, but then the war came along, and the next I knew the *Jazz Journal* was looking for him."

In 1961, this conversation between Roy Eldridge, Sammy Price, and Jo Jones was reported in these pages:

> "I saw [Jabbo Smith] two years ago in Newark," Eldridge said to Price. "And he was playing trombone, too!"
>
> "Jabbo Smith?" Price exclaimed. "Why, he's dead, man! Here, I'll bet you a hundred dollars."
>
> "Dead? He lives in Milwaukee," Jones said . . . "I've got his address right in my book."
>
> "Put up your money," Price said to Eldridge.

In 1968, Gunther Schuller gave five admiring pages to Smith in "Early Jazz," pointing out along the way that Smith was indeed living in Milwaukee, where he worked for a car-rental company. Three years later, the trumpeter made the first of several visits to Europe, and he was heard by the Swedish clarinettist Orange Kellin, who urged him to move to New Orleans, where Kellin said he could get him work. Last year, Smith went. He played briefly at Preservation Hall, and then joined the band in "One Mo' Time."

Jazz categorists have long declared Jabbo Smith a second-rate Louis Armstrong, which is like calling Scott Fitzgerald a follower of Hemingway. Armstrong was guided by rhythmic and melodic considerations, but Smith was directed largely by technique. Armstrong was lyrical and poetic: he tacked along in the sun behind the beat, and he created arching, supernal melodies. He was able to say beautifully everything he had in his mind. When he made occasional nonsense forays into his highest register, it destroyed the serene balance of his style. Smith's style was never completely balanced. He kept poking at his technical boundaries, playing high notes and wild intervals and thirty-second-note runs that had never been played before. This was particularly true after he arrived in Chicago and challenged Armstrong, whom he had known only from recordings. Before that, in New York, Smith's playing was sly and sinuous and lyrical. It was the first cool jazz improvisation. There was little straining for effect, and the surprises were quiet and steady. He preferred the silver forests around high C, and his high notes, almost all of them quick and glancing, gave his playing a subtle urgency. He played with smoothness and aplomb, and there are passages in " 'Sippi" and "Thou Swell," recorded with Fats Waller, Garvin Bushell, and James P. Johnson, where he displays the dancing ease of Charlie Shavers. In Chicago, the shadow of Louis Armstrong seems to have unnerved him. He grew agitated on the Brunswick recordings, and his once creamy melodic lines jump and zigzag. He misses notes, and he blares. He goes after intervals and arpeggios that Armstrong couldn't have managed, either. He shows off. The Brunswick records were designed to compete with Armstrong's successful Hot Fives and Hot Sevens. The instrumentation of trumpet, clarinet, piano, banjo, and bass is similar, and there are many passages where Smith sounds as if he were consciously imitating Armstrong. ("Croonin' the Blues" is a rough copy of "West End Blues.") But the New York Jabbo keeps breaking through, and is there on "Sweet and Low Blues," "Tanguay Blues," "Decatur St. Tutti," and "Boston Skuffle." His dynamics are superb (two muted choruses on "Tanguay Blues"), he is leaping and mercurial, he is full of sorrowing blue notes, and he delivers several scat-sung vocals that surpass Armstrong. There are many intimations: Roy Eldridge breaks; legato passages that suggest the Henry Allen of 1933; fast muted runs ("Sweet and Low Blues") that resemble Dizzy Gillespie. The Brunswicks are among the best of the early jazz recordings. Not surprisingly, they sold poorly.

JABBO SMITH is of medium height, and has the flat, rectangular look of thin older men. He is very dark, and this tends to suppress his features, which are strong—a square chin, high cheek-

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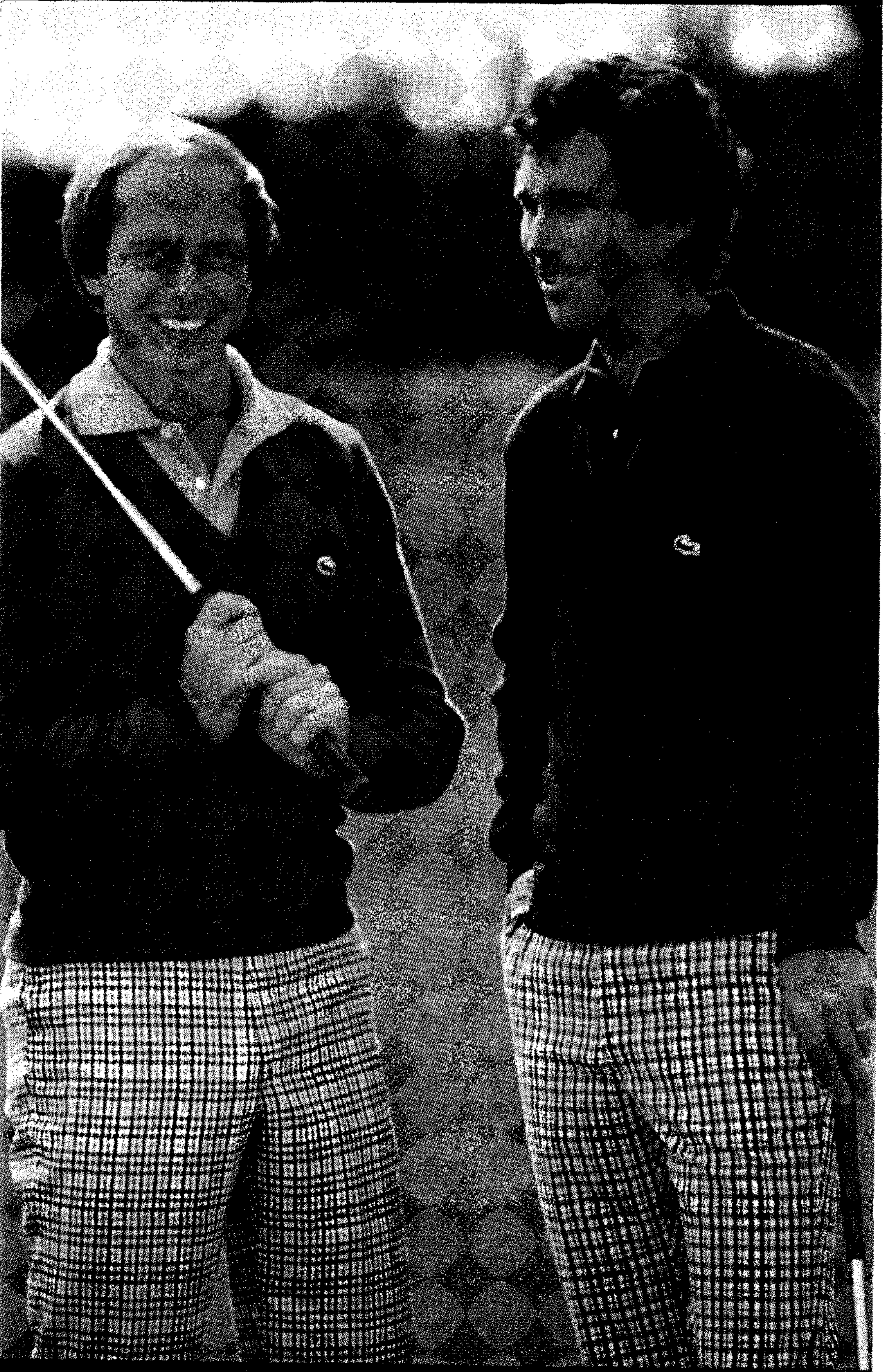

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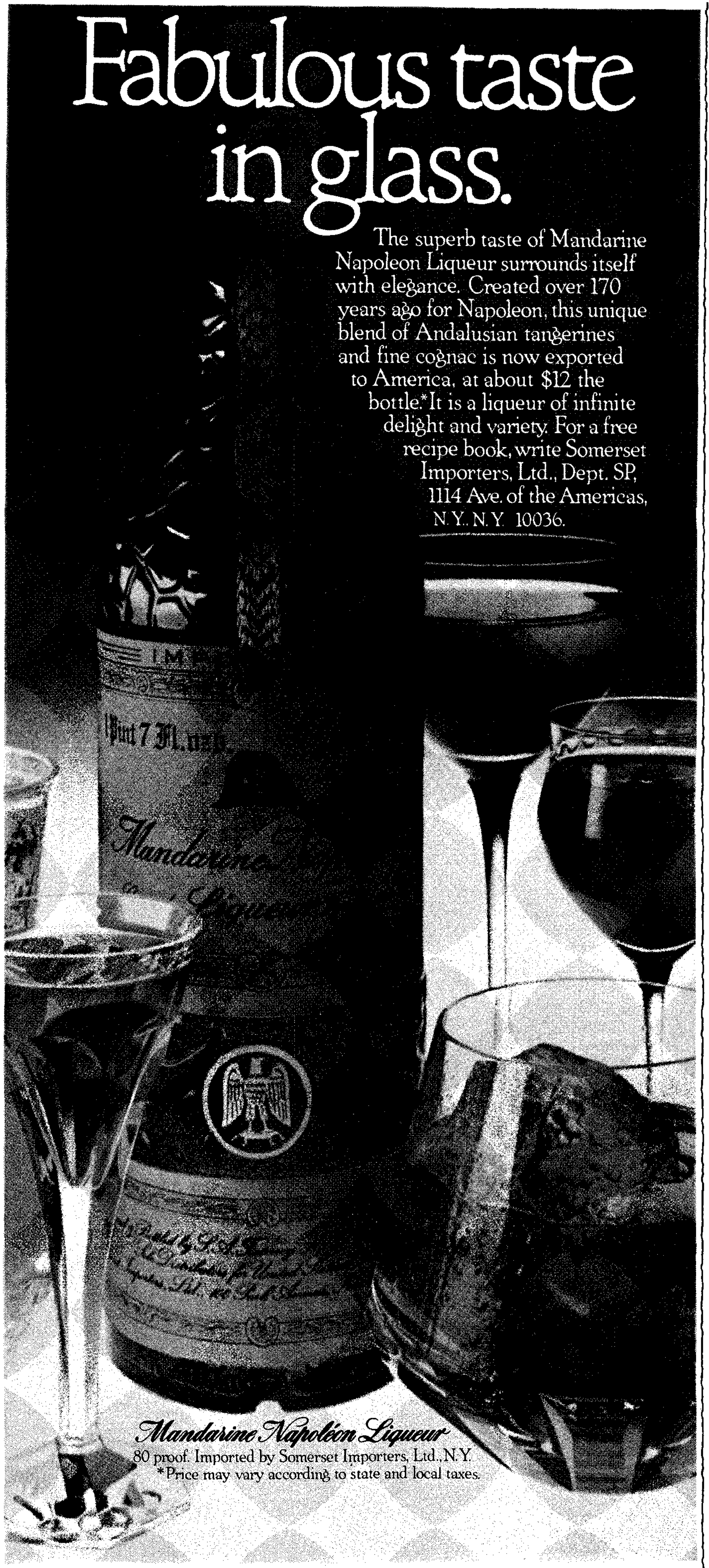

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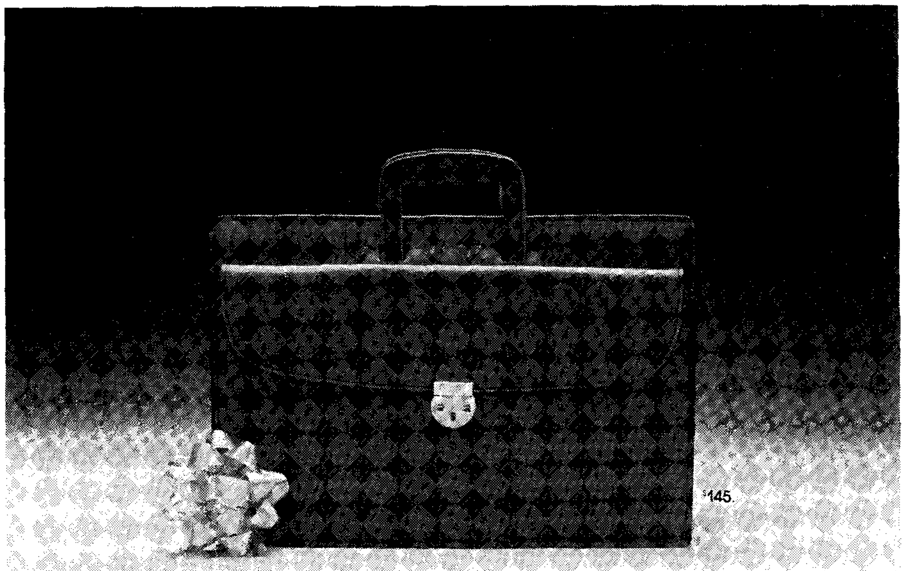
bones, widely spaced eyes, and a broad, trellised forehead. His fingers are thick and strong. His speech rises and falls rapidly, and some of his sentences are opaque: the words move by without pause, and meaning goes under. He has a rapid, jouncing laugh. The cocksure twenty-year-old trumpet player who set out to dethrone Louis Armstrong is no longer visible, but now and then he peers out from behind the blinds. Smith talked one afternoon recently:

"To me, all this is beautiful. My chops are getting better and better working every night, and within a month or so my playing should make pretty good sense. Of course, if I hadn't laid off twenty years I'd probably be burned out now. I've always had lip trouble. We were taught to use a lot of pressure when I started out—pressing the mouthpiece against your upper lip real hard—which cut off the circulation and made all kinds of problems. They don't teach that anymore, and that's probably why trumpet players can go so high now—high enough so you don't even know what notes they're playing. The ability to improvise has never left me. I keep the melody in my mind, and I don't think about the chords, which you're supposed to know anyway. You never have too much time to think, but things always come to you—little melodic things that sound good and add decoration. What I like to do is paint the melody. My aspiration is also to be a songwriter. I've written about two hundred songs, and I'm betting on those. The two songs I sing in the show—'Love' and 'Yes, Yes'—are mine.

"The show is supposed to be set in the twenties, and it's not that different from 'Keep Shufflin',' which I joined in 1928. James P. Johnson had the band, and Fats Waller was in it. Fats was a beautiful personality, just like he was on the stand. James P. was more calm. But they were night-and-day buddies. After the show closed, I became the house trumpeter at the Sunset Café, and, of course, I met Louis Armstrong. Louis was with Carroll Dickerson, and he was playing things like 'West End Blues.' I sat in with him, and I don't think anybody won. We played different styles. He was more melodic, and I played running horn, with a lot of notes. He and Zutty Singleton were fabulous people. We'd meet here and there, and one time Louis talked about him and me teaming up together, but nothing came of it. Early in January, 1929, I recorded with the banjo player Ikey Robinson, and Mayor Williams, who was booking the race talent for the Brunswick label, heard me and asked me to make some records under my own name. I used Ikey and Omer Simeon, who had worked with King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton. I also had a piano and bass, and we did almost twenty sides that year, and they didn't go *any*where. They've been reissued, though, and people tell me they're doing a lot better now than when they first came out. I worked with everybody in Chicago—Erskine Tate and Dave Peyton and Charles Elgar, and with Tiny Parham and Jimmy Bell and Burns Campbell. I didn't meet Oliver until I was passing through Savannah in 1937, a year before he died. I was standing in the street talking to someone, and he came by. All I recall is that he was quiet and looked like an old man. Around 1930, I began moving back and forth between Milwaukee and Chicago, with side trips to Detroit. You get in a little trouble in Chicago, you run to Milwaukee; you get in a little trouble in Milwaukee, you run to Chicago. I had my own eight-piece band off and on for six years at the Wisconsin Roof in Milwaukee. I worked with Jesse Stone—Jesse Stone's Cyclones—and he had a lot of violins and people playing bottles with spoons. In 1936, I was at the Norwood Hotel in Detroit, and Pete Jacobs, the drummer, came running out of a restaurant shouting my name. He was with Claude Hopkins' big band, and they were inside eating and had seen me go by. Claude asked me to join him, and I did, in New York. It was a very good band. Jerry Blake was in it, and the trombonist Fred Norman and the singer Orlando Robeson. We spent a lot of time at the Roseland Ballroom, so we didn't have all that bouncing from town to town. But we made up for it when we did go on the road. We'd go from Waltham, Massachusetts, to Detroit to Chicago and back to Waltham in four days, and once, when we were booked into Charleston, West Virginia, Claude had a run-in with the gent who hired us. Claude was pretty haughty, and he said no to the man after he asked us to ride around in a truck playing and ballyhooing our performance. The man gave us fifteen minutes to get out of town. I left Claude in St. Louis, and went back to New York and took a little band into the Midway Inn at the World's Fair. Then I was at the Alcazar in Newark, first with my own band, and later with Larry Rin-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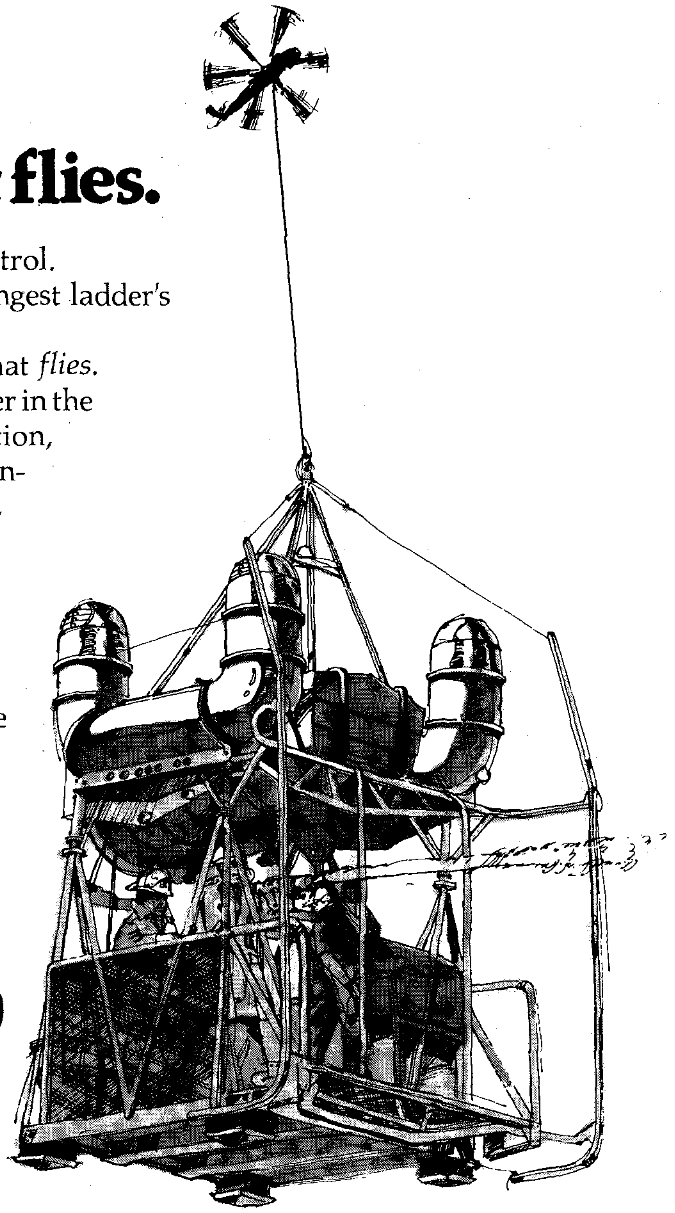

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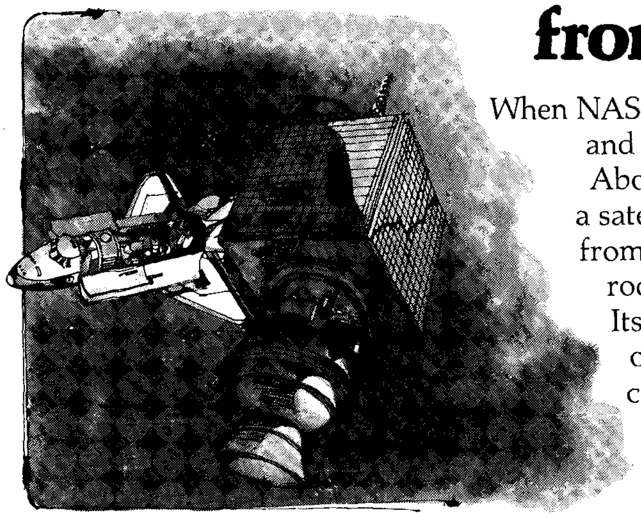

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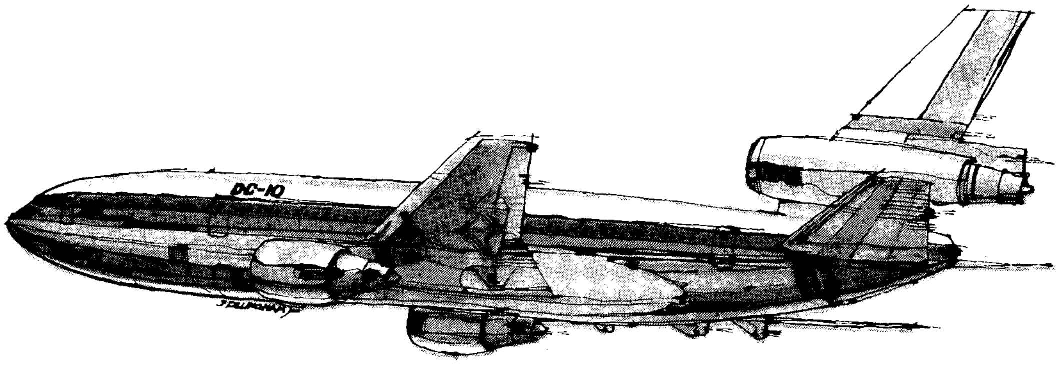

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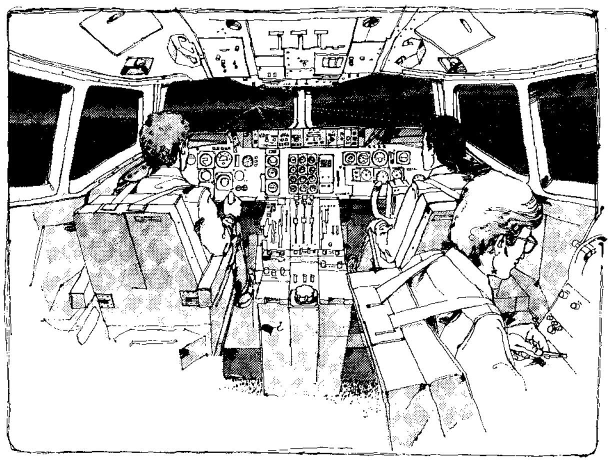

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gold's. We played for shows and dancing. I moved to Milwaukee for good in the forties, and worked on and off until the fifties, when I quit music and went to work for Avis. I have a house, and I'm married to a girl from South Dakota named Willie Mae, and I have two grown daughters in California. I don't know why I missed the big time, except you get tied up with those girls and things and you stay where you're most comfortable. Also, it doesn't help to start at the top, which was where I was by the time I was eighteen or nineteen.

"I WAS born the day before Christmas, in Pembroke, Georgia. I had a cousin born the same time, and her mother named her Gladys. On account of that, and since my mother was a schoolteacher and intellectual, she named me *Gladys.* Jabbo was hung on me later by a friend named James Reddick. He had been given the name after an ugly Indian in a William S. Hart movie, and he passed it on to me. My father was a barber, but I don't have any recollection of him. My mother took me to Savannah when I was four, which was about when my memory started working. My mother was a nice-looking person, about my height, with an Indian cast to her face. She played the organ in church, and before she was a teacher she worked cleaning Pullman cars. She couldn't take care of me, too, and I was all over Savannah, which was why she decided to put me in the Jenkins Orphanage, in Charleston, South Carolina. That was in 1914. She took me up on a Pullman, because they rode her free, and I cried for three months after I got there. The orphanage was famous all over that part of the South. Mothers used it as a weapon: 'You watch out, now, or I'll send you to Jenkins!' It had been started by the Reverend D. J. Jenkins, and it had already turned out about three thousand kids. Kids used to come to his house begging for food, and he found out they were living in boxcars and suchlike, so he'd take them in, and the word spread about his kindliness, and pretty soon he had quite a few children on his hands. The city of Charleston gave him the old Marine Hospital, and he started the orphanage. Eventually, the state gave him two hundred dollars a year to help out. He was a stately man with a beard, and he looked seventy or eighty to me, but I don't think he could have been that old. There were four hundred kids at Jenkins, and we did pretty well. We had a two-hundred-and-ninety-acre farm upstate, where we grew all our food, and we'd get day-old bread that had been saved in barrels at stores, and we'd get leftover fish down at the docks. We'd have molasses and bread at supper. Jenkins was strict. At six o'clock in the morning, there would be a prayer meeting, and after that the roll would be read, and if you did anything bad the day before you'd be called up and tied to a post and whipped with a rope or a piece of rein. To raise money for the orphanage, the Reverend Jenkins organized bands of maybe twelve kids each, eight to twelve in age, and we'd play on the street corners and pass the hat. We played on street corners all over Charleston, and we'd get sent to New York and Jacksonville and Savannah and suchlike to do the same. We also gave concerts at the churches in those places, at eight o'clock in the evening. On the street corners, it was every tub on its own bottom, every kid doing his own thing. All you needed to know was the melody, and then you'd take off from there. They've been saying all these years that jazz started in New Orleans, and all that, but what were we doing? Of course, when we performed in the churches it was overtures and marches. We stayed three months in New York once, and we went out and played on street corners all over New Jersey and Pennsylvania. We lived the whole time in two rooms in a rooming house at a Hundred and Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and the people that ran the place must have had a bellyful of us.

"At Jenkins, they started you in playing when you were about eight years old. The orphanage took children from the cradle, and the little ones stayed in the yard and were called yard boys. When the time came to learn an instrument, the teacher would come out in the yard and call, 'You! Come here! *You!* Come here!' They taught everybody in the same room. They started me on the trumpet, but I learned to manage all the brass instruments. And they taught you to read right off. Musicians were always amazed later that I could read anything at sight. The trumpet player Gus Aiken, who was older, had run away to New York and played there, and when he was brought back I picked up things from him, too. I started running away when I was fourteen, and I must have run away six or seven times. When they put you in the orphanage, they signed you up until you were twenty-one, so running away was the

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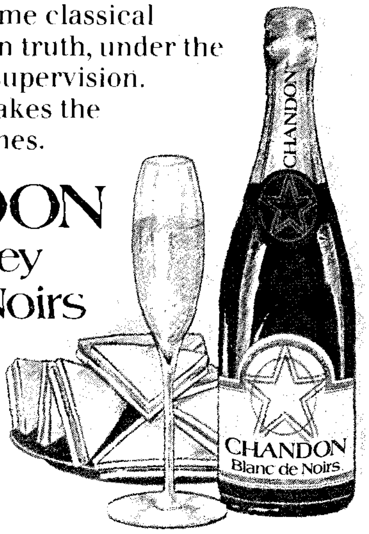

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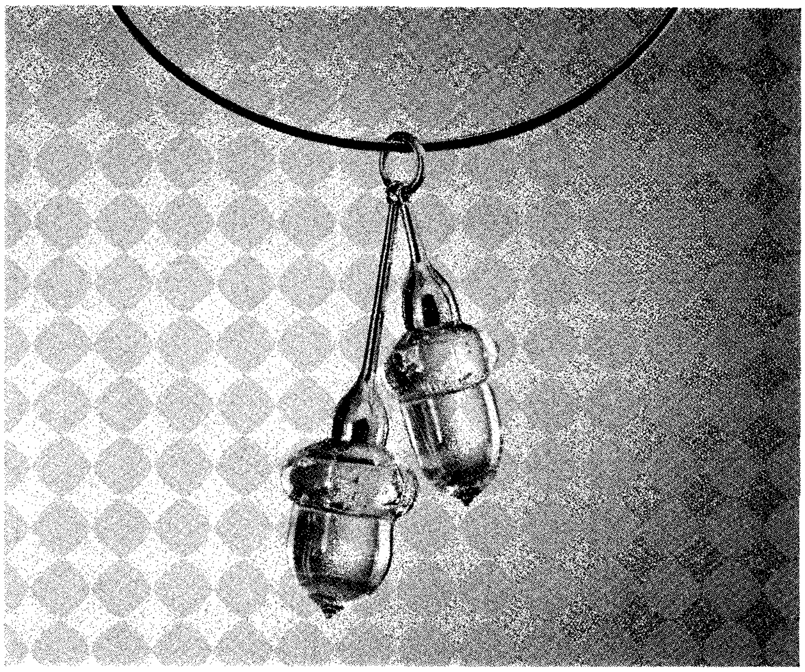

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only method to get out earlier. The first time I took off was in Jacksonville. When we travelled to New York or Jacksonville, we went by boat, and this time, marching back to the boat in line double-breasted, like we marched everywhere, James Reddick and I took off around a corner. We stayed with a boy in Jacksonville we knew, and we lived on money we had knocked down. 'Knocking down' was keeping a little of what we collected in the hat when we played in the street. I was already a wild kid, and I got a job with Eagle Eye Shields' band. I was pretty good, and people thought maybe I was going to be somebody. Shields had twelve in the band, and it was the first large band I'd played in. When you ran away, Jenkins notified the police, and they caught us after three months. They called me the ringleader, and I got three days in a cell, but it wasn't long before I ran away again.

"When I was sixteen, I got in real trouble. Some of my buddies—Reddick and Timothy and Mike and two brothers we called Perry No. 1 and Perry No. 2—had gone over to South Carolina State College, in Orangeburg, and I wanted to play in their band. I hadn't been there long before I accidentally shot myself in the leg with a pistol I'd picked up—just fooling around, and not knowing there was still a bullet in the chamber. They fixed me up and sent me back to the orphanage, and the Reverend Jenkins took me up on the veranda and said he'd done all he could for me—that they couldn't keep me any longer, because I was too wild. He gave me nine dollars in an envelope to go to Savannah, where my mother still lived. But I wanted to go North. I had run away to Philadelphia before, and my older half sister lived there, so I got on a train with my crutches and went to stay with her. I auditioned at the Waltz Dream Ballroom for Harry Marsh's band, and I was with him three months. Then I went to Atlantic City and ran into Gus Aiken, who was with the Drake and Walker Show, and I joined them for a month. I went back to Atlantic City, and met Charlie Johnson, and he said he wanted me. It was 1925, and Charlie Johnson had the best band in New York. It had Sidney de Paris, who was my idol. I liked the way he blew his horn and the way he used mutes. I never acquired his style, but he influenced me. Johnson also had Benny Carter and Edgar Sampson and Charlie Irvis and the great drummer George Stafford. I had a pretty good notion of myself and what I wanted to be paid, so I told Charlie I had to have a hundred dollars a week, which was practically unheard of then. He offered me sixty-five and tips, but I said no, so he said all right, a hundred, and he'd keep the tips. People threw a lot of money out on the floor after a show, and when we played for Ethel Waters and suchlike they'd come off with a bosomful of it. Charlie Johnson had a location band—Smalls' Paradise in Harlem in the winter and a similar place in Atlantic City in the summer. We had a lot of contests with visiting bands. We always won. I was doing all right with Charlie, but this is how I left: Ed Smalls, who owned the Paradise, adopted me. He was from Charleston, and all eighteen of his waiters were from Charleston. I was undependable, and I was late a lot for the show, which hit at nine o'clock. And it was two bits in the pot for the Christmas party every time you were late. So Ed Smalls told me to just get there by midnight and everything would be fine. The musicians didn't like anyone getting such special treatment, particularly a kid. Charlie called a meeting and said, 'You, Jabbo, bring yourself in at nine, or that's it.' The composer Con Conrad had been after me to join the band of 'Keep Shufflin',' which he was producing. So I quit Charlie Johnson. Late in 1927, I had made a recording of 'Black and Tan Fantasy' with Duke Ellington, and Duke had asked me to go into the Cotton Club with him. He'd offered me ninety dollars, but by that time everybody claimed I was the best in New York and I was getting a hundred and fifty a week. I said no, and he hired Freddy Jenkins. The night before I recorded with Duke, somebody stole my horn. I had to go to a music store and get a replacement, and the mouthpiece was way too big. I had a hell of a time hitting that opening high C in my solo, but I made the session."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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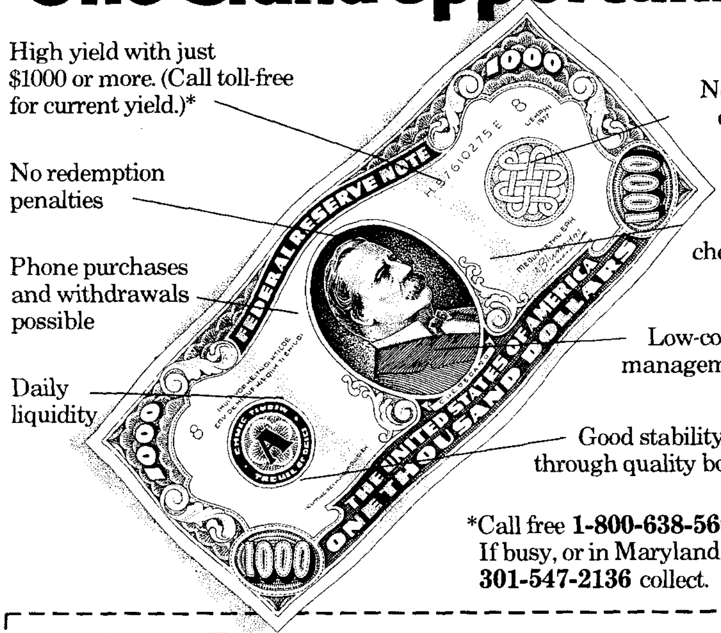

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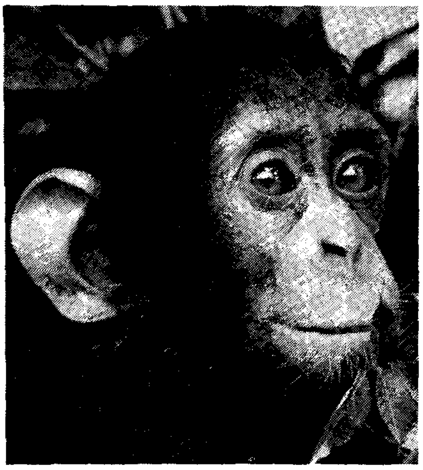

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A SECOND COLD WAR

WHEN the Cold War was displaced from Europe to Asia, the Middle East, and Africa in the mid-nineteen-fifties, an indirect and essentially symbolic combat was substituted for the dangerous struggle that had gone on in Europe from 1944 to the death of Stalin, in 1953. What followed was to include a conflict between the United States and China, and bring on the Indo-Chinese tragedy; but in the narrow—and nuclear—relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union things ceased to be so serious. A fundamental danger had been lifted, and both the Soviet and the American government understood that this was so. Now, however, this period may, in turn, be drawing to a close. Both the United States and the Soviet Union find themselves with substantial, rather than symbolic, national interests at stake in the Middle East. We depend on Middle Eastern oil, and within a few years the Soviet Union will also need to import a significant part of its energy from the outside world. Moreover, Soviet policy toward the Third World has taken on a new activism and new methods. This new policy, which has produced Cuban military intervention in Angola and Ethiopia under Soviet sponsorship, marks an important change in the terms of the Soviet-American rivalry.

The Cold War in Europe during the nineteen-forties and fifties had been a dangerous enterprise, with real risks for those who took part and real gains to be made. It was a struggle for military and political control of the East European countries, Greece, Austria, and divided Germany. It was a competition for dominant influence over the docks, railways, trade unions, political parties, press, and intelligentsia of certain countries in Western Europe. It was a strategic struggle as well as an ideological one, and both sides were conscious that it might result in armed conflict. When the struggle ended, we had won in Western Europe and the Soviet Union had won in Eastern Europe. The Soviets ceded to us the disputed territories of Austria—then under four-power occupation—and Greece. Yugoslavia imposed its own neutrality. The fundamental reason the Soviet Union won in Eastern Europe was that Eastern Europe was under Soviet military occupation. Non-Communist political parties struggled briefly to take a role in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere in the region just after the Second World War, but the Communist parties, backed by Soviet secret agencies working in the presence of Soviet military forces, compelled those parties to retreat, and either arrested and murdered their leaders or forced them into exile. In 1948, the presumed murder by defenestration of Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, who was the son of the creator of modern Czechoslovakia, ended the period during which it was possible to think that multi-party government might be sustained in Eastern Europe. In Western Europe, there was really never much doubt that we would win the political struggle, since even in the difficult conditions of the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties the West European people were hostile to domination by Russia; there was demoralization in Europe, a sense of powerlessness, but no wish for capitulation. In any case, it seems in retrospect that the Russians were acting defensively. They wanted influence in the West to protect themselves and their defensive glacis in the East, and to weaken the enemy. But Stalin had neither the ability nor, probably, the will to extend Soviet power beyond the line of postwar military demarcation. In the West, we and Britain were the military masters. Wars do settle certain things.

"The Day the ..."
Donald Reilly

IN the postwar period, the dangers of the Cold War were great in Europe, but after 1953 there was a notable lessening of tension in the rivalries between the Soviet Union and the United States, which took place in the Third World. Stalin's successors, Bulganin and Khrushchev, during a well-publicized tour of Asia in 1955, launched the doctrine of "competitive coexistence," which said that Communism would compete peacefully with the West. This was cause for relief after the orthodox Stalinist doctrine that war was inevitable between an ascendant Socialist system and the weakened and desperate capitalists. The new doctrine also rationalized a reality: that the new leaders of the Soviet Union did not want war, feared war, and had concluded that they had to get along in practical ways with the Western powers. Thus, détente followed competitive coexistence, producing that degree of political accommodation, arms-control agreement, and trade which was achieved by the Soviet Union and the United States in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. The record of relative optimism that led up to this year's SALT II agreement contrasts remarkably with the dark, and justified, fears we felt during the Stalinist years, when

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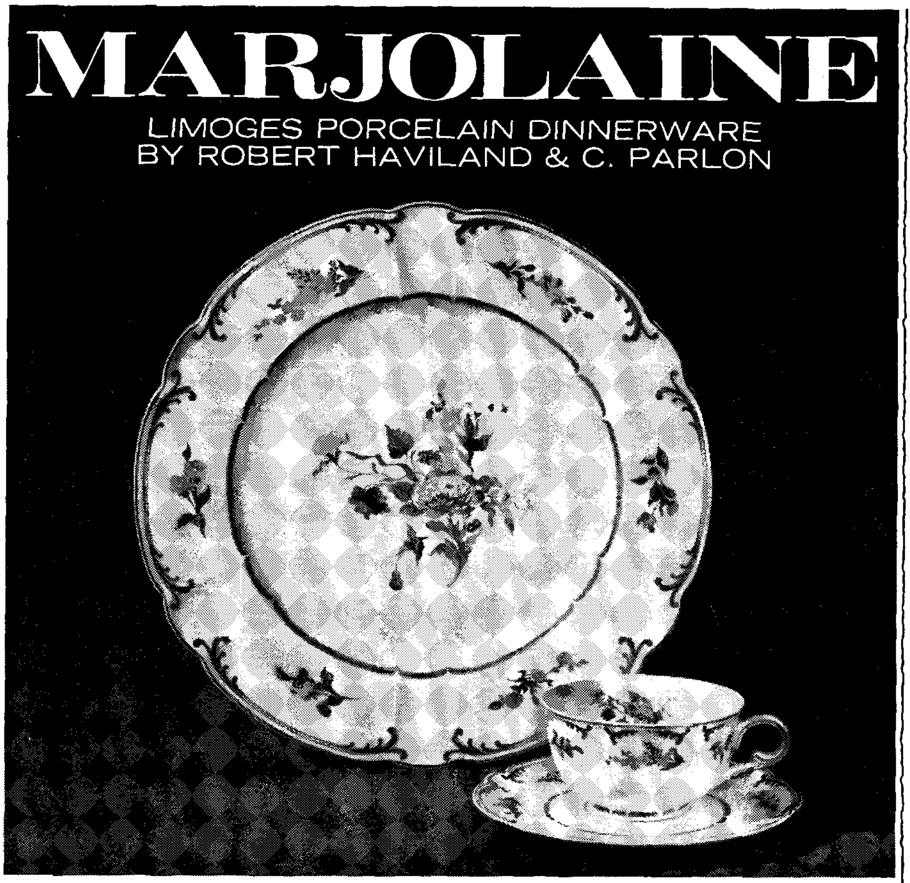

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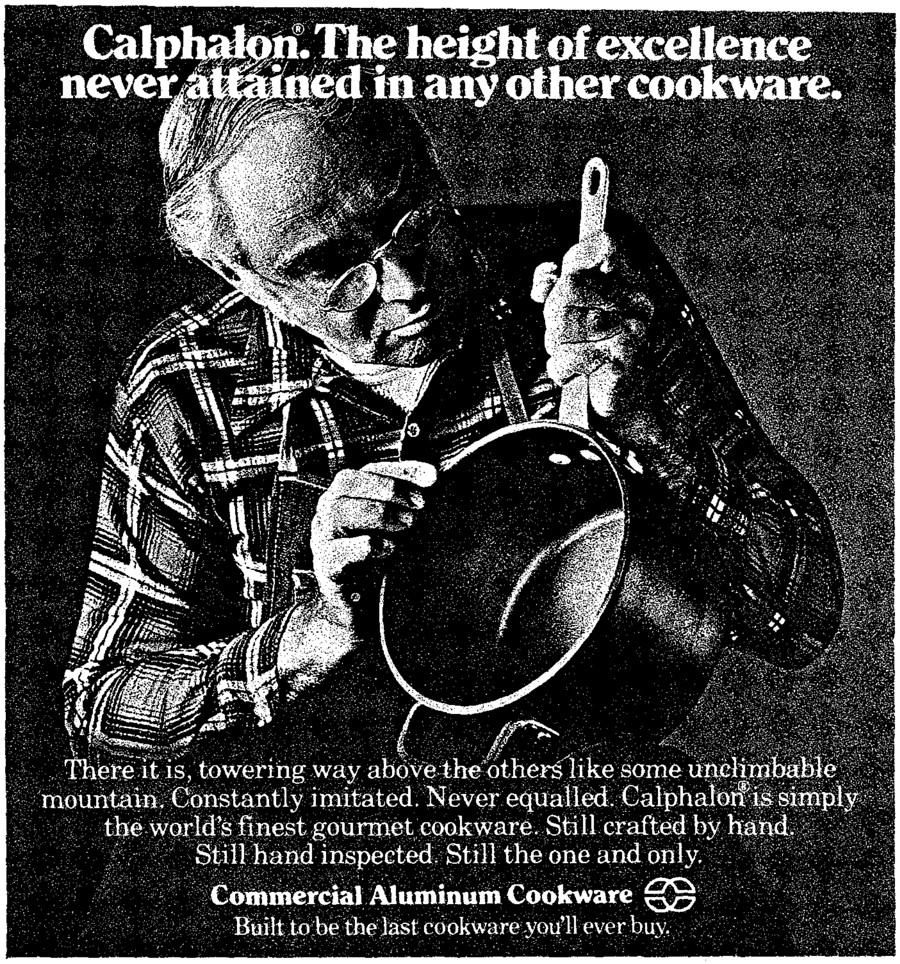

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arbitrary terror governed in Eastern Europe, and Communists and non-Communists alike vanished into Lubyanka, the Siberian camps, the realm of the Gulag. Western leaders then felt themselves to be dealing with a totalitarianism that was even more disquieting than Hitler's, because it was so secret and arbitrary. Hitler was at least comprehensible once one grasped that he meant the monstrous things he said. Stalin seemed a premedieval figure. With him gone, Russia and the world seemed better and safer places, and that should never be forgotten. The Soviet leaders themselves do not forget it.

The transfer of Soviet-American rivalries from Europe to the Third World expressed a retreat from revolutionary commitment—a retreat that was indicated even in the ideological revisions necessary for the Soviet leadership. Under Stalin, the postwar nationalist leaders in Asia—Gandhi and Nehru in India, Sukarno in Indonesia—had been attacked as obstacles to true revolutionary change. After 1955, they were described as progressive figures, if transitional ones, in a process that would eventually lead to a true Socialism. The Soviet government sought alliances with Nehru's India and Nasser's Egypt.

For the United States, this new political competition was congenial, because we were as firmly convinced as the Marxists that a great historical evolution was under way now that the age of empire had ended. Doing away with the European nations' colonialism had been one of our war aims. Now we believed that the critical rivalry was between two models of future development for the new nations—Marxism and liberal democracy. The United States would compete with the Soviet Union (and, as we then thought, its Chinese ally) to demonstrate which system was better at giving people freedom and prosperity. We had little doubt about the outcome. "The world has divided like an amoeba into two opposing systems of ideology and power—one based on free choice, the other on the subservience of the individual to rigid dogma." That was George Ball, speaking in 1965, when he was Under-Secretary of State. The idea of an epochal struggle over the nature of world society in the future gratified the old American sense of our destiny as a model for the world. "Surely, there was never a fairer test of national quality than this," George Kennan had written in 1947, at the beginning of the Cold War.

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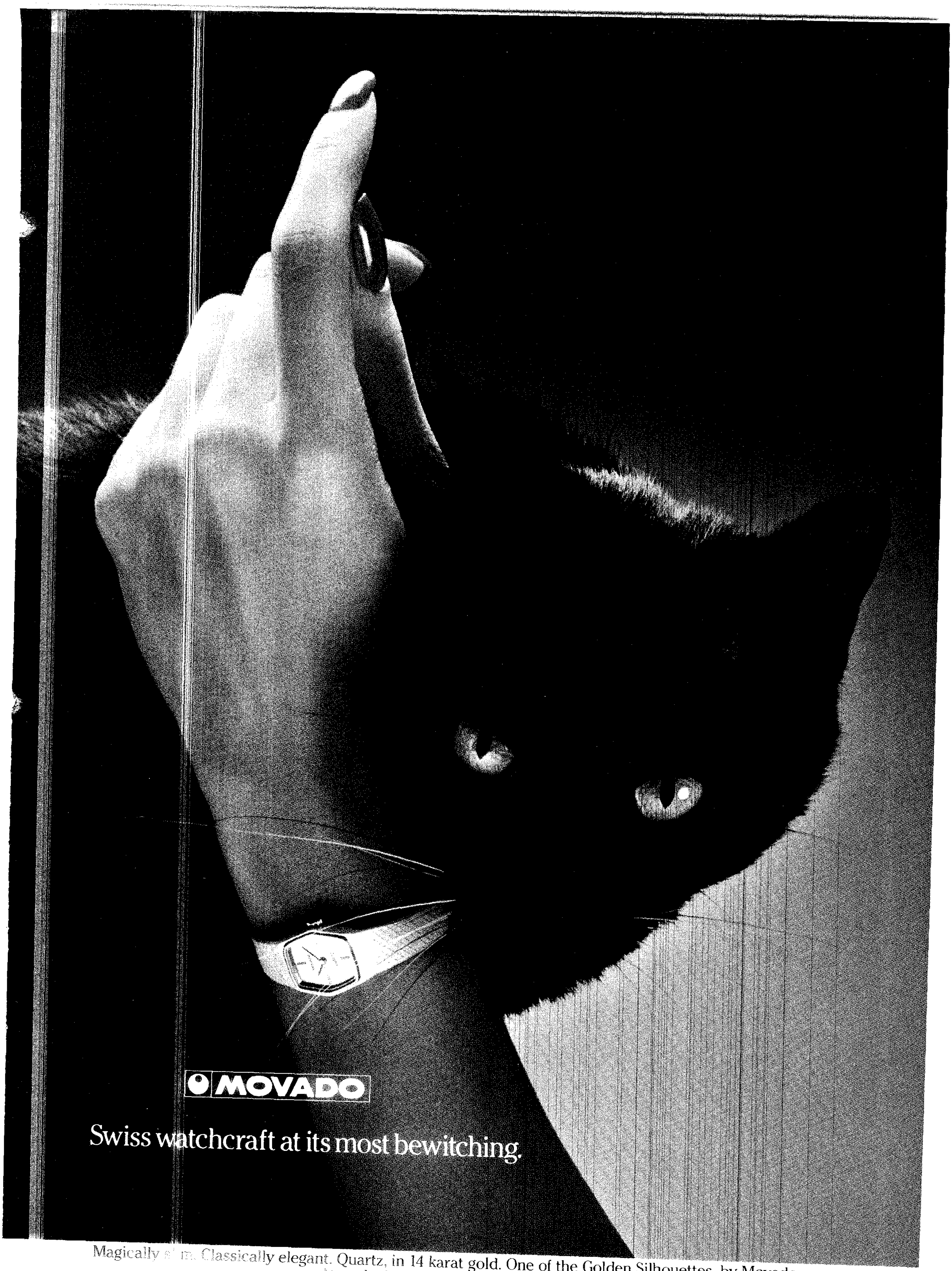
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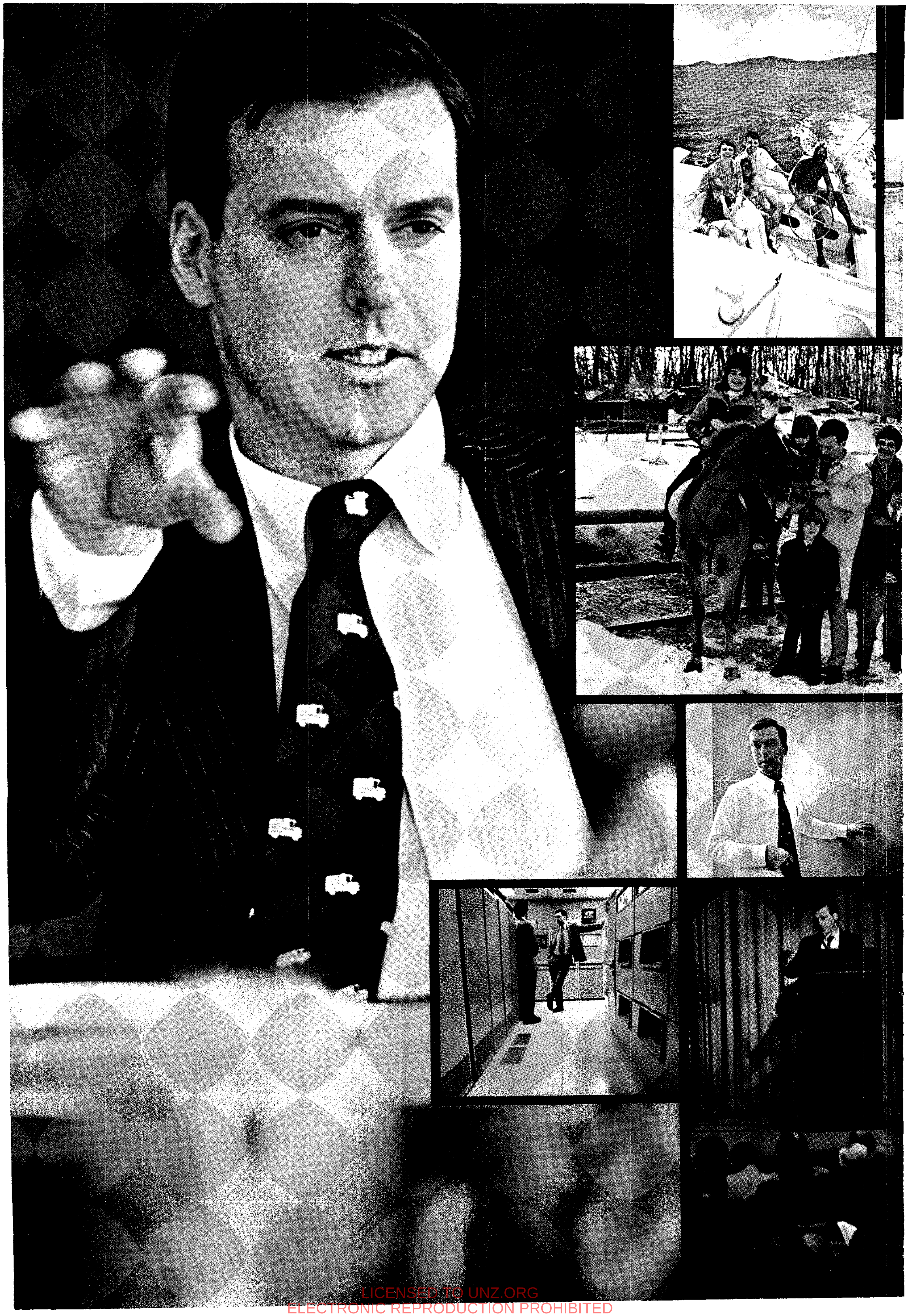

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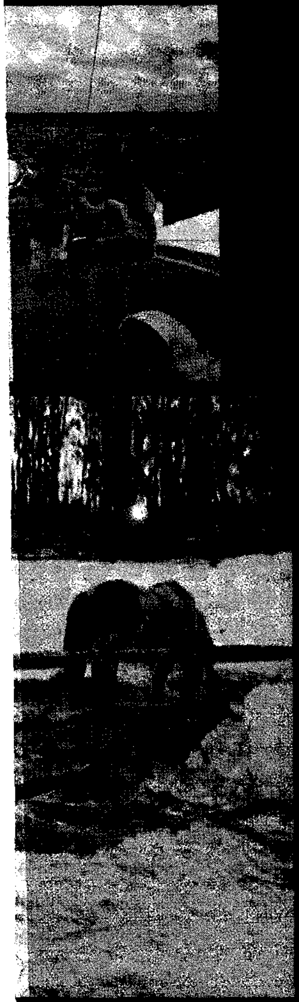

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Reed is convinced that banks, like all retailers, must assimilate new marketing skills and technology, but he is keenly aware of resistance within the traditional banking community.

"If you were a biologist and you were looking for what species was going to be successful, the genetic makeup of bankers would suggest that they will not be successful at developing this kind of business."

Reed is also an active participant in the general business community. He is a member of the Board and Executive Committee of Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, and he is on the Board of Directors of Russell Sage and Philip Morris Inc.

Despite a very hectic schedule, Reed manages to spend the month of March in St. Croix with his wife, Sally, and the children, Traci, Timothy, Tefford and Tenley. On winter weekends they ski in Vermont and there's a summer place in New Jersey where the family can enjoy the beach and John can play golf and read.

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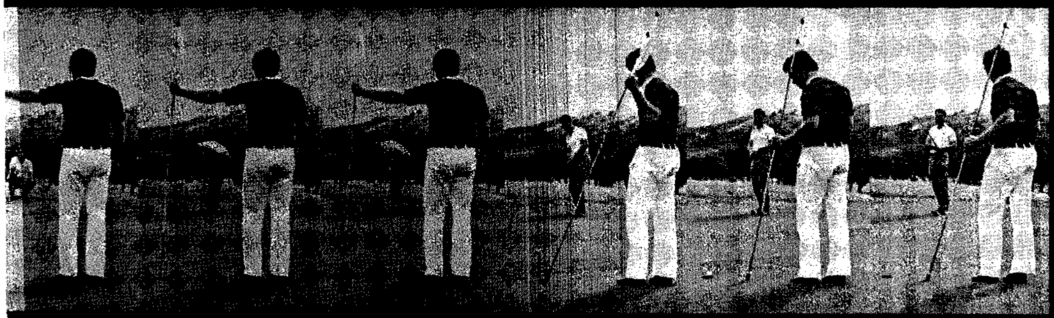

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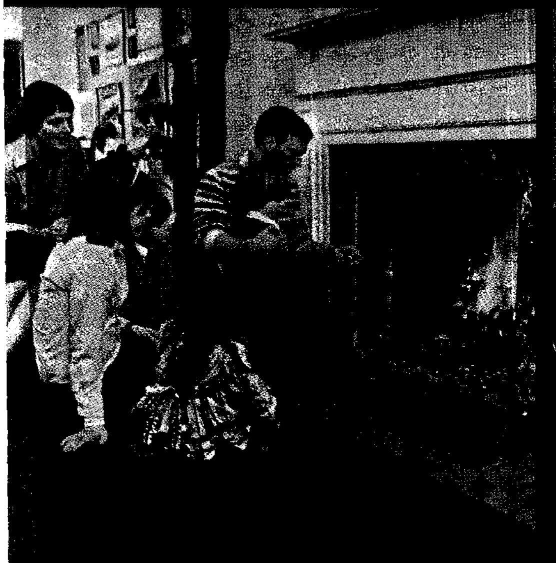

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the political future was crucially shaken two decades later by the war in Vietnam. The theory of an ideological confrontation between Communism and democracy to settle the fate of the world still survives as one of our fundamental foreign-policy assumptions, but it has come to be a source of painful frustration for us. There are three fundamental reasons for this frustration. The first is simple: American ideas of government and economy are the product of a Western intellectual and political history, and of fundamentally American conditions, which cannot be reproduced elsewhere. There are lessons for others in what has happened to us and in what we have done, but our national experience is unique, and not normative. A second, and related, reason for our frustration is that liberal and meliorist programs of change and reform do not ordinarily fit the conditions that have existed in most of the former colonies in recent years. We have offered what seemed to us reason and moderation to meet conditions of disruption and intolerance. We have proposed evolutionary change to compete with the promise of cathartic revolutionary change. But the rationalism and conservative politics we offered were no match for the impulses of revenge and violence that have dominated societies—like Vietnam, Cambodia, and Iran—which are still in shock from their political and cultural conquest by Western powers during the years of colonialism. Finally, we have sought peace and order, and this, ironically, is the third factor frustrating our programs. Our ultimate aim has been stability, while the Soviet Union's tactical interest has usually lain in instability throughout the Third World. Thus, we have nearly always been drawn to support the party in power—a liberal party if possible, but an illiberal one if necessary, including Somoza in Nicaragua, the Shah of Iran, a succession of generals in Vietnam, and a variety of military figures in Chile, Brazil, Greece, and elsewhere. We preferred, in principle, to support a "third force," between reaction and Communism or radicalism. But third forces have usually proved feeble in the Third World. Challenged, they have too often yielded to the more radical forces of either right or left—forces possessing fewer scruples, a greater will to gain and use power, a greater willingness to kill. All this is hardly surprising. The virtues of liberalism are not warlike; they are the virtues of accommodation, compromise, ameliora-

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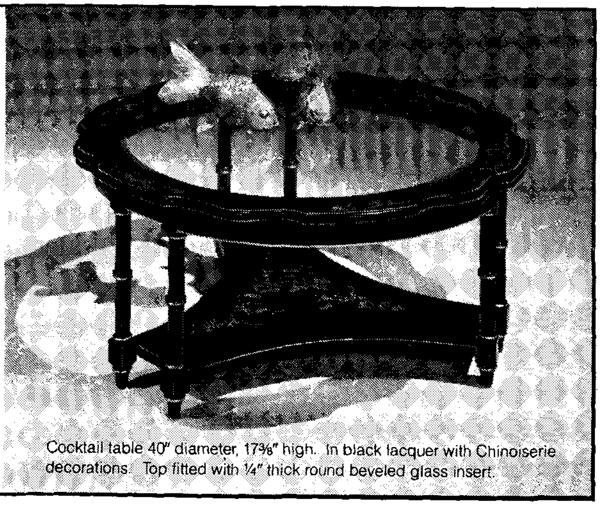

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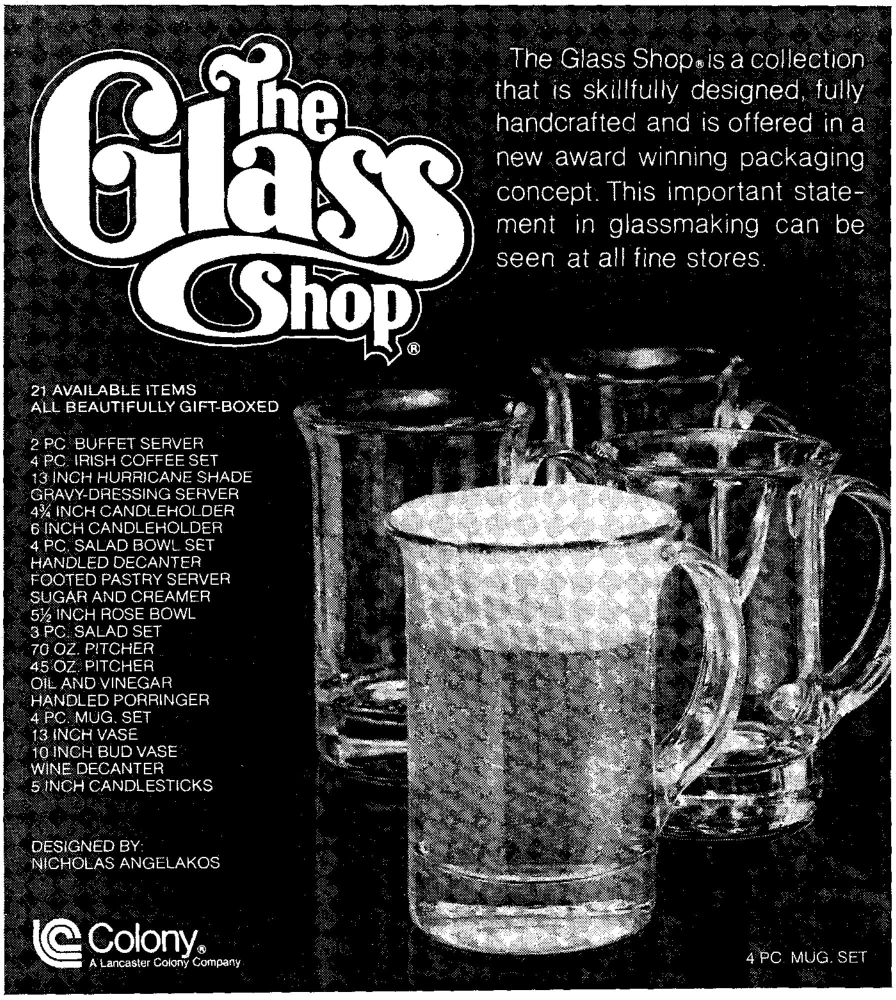

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tion—and in radically disrupted or revolutionary situations these are usually losing qualities. Starting out on the side of progress and reform, the United States has too often ended up with the repressive right.

The truth is that in the last twenty-five years neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has had a great deal of success in the ideological battle. The competition has produced as much disappointment for the Russians as it has for us. At one time or another, such different countries as Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Indonesia, India, Chile, Zanzibar, and Guinea—and, more recently, Angola and Afghanistan—have been written off to Soviet or Chinese Communism by the Western press or Western foreign offices. In each case, a regime was in power which took Soviet or Chinese aid and coöperated in one degree or another with the Soviet or the Chinese government. In the end, each country has gone its own way. The Soviets proved to have no more control over what happened than we had in the case of our own protégés—Iran, Vietnam, Thailand, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Panama. Communism has "taken" in the Third World only when it was the vehicle of national revival and of rejection of colonialism, as was true in China, Vietnam, and Cuba. And even there what began in loyalty to the Soviet Union as leader of the Socialist camp has often ended in an assertion of national difference and national independence, marking off an independent Communist course, as has happened in China, Yugoslavia, and Albania, and even in Indo-China. In fact, from 1945 to the nineteen-seventies, the Soviet Union has actually lost ground, measured by the degree of power it exercises over the conduct of other countries. There is a confused struggle today in Afghanistan—an inaccessible country on a sensitive Soviet border, where the Soviet Union might be expected to be able to impose the kind of rule it wants. Actually, the Russians have met with serious and continuing difficulties in their attempts to sustain a government that professes Marxism in this profoundly Muslim country. And these Afghan Marxists (like those in Ethiopia, another supposed new Soviet satellite) actually bear a more convincing resemblance to something familiar from Eastern Europe in the nineteen-thirties and Latin America in the nineteen-forties—the junta of radicalized junior officers who want the swift and total remaking of a backward society.

They are romantic and impulsive, and not dogmatic and "scientific," as true Marxists are supposed to be. They rely on rhetoric, experiment, dramatic promises of redemptive change. Above all, they are nationalist, not internationalist. In the past, such men were described as Fascist. But Fascism was the fashion of the times when Italy and Germany were the "revolutionary" great powers.

TO speak of Afghanistan is to take note of the new activism and openness in the Soviet Union's interventions outside its established zone of direct political and military control in Europe. The significant new tactic in this changed policy came with the introduction of Cuban combat troops into Angola in 1975. The Cubans made a big difference to the struggle among guerrilla armies in Angola, but this had nothing to do with politics or ideology. It had to do with the military shock resulting from the introduction of disciplined and well-equipped regular troops into a ragged war among guerrilla bands whose loyalties were mainly tribal and territorial. White mercenaries elsewhere in Africa had already demonstrated this effect.

The Cuban intervention was subsequently extended to Ethiopia, with Soviet transport and equipment in support, as part of a striking expansion of the range of Soviet military capacity. Since then, East Germany has also begun to play a role in Africa, working with the Zambian, Mozambican, and Ethiopian governments, among others, and providing military training and support for the Patriotic Front in

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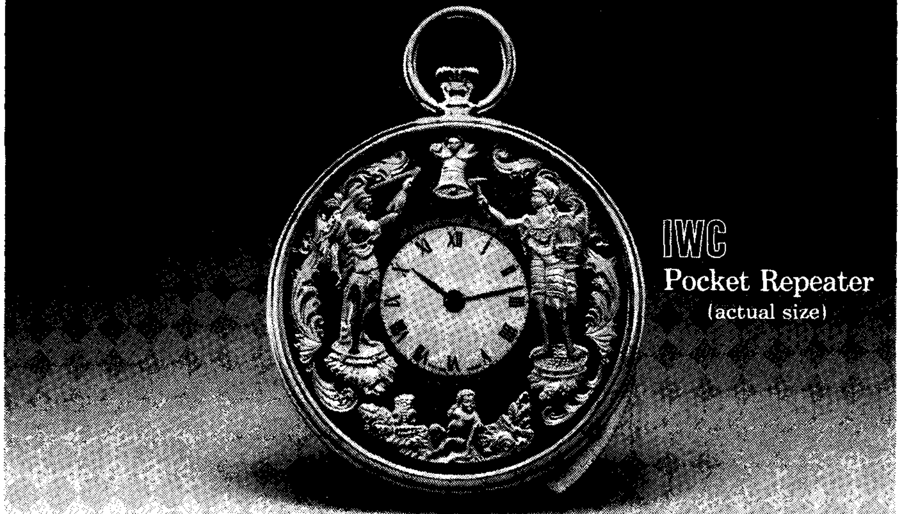

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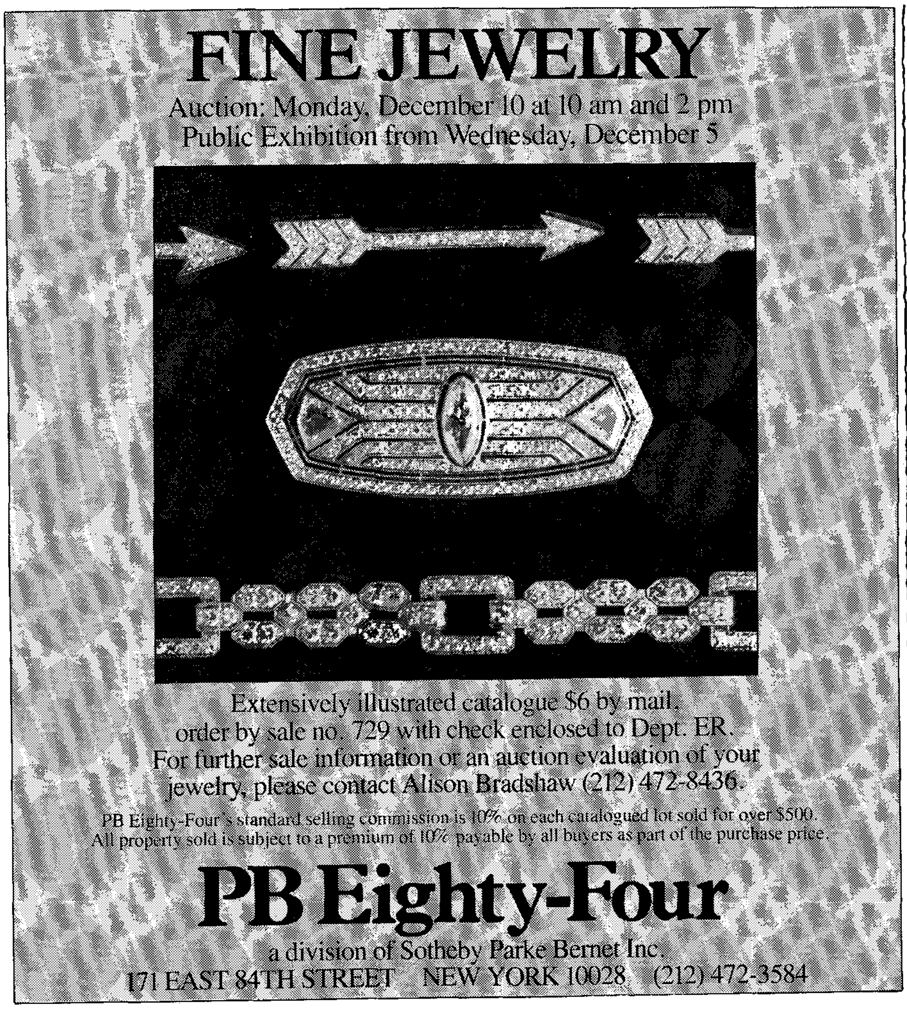

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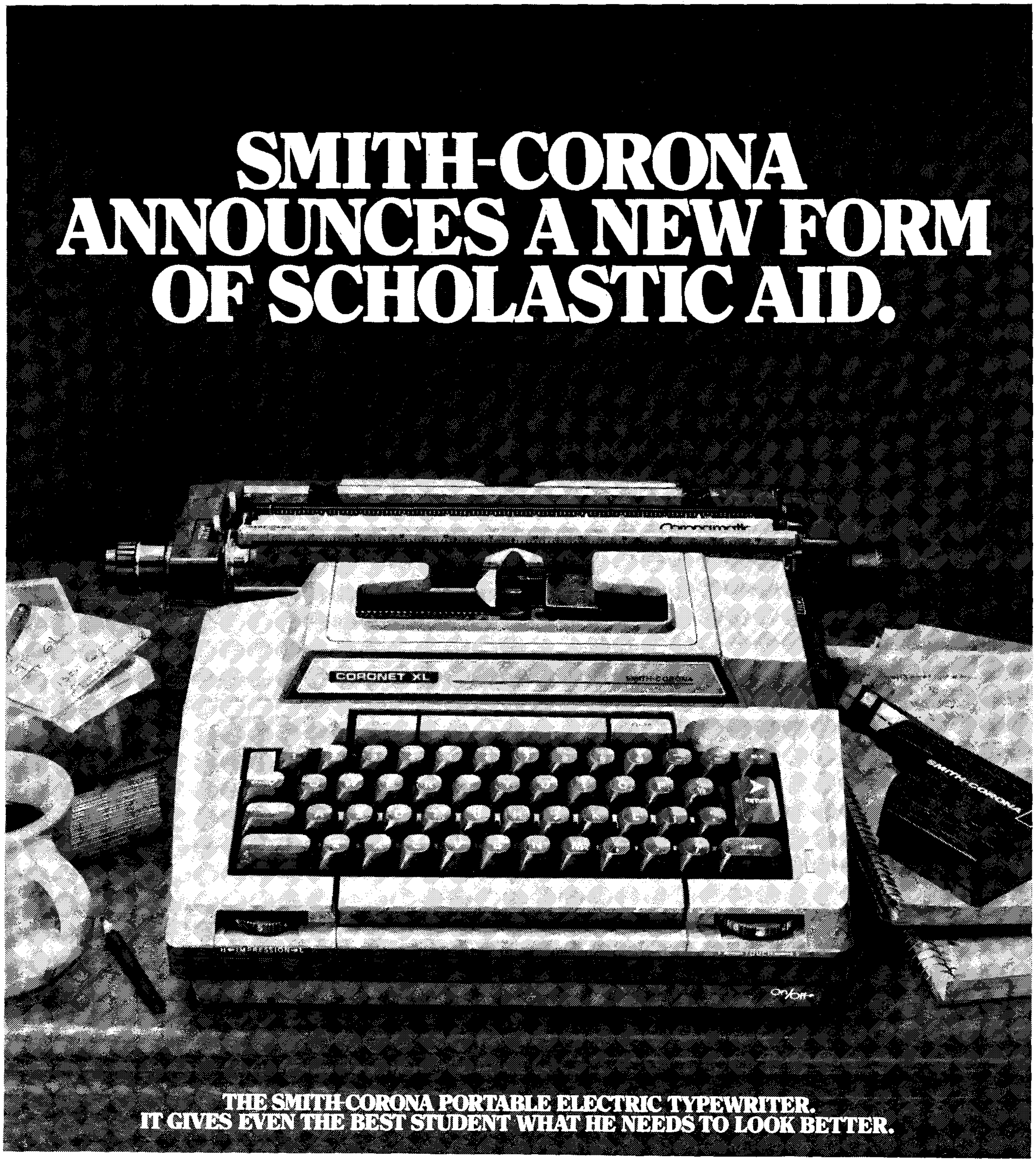
Zimbabwe-Rhodesia and for guerrilla forces in Namibia (South-West Africa). The intelligence services of the Soviet Union and certain of the East European countries have for years tried to influence various radical or self-proclaimed Marxist movements and governments in Africa, but their programs have now become much more ambitious, and the introduction of foreign troops—American officials say there are more than thirty thousand soldiers in the Cuban expeditionary forces in Africa—has made a qualitative difference.

These changes are important, because they are direct rather than indirect interventions in the internal affairs of other countries, and also because they indicate a willingness, which was not present before, to place East-West competition in Africa on a military level. They follow the American effort, under Secretary of State Kissinger and again under President Carter, to exclude the Soviet Union from a Middle Eastern settlement, and, indeed, they are in part explained by that effort. For whatever reason, the rules of the game have been changed, and in a most provocative manner. There is, of course, a long history of indirect intervention by the Soviets. Soviet Communism has been engaged in foreign political struggles since the October Revolution. The rationale for these was international proletarian solidarity—the Communist International, not the Soviet government, was acting—and this rationale was tolerated, even though everyone knew that the international movement was totally subordinate to the interests of the Soviet Union. When international Communist interests had to be sacrificed, the move was made summarily—most memorably in the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August, 1939. In the past, this convention of internationalism imposed certain conventions on Soviet behavior, notably in barring the employment of troops. Forms were observed which allowed the Soviet government to disclaim responsibilities that might prove inconvenient to bear. In important respects, these forms have now been abandoned. The conflict in the Third World has thus been sharpened, just at a time when the United States had drawn back, and when serious progress in arms-limitation agreements had begun to seem possible. This change comes at a time of American policy vacillation in the aftermath of Vietnam and Watergate, and it exploits American uncertainty in a way that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is very risky. It is disquieting that the Soviet Union feels willing to conduct a significantly more aggressive, and even provocative, policy in Africa and Asia at this time. When President Carter protested to President Brezhnev at the Vienna conference earlier this year, he was curtly informed that "détente has not abolished the class struggle." But it was not the class struggle that the Cuban Army conducted in Angola and Ethiopia. It was war.

THE implication of the new aggressiveness in Soviet policy is not that the Soviets are likely to gain a dominant position in Africa or along the Red Sea or in the Middle East. It is, rather, that the risks and the costs have been greatly increased—for Africans, Israelis, and Arabs as well as for us and the Russians. Up to now, the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union in the Third World, as a displacement of competition from the unacceptable plane of direct conflict and nuclear risk, has been mainly political. Except in the Vietnam War, which American policymakers originally saw as a problem of Chinese-sponsored aggression, violence has tended to be clandestine and limited. Both we and the Soviets have acted through proxies. In the past, the United States government's usual practice was to meet political intervention with political intervention, proxy with proxy. In 1975, Secretary of State Kissinger initiated a program of substantial American investment in the Angolan guerrillas of Holden Roberto and Jonas Savimbi to fight the guerrillas supported by the Soviet Union and the Cubans, but Congress stopped it. Congressional hostility to this kind of intervention derived from our experience in Vietnam but was also justified on larger grounds—not least the moral. Yet we are repeatedly drawn to use proxies, simply because that pattern conforms to the history of indirect competition in Africa, and because we have not fully grasped the implications of the new way in which the Soviets and the Cubans are acting.

The closest we have come to facing the problem directly was in our argument during the SALT talks over "linkage." There, at least, we had begun to ask ourselves whether the Soviets' policy in one matter should affect our dealings with them in ostensibly unrelated matters. It is obvious that the various policies of any government are "linked," and certainly they are linked in the case of the Soviet Union, where policymaking is highly centralized, and most of all in matters affecting the United States. But until very recently our diplomats have not been allowed to indicate to the Soviet government that the introduction of Cuban, East German, or other outside military or paramilitary forces into a disputed part of Africa or Asia might be incompatible with continued American grain sales to the Soviet Union, with technology transfers and investment, with loans to purchase Western products, and with that confidence which is indispensable to lasting arms-limitation agreements. We draw back from this sort of threat, because it would be expensive: it would harm the business of American farmers and industrialists. We still act out of an impulse to dissimulate and to redirect conflict, to avoid the most onerous costs and risks of competition. It is easier on us when Vietnamese fight Vietnamese, or Afghans fight Afghans, or Angolans fight Cubans in a simulacrum of Soviet-American conflict. But Asians and Africans bleed, too.

Our relationship with the Soviet Union has been masked by our steady, widening use of others, sparing ourselves. This has surely been a factor in that crisis of moral self-regard which has persisted in the United States beyond Vietnam and Watergate. In this use of others, a kind of complicity has grown between the American and Soviet governments, and even between the two peoples, who are spared final responsibility for what their governments do. But responsibility was easier to escape when the issues in the Third World affected our lives only indirectly. That was before the oil crisis, recession, inflation, and the recognition in all the industrial states, the Soviet Union included, of how vulnerable we all are.

The Soviet Union has substantial oil of its own, and the Soviet government claims that it will have no vital need for imported energy in the decade to come. But our own and other Western sources disagree, and say that at some point in the nineteen-eighties the economies of the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies will become dependent upon energy imported from abroad—presumably from the Middle East. An unclassified Central Intelligence Agency study released in August estimates that in the early nineteen-eighties the Warsaw Pact countries will cease to be net oil exporters and start to be net oil importers. At that point, the Soviet Union's interest in the Middle

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East, and in the nature of the American position in the Middle East, will cease to be merely political and ideological. It will be economic and strategic. We will be back to vital issues: oil and all the other resources that produce jobs, prosperity, national power—even power for leaders. We will have before us the prospect of a second Cold War. Our political habits of the past few years are bad ones for this new situation. The new Soviet willingness to practice direct intervention and use Cuban troops as a mercenary force is an ominous precedent for what could happen in the future. The presumed arena of rivalry, the Middle East, is fragile in all ways. The whole area is reeling from the shocks of foreign people, foreign money, foreign ideas, foreign exploiters, foreign notions of reform—merciless assaults upon tradition.

For the last quarter century, the international system has rested upon the belief that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union wants war, and that our rivalries, while irreducible in principle, are negotiable in practice. Since Stalin, negotiations have covered a great deal of ground. Diplomacy has been employed, and it has been successful. But diplomacy was helped by the fact that, once Europe was partitioned in the nineteen-forties, not much was really at issue between the Soviet Union and the United States. The Russians had no grave demands to make on us; we had none to make on them. We struggled, of course, over the fate of the whole world, but that was not half so serious as the struggle over Greece had been in the nineteen-forties, or the struggle over Berlin. The diplomats could always defer settlement of the fate of the world; history would in any case see to it. But now things have again become more serious, more dangerous, and fortune shows her power—as Machiavelli said—when no wise measures have been taken to resist her. —WILLIAM PFAFF

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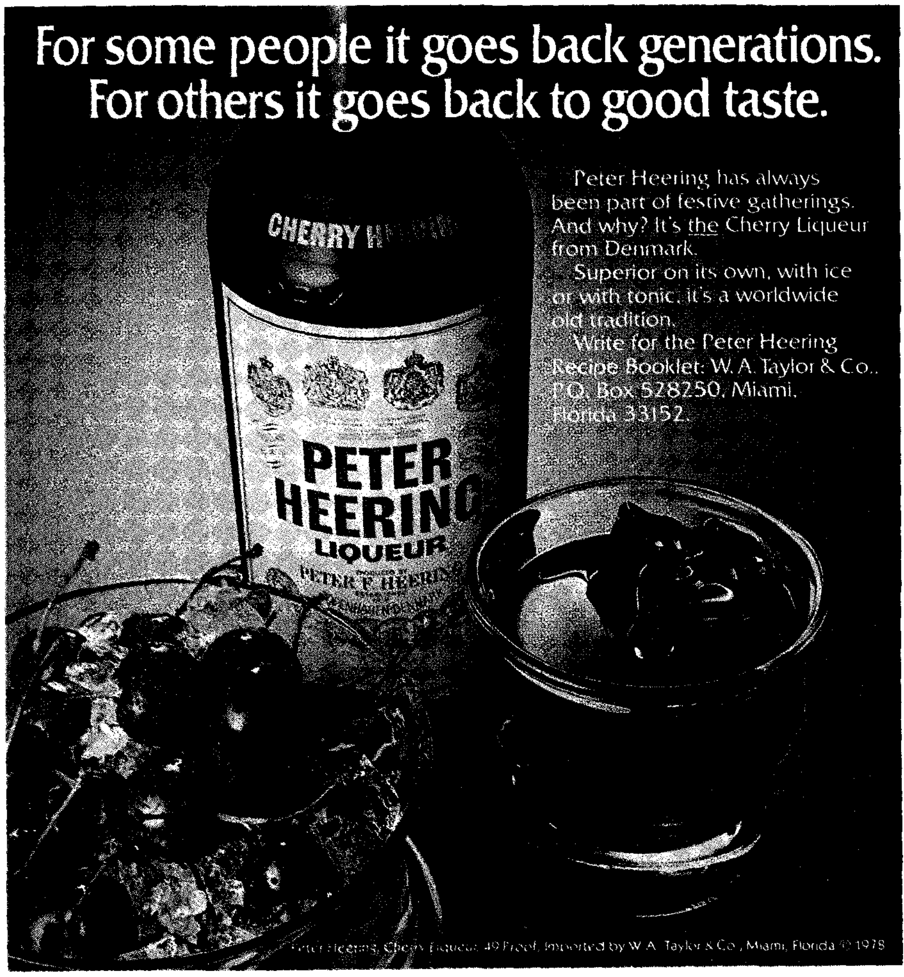

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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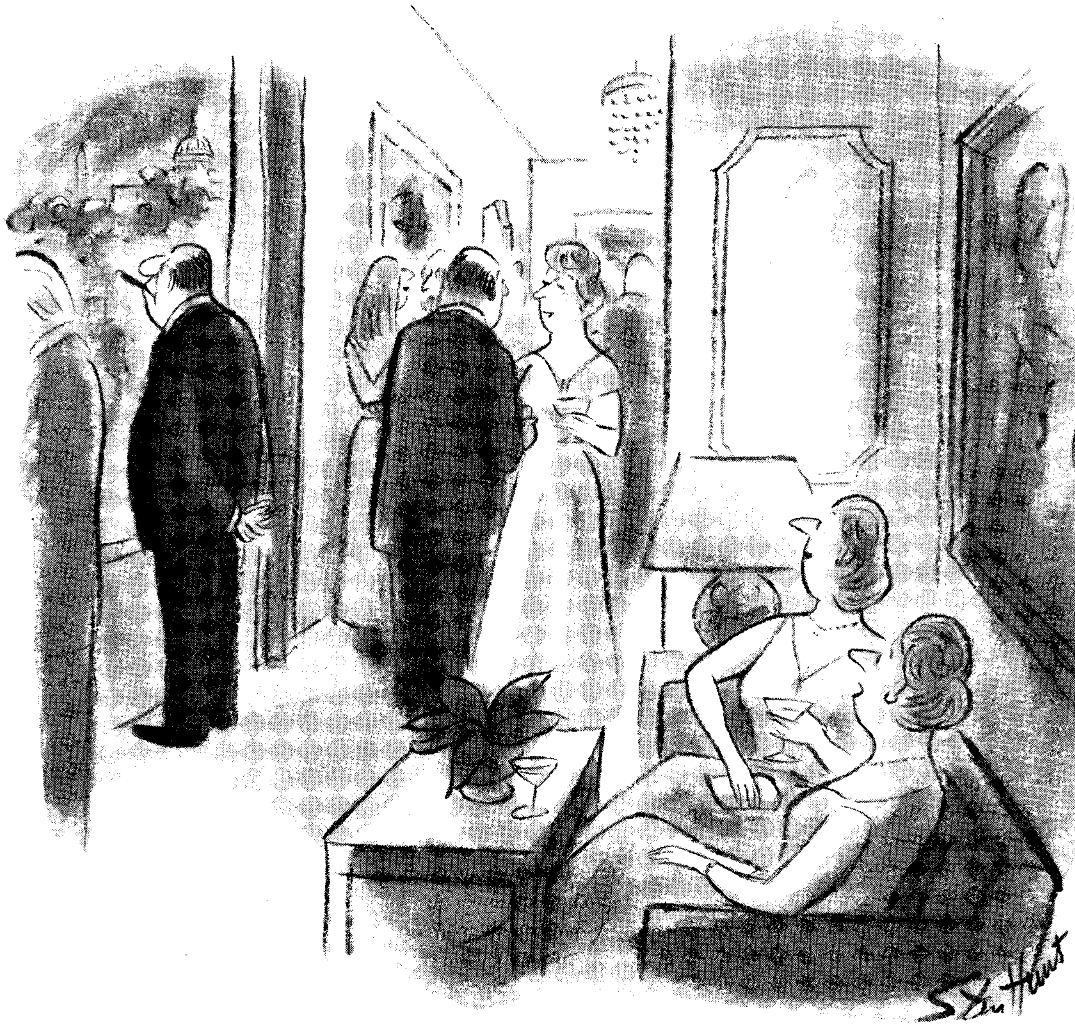
THE first night of the Metropolitan Opera's latest production, Kurt Weill's "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," was a curiously tame affair. The show was thoughtfully prepared and carefully executed. *Aber etwas fehlt*, and that something missing was the vividness that no other "Mahagonny" I've ever come across has missed. The Washington and the Boston productions, in 1972-73, had it in good measure. Vividness may come to the Met's when James Levine conducts the marches with a heavier, stronger tread, when he and his cast feel and sound the lyricism of the music more ardently, when the stage direction gains focus, and when one or two mistaken decisions about the text are reversed. "Mahagonny," fifty years old now, is one of the most important and exciting operas of our century. I wrote at length about the work after the Washington production and concentrate now on the New York performance. It is sung in English, in a revised version (some lines improved, others not) of the translation that David Drew and Michael Geliot made for Sadler's Wells, in 1963.

Mr. Levine's concern for Mahler (he has now recorded six of the symphonies) might, one felt, have led him surely into "Mahagonny." In a 1930 essay, T. W. Adorno remarked that "a strange kind of Mahler, stranger than Mahler himself, runs through the whole opera." Early in the score—as the closing section of its first number—Weill placed the Mahlerian finale of the little "Mahagonny Songspiel" he had composed in 1927 "to test the musical style envisioned" for the larger work. Its first four notes are the melodic cell from which much of the "Mahagonny" music grows. (It has already been sounded during Widow Begbick's establishment of the city, at the words "Aber hier gibt es Spass.") At the end of the drama, the thudding, inexorable funeral-march rhythm of the accompaniment recurs, gathers above itself all the principal themes of the work, reveals their relationship, and provides this twentieth-century "Ring" with a shattering finale. Mr. Levine's treatment of the first statement was neat, crisp, light, unemphatic. It didn't lay firm foundations for the finale, the tragic yet exhilarating apotheosis. The Viennese café waltz to whose strains Jakob Schmidt eats himself to death didn't lilt. On the other hand, where a tight, bright, crisp tempo *is* needed, in the band music of the "Fighting" episode, Mr. Levine's handling was oddly relaxed. Weill recommended that for "Mahagonny" the orchestra should be raised to the level of the first row of what in America is, confusingly, also called the orchestra (elsewhere, the *platea*, *Parkett*, or stalls). The Met pit was raised, but not to stalls level; the sound of the orchestra was not as bright and forward as it should be. The stage, as Weill also recommended, was built out forward, over the orchestra pit (perhaps this roofed in some of the instrumental sound), and much of the action was played in front of the proscenium arch. About nine feet in, the prompter's box poked up through the stage floor, looking awkward. Is it immovable? It popped up likewise in "Die Entführung." In general, the disadvantages of the Met's immense size were less successfully minimized than in that bright "Entführung," put on a few weeks ago by the same team: Mr. Levine, John Dexter as director, Jocelyn Herbert as designer.

"Mahagonny" has a libretto by Bertolt Brecht. Miss Herbert's décor is an expansion of Brecht's textbook recipe for staging his works, but one carried out in an unimaginative and undistinguished fashion, in scenes of unrelenting ugliness. It employs the Brecht *Gardine*—the white half curtain whisking to and fro on its wire, bearing the projected captions before the



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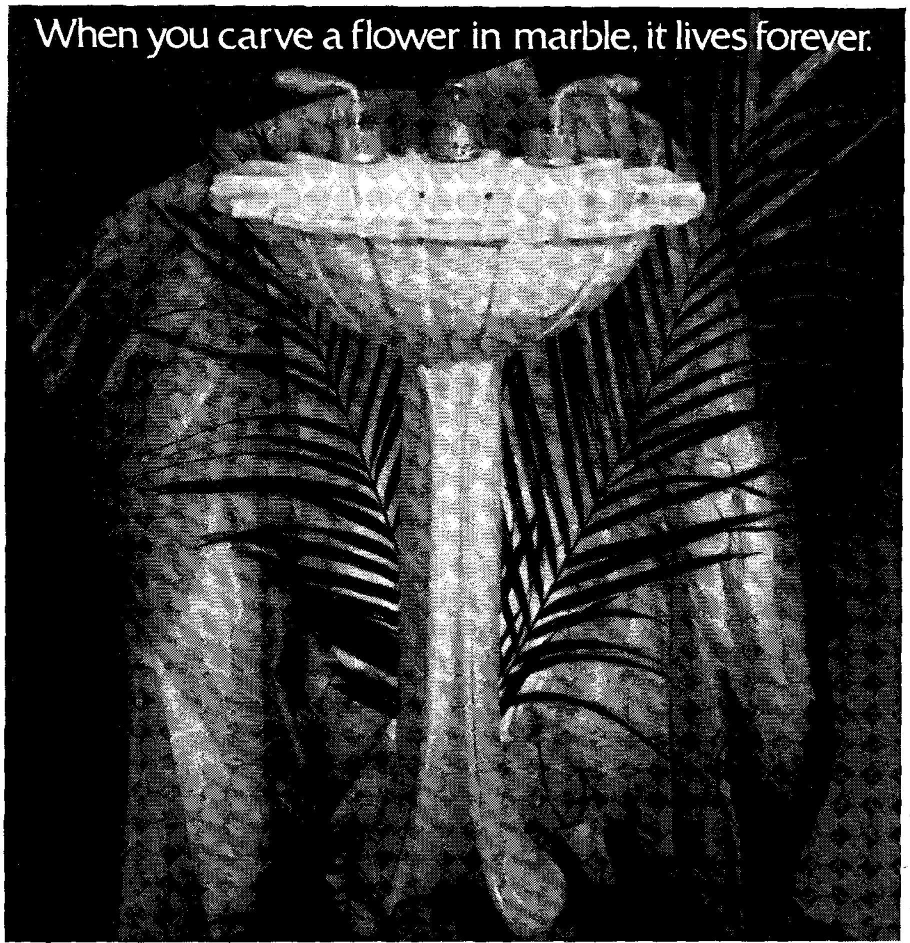

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scenes and acting as a backdrop to several of them. The device is called for in the stage directions, and I have seen modern "Mahagonny"s (in Hamburg, in Boston) where it has been successfully revived. But enlarged to a Met scale it loses some of its efficacy. Moreover, the open-plan set—like Ming Cho Lee's open sets for the Met "Boris Godunov" and "Lohengrin"—proves acoustically unsatisfactory when the singers are not well forward on it. The sound doesn't get out into the house. Mr. Levine has to keep his orchestra down; the wonderful instrumental inventions can't tell. Backcloth and sides are hangings of funereal black. If they were replaced in white—perhaps the "Entführung" wings could be used—the show might become more vivid. Brighter light would help, too. This subfusc "Mahagonny" was depressing. Weill and Brecht meant their work to be enjoyable. Usually it is.

Teresa Stratas, the Met's Jenny, is an intelligent and attractive artist. Lotte Lenya sang Jenny in a celebrated Berlin production of "Mahagonny" in 1931, and in 1956 she recorded the role. Her potent and particular artistry has colored the popular idea of the opera and tempted some modern Jennies into essaying a "cabaret" style. (Lenya also recorded some of Jenny's music in 1931, in a clear, fresh, "short" soprano very different from the 1956 night-club voice.) Miss Stratas avoids the temptation. She gives a compelling, direct, honest performance of a direct, honest, straightforward girl who must live in a dishonest world. But her voice is not quite big enough to project the music into so large a house. It is, however, a trained voice, and one that could well manage the original, operatic setting of Jenny's "Ach, bedenken Sie, Herr Jakob Schmidt." For the Berlin production, Weill composed a new setting of the number, apt to Miss Lenya's untrained voice. Miss Stratas, I understand, rehearsed both the operatic and the cabaret version; it was disappointing that in the performance she sang the latter. Weill tried to persuade Marie Gutheil-Schoder (who had made her début in 1891, and from 1900 onward had been one of Mahler's company at the Vienna Opera) to come out of retirement to sing Begbick; she was fifty-six, and she refused. Astrid Varnay, who sings Begbick in the Met production, is sixty-one. She does not command the role. It hurts to be unchivalrous to the most exciting Isolde and Brünnhilde of my life, but a critic's first duty is to the

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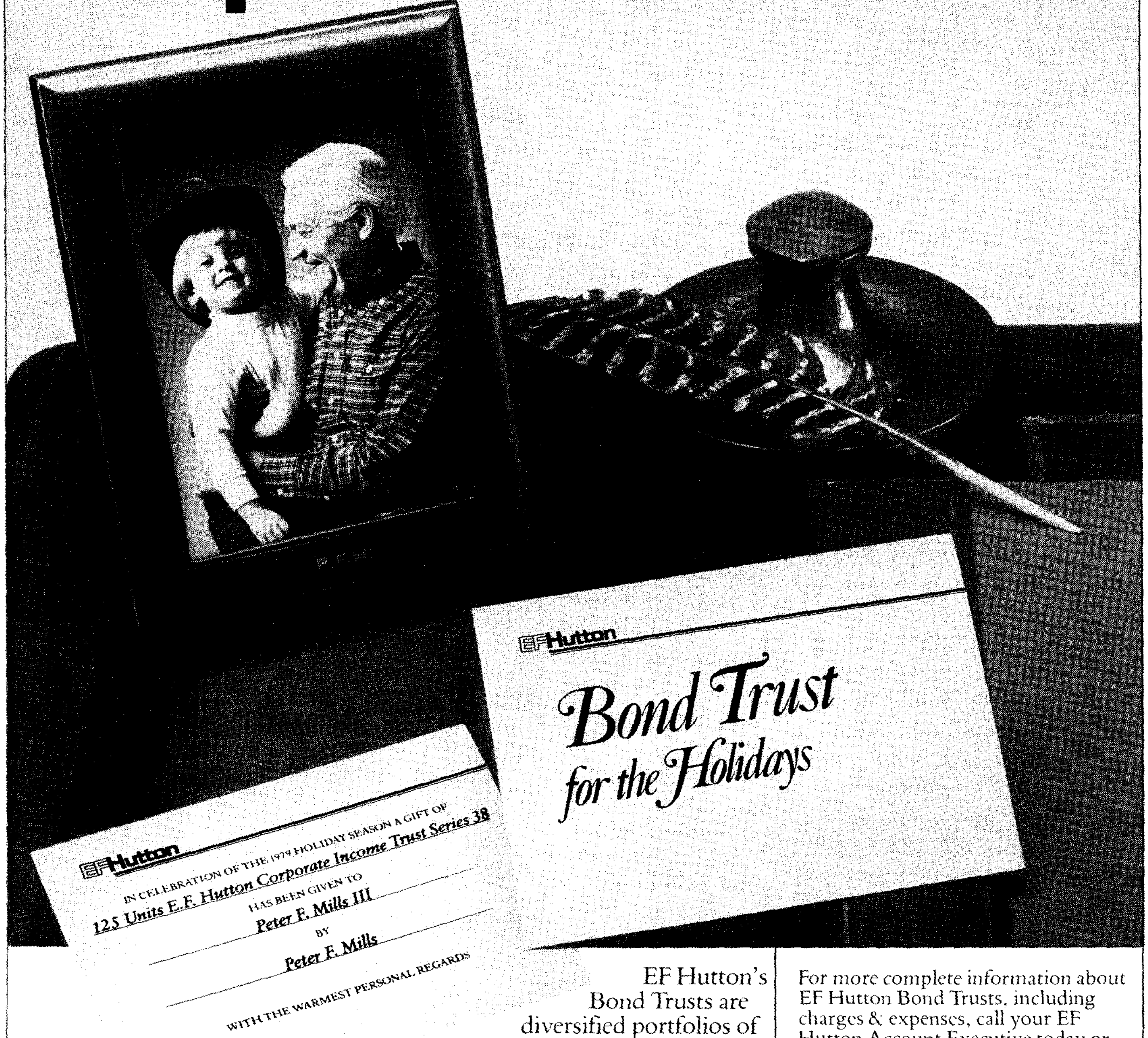

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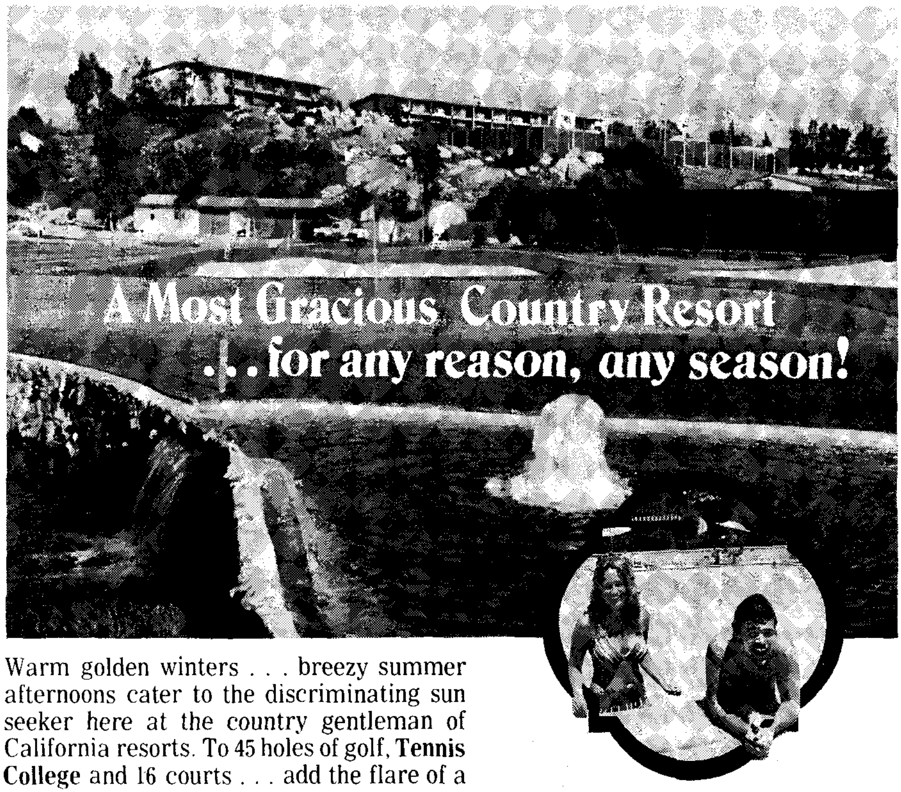
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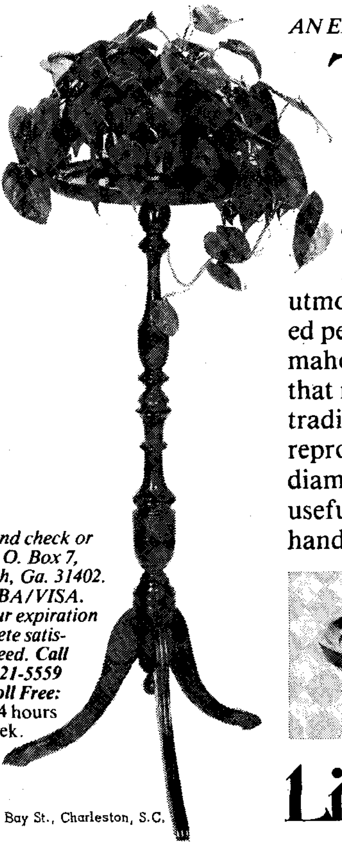

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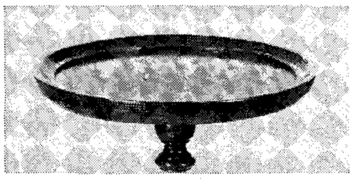

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work. Richard Cassilly is Jim Mahoney. He sings with intensity of expression. He plainly knows what the piece is about. But his timbre is often disagreeable. There are other veterans in the cast. Ragnar Ulfung is Fatty, Cornell MacNeil is Trinity Moses, and neither is particularly effective. But Arturo Sergi—my most poetic Lohengrin (seventeen years ago, in Wieland Wagner's Hamburg production)—sings Jakob Schmidt with the bright, forward tones that are needed. Michael Best, a young tenor, had his Met début in the small role of Toby Higgins, and beside his lithe performance several of the others in the cast seemed even more elderly. He, Miss Stratas, and Mr. Sergi alone showed the kind of freshness and gleam that made the City Opera's presentation of Weill's "Street Scene" so attractive, lively, and affecting.

If age, acoustics, and blackness conspire to mute the work, Mr. Dexter's unpointed direction abets them. It, too, could be described as subfusc. There are moments when one has to scan the confused stage pictures to discover who is singing. The shape of the three acts is far from clearly presented. The "Act of Love" scene in the second of them is much weakened by the interpolation of the Cranes Duet, Weill's setting of an early Brecht love sonnet. Weill admitted it to the first edition of the score as a sop to directors too timid to stage the episode as he had composed it, but he stressed that it should be dropped from Act II once theatres had the "courage" to stage the original. At the opera's sixth production, in Berlin in 1931, it *was* dropped—"rightly so," as Mr. Drew remarks in the preface to his critical edition of the score, "for it is completely at odds with the style and structure of the other *Sittenbilder*." The duet is good music, however, and Weill had an idea that it might find a place in Act III. His idea wasn't tried in Berlin, since the music lay outside Miss Lenya's range, but other productions have shown that the Cranes Duet can be included and be effective and poignant in that act. In the Met production, it should be moved. "Mahagonny" presents other textual problems than the duet; they arise from Brecht's and Weill's decision to work in the six songs from their plotless "Mahagonny Songspiel." Three of these drop easily into the operatic narrative, and the other three less easily—the "Benares" song most awkwardly of all. In Berlin, and in Brecht's "reading text" of the libretto, "Benares"

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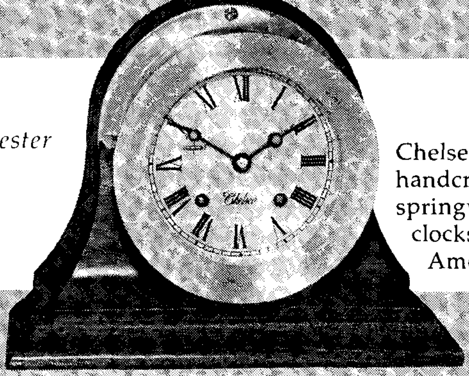

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was simply omitted. In Boston, Sarah Caldwell moved it to Act I, and that didn't really work. Other productions have shown the wisdom of Mr. Drew's suggestion that it should be played as a coda to the trial, without being given—as happens at the Met—the prominence of an independent scene.

The Met "Mahagonny" will surely improve. On the first night, everyone seemed to be inhibited, too respectful. The chorus did not sing out as if it loved the music. When Jim went berserk with a knife, toward the end of Act I, no one seemed to be in any real danger from him. And Mr. Levine's conducting of a new score often takes a performance or two before it kindles into life. The musical roots of "Mahagonny" lie in Mozart, Wagner, and Mahler—three composers Mr. Levine understands. I hope that later in the season I can add a brighter postscript to this review.

APOLLO, Cecilia—some musical spirit—must have decided that I shouldn't be allowed to pass a quiet, musicless evening at home the week before last. Before settling down with a good book, I turned on the radio to hear the news; got WNYC; heard an announcer say that a recital by Peter Orth, the winner of this year's Naumburg Piano Competition, was about to be broadcast from Alice Tully Hall and that his program would include Roger Sessions' "Pages from a Diary." Naturally, I stayed listening. Bach began the program—the Four Duets. Mr. Orth's playing of them was clean, sharply articulated, cogently phrased. The musical discourse was unclouded, unromanticized. Apart from some scurrying in No. 3, this was a model of how to sound Bach on a modern piano. The Sessions then showed that the pianist had wit and temperament, if not quite enough, perhaps, for these endearing pieces. The outer movements of Beethoven's Opus 109, the next work, were played in a large, free, thoughtful way, as if Mr. Orth himself were composing the music as he went along and sometimes wondering what should come next. The Prestissimo whirled out like an improvisation. Sometimes his quasi-extempore approach went too far, till one felt like saying, "Come, now. Everyone does know what happens next in Opus 109, so do stop teasing, and get on with it." But it was an arresting performance. It held my attention and interested me in the player. So when the intermission came I took up an um-

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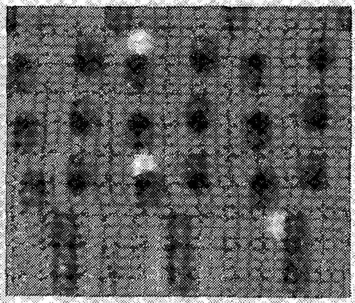

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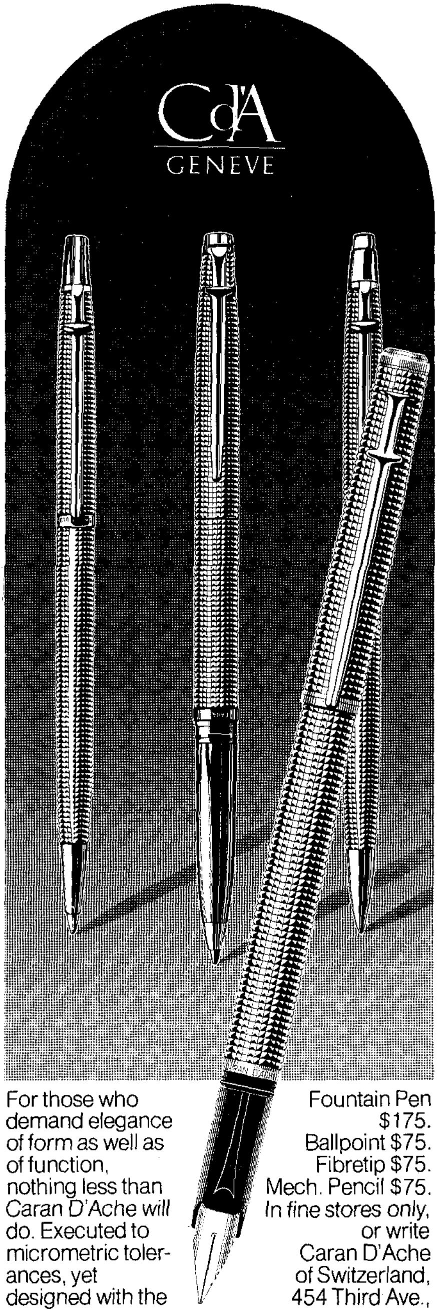

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brella and sloshed through the night to Tully Hall; the place was well filled, but I managed to find a seat. Part II was Chopin's Opus 25 Studies, played as a set, and they were enjoyably done. Each was sharply characterized, skillfully shaped, and the large, well-founded, and all-embracing technique already heard in the Beethoven was everywhere in evidence. What I missed was some touches of romantic melancholy; the sun seemed to be shining, warm, confident, even on the C-Sharp Minor. Mr. Orth's command became a shade less precise in the last two studies—a price many pianists pay when they play the twelve studies straight through, as if they formed a suite with three excessively taxing finales.

The live encounter revealed that the piano whose warm, unglassy sound I had liked so much was a Baldwin; that Mr. Orth is a fidgety player to watch (he bounces, tosses his head, shoots his cuffs); that he has a big tone that does not become bangy and an exquisite soft tone that steals out to fill the hall. Yet I still feel somewhat unsure whether—despite the Bach and the Beethoven—he is a profound musician in the making or just a (very accomplished, sensitive, generous) pianist. His first encore was "Handel-Orth," delicately, poetically played. His second was the Schulz-Evler transcription of the "Blue Danube." One doesn't expect a young pianist to deliver it with the lilting, aristocratic elegance of Joseph Lhevinne, whose famous recording sets the standard, but Mr. Orth didn't seem even to be aiming for it.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Advocate

REBECCA LA BRECQUE's program of recent American piano music, given at Carnegie Recital Hall last month, was a model of its kind: it showed how persuasive and engrossing a concert of unfamiliar new music can be when it is devised with sensitivity and performed with commitment. Not every work that Miss La Brecque played was a masterpiece, by any means, but she brought to each her formidable skill and illuminated its special qualities; the recital was greater than the sum of its parts. All the music was composed between 1975 and 1979. (Some of it, the scores revealed, was finished only in October.) Four works written for Miss La Brecque were at the center of the program (two before

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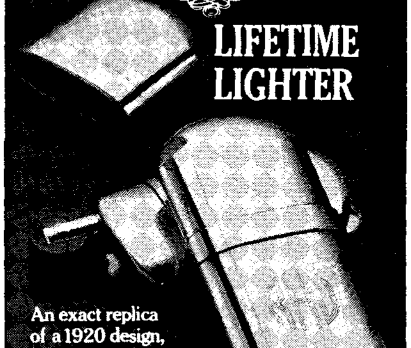

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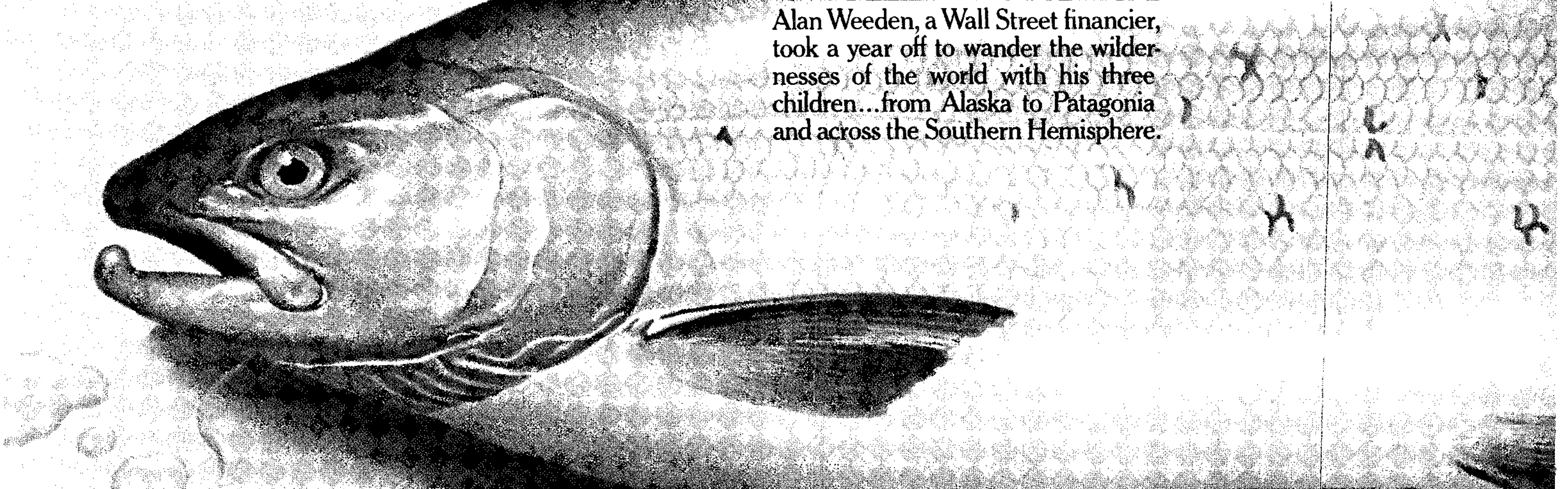

The Atlantic salmon may be the freshwater fisherman's supreme prize. So Fortune joined a party of U.S. and Canadian executives on a fishing expedition to a remote corner of Iceland. Notice that the people Fortune writes about are the same people who read us.

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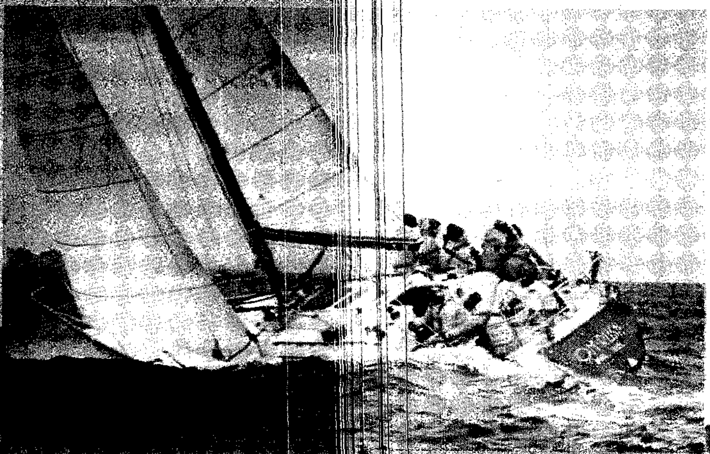
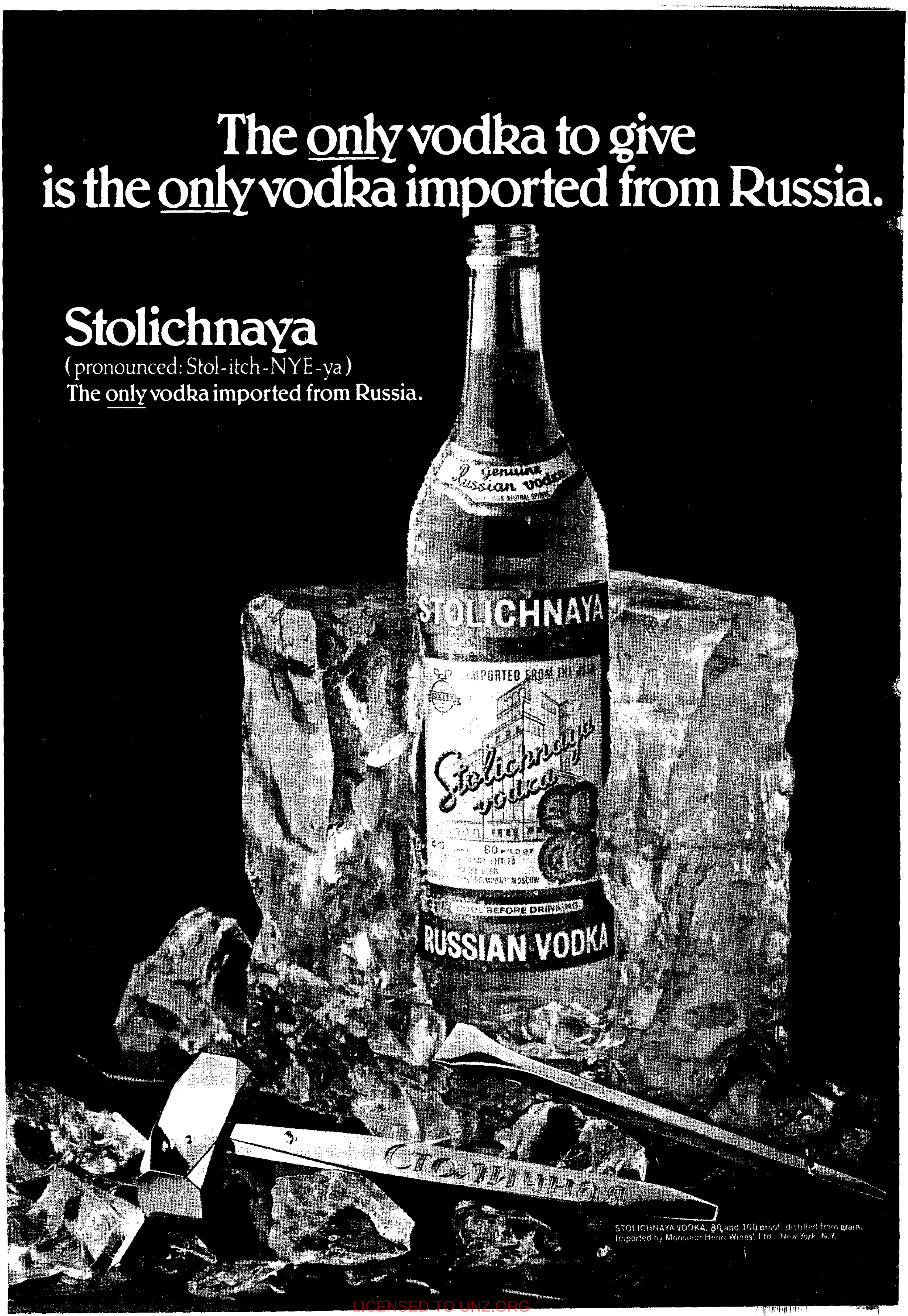


Hobbies…from astronomy to orchid growing …are part of the executive life-style. So of course Fortune writes about them. Here, Meredith Wood Jr. of Chemical Bank in New York trains his front-yard telescope on Jupiter. His specialty is deep-sky objects and double stars.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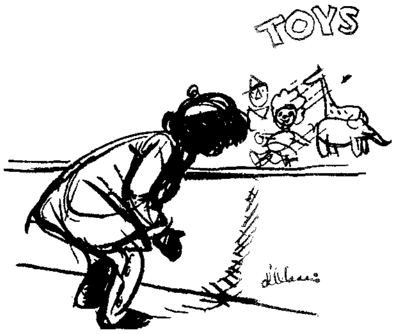
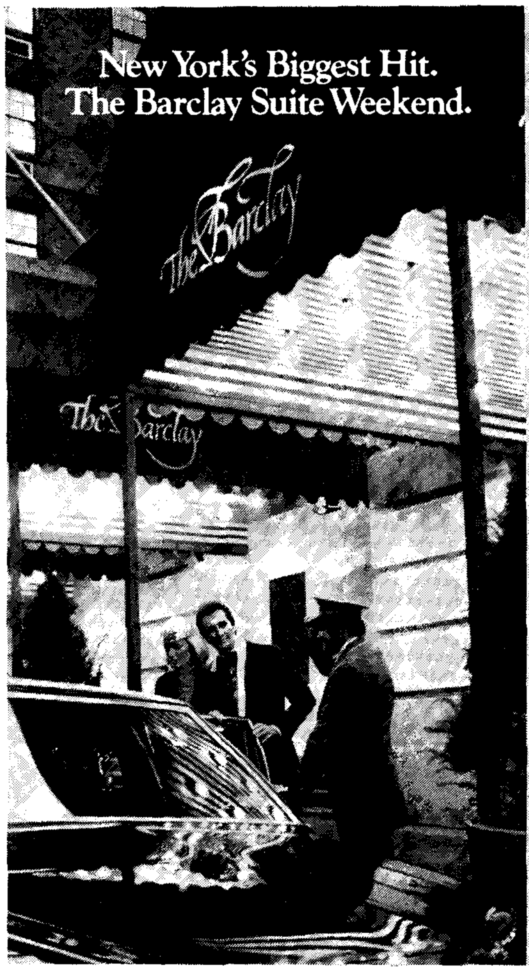
and two after the intermission); a group of five pieces written as a tribute to Roger Sessions on his eightieth birthday began it; and Sessions' own Five Pieces in memory of Luigi Dallapiccola completed the scheme.

The opening fragments might have sounded insubstantial, but the pianist used them to lead us into the varieties of sound and idiom in the recital. Andrew Imbrie's moving little song "A Moment's Reflection" was followed by the dry wit of Donald Martino's "Impromptu for Roger," the less concisely skittish "Just a Minute, Roger," by David Lewin, and "Alonso's Grief," by Peter Westergaard. Carlton Gamer's "Quietly, with Feeling" was the oddest work in the recital: a diatonic piece of neo-Mendelssohnian rhapsody, it managed to sound fresh and new; an old language was used, for once, not with purely nostalgic intent. These were fine tributes, each characterized with precision and grace by Miss La Brecque. The pieces written for her were more patchy. I have no idea whether the composers—Eleanor Cory, Allen Anderson, Corodon Fuller, and Richard Alan Strawser—form any recognizable "school" or would acknowledge any shared preoccupations. Here what they had in common was an exceptional sensitivity to the physical properties of piano sound (the particular spread of harmonics, the range of resonance and sustaining power) and a determination to exploit the dedicatee's technical abilities to the utmost. All four works could be described as intellectual exercises: notation was meticulously precise, musical argument was dense, and there were no improvisatory elements. On paper, Eleanor Cory's "Suite à la Brecque" looked the crudest of the four, yet in performance it revealed a most acute ear for sonority; the widely spaced chords and jagged lines of the very slow third movement picked sounds from the instrument which I had never heard before, as if the composer had just lighted upon a unique combination of overtones at the top of

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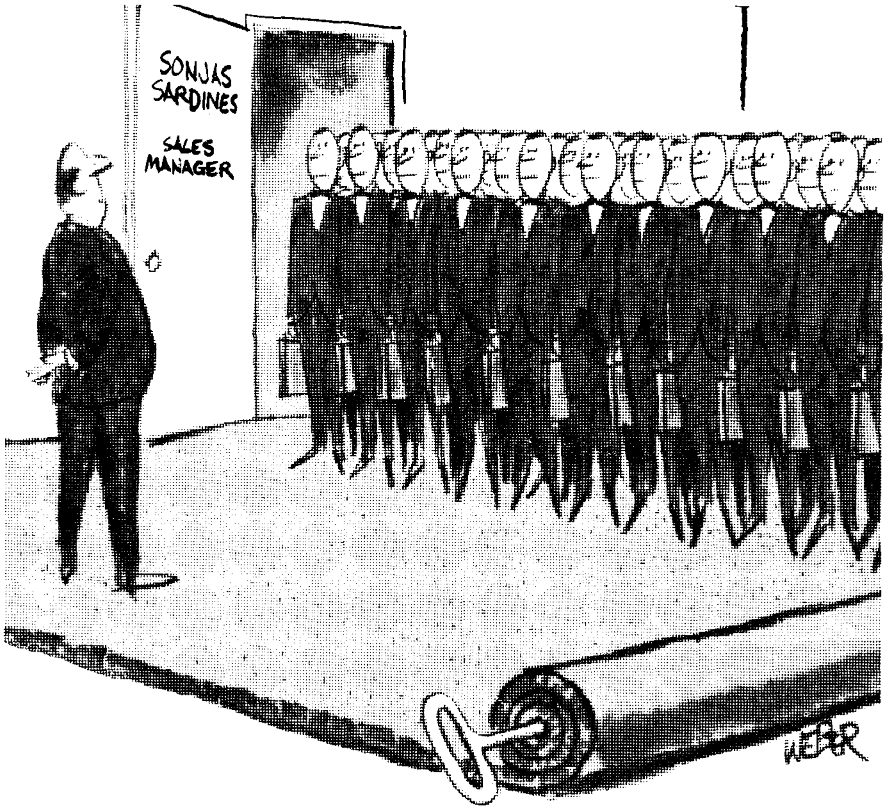

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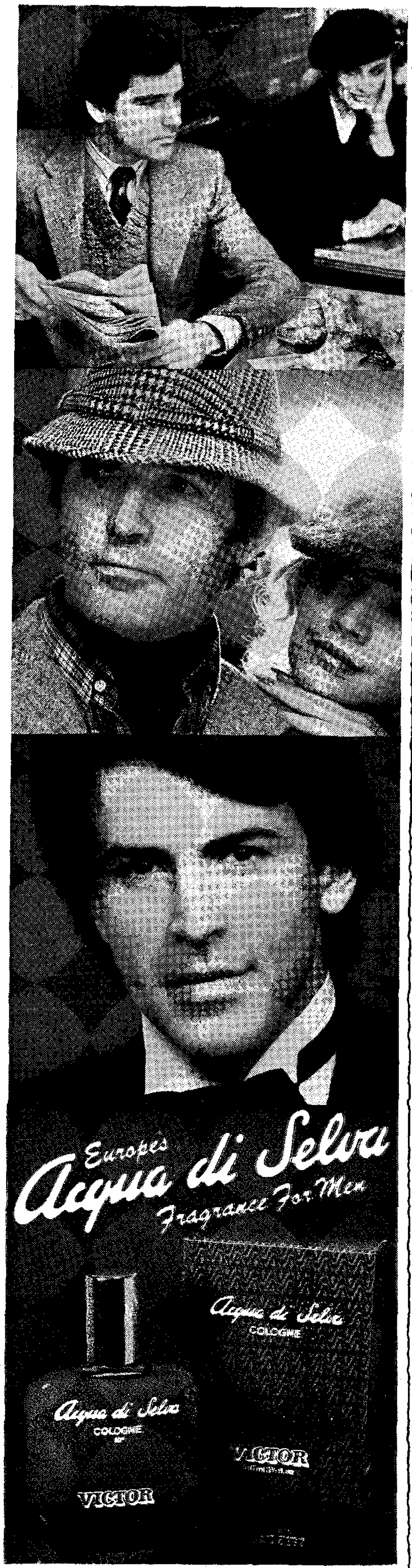

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the keyboard, drawn from the vast range of possibilities created by the notes struck in the bass register. This sort of imagination also marked Richard Alan Strawser's "Poetries": a continuous five-section piece, with passages marked "luminous"—which had all the evocative clarity of a Debussy prelude—alongside wild, Messiaen-like moments of fervor and mystery. I wondered if the long, subtle central section might not have been more effective as a separate movement; all the sections were clearly differentiated, but the sequence was demanding to follow. Still, this is the piece from the evening which I would most like to hear again. I could scarcely keep patience with the kaleidoscopic series of events in "Measure of Terrain," by Allen Anderson. Though passing patterns were vivid and varied, the over-all effect was of a complexity that led nowhere—until the piece was rescued by a sudden climax, based on a violent chord sequence, that somehow pulled the diffuse material together. Corodon Fuller's Sonata No. 1, of 1977, I completely failed to grasp. It consists of a brief introduction, with some fairly feeble use of sounds inside the piano, and then "Improvisations"—an incoherent string of ideas, some attractive, few of them properly worked out.

Miss La Brecque's manner with all this music was involved and involving. There is nothing dry or monochrome in her playing; she uses a wide dynamic range, and is prepared on occasion to sacrifice an accurate chord in pursuit of a force that gives even the most seemingly arid pages of score a vigorous, purposeful life. In the eloquent Sessions pieces, which knitted the recital together (more accomplished and more economical than any of the others heard, but providing not too violent a contrast either of style or of technique), Miss La Brecque found depth, color, and—in the movement whose composition was interrupted by the news of Dallapiccola's death—understated grief. If I were a composer of piano music, I would already be trying to persuade Miss La Brecque to include my work in her next recital; such open-minded, accomplished advocacy of new music is rare indeed.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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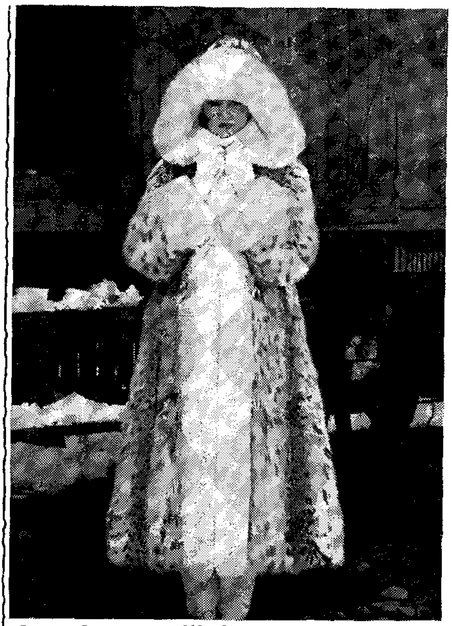

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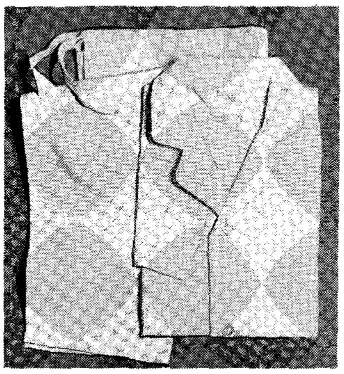

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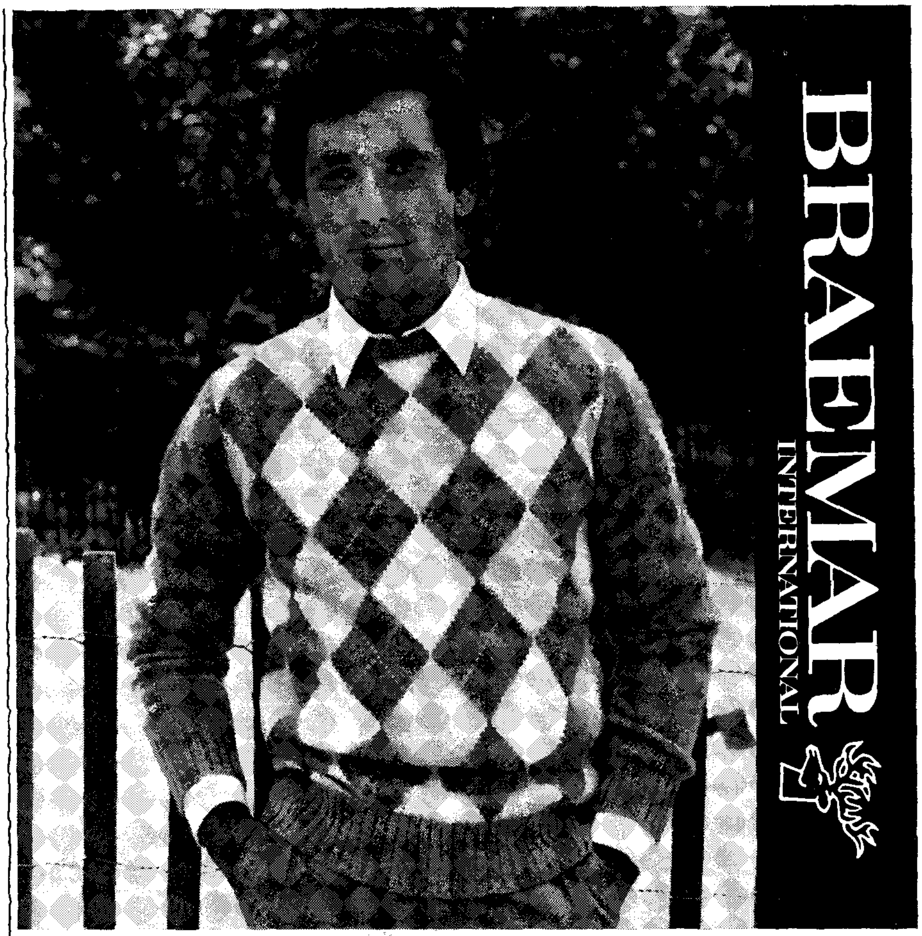
baton of Tulio Serafin, has been re-released by Deutsche Grammophon (2728 008; six sides). This is a very Italianate version of the opera, as the names in the cast might indicate. It is thus passionate and eloquent, and, in my estimation, superior to the recent Karajan release. Much of its musicality is due to the cultivated style of Mr. Bergonzi, who sings the role of Manrico with splendid polish. I must say that though Verdi wrote more subtle operas, "Il Trovatore" remains my favorite, because of its tremendous flow of hearty Verdian melody.

Verdi's "Otello" has received a new recording, by Carlo Cossutta, Margaret Price, Gabriel Bacquier, Peter Dvorsky, Jane Berbié, and others, with the Vienna State Opera chorus and the Vienna Philharmonic, under Georg Solti (London OSA 13130; six sides). This is a fine "Otello," and, compared with the five other "Otello"s listed in the Schwann catalogue, it stands very high. Mr. Cossutta is a true *tenore di forza*—his voice trumpets magnificently over the orchestral fabric—and Mr. Bacquier is a splendid Iago. The recording is also remarkable for the distinct and precise articulation of the singers and the orchestra—something for which Mr. Solti is undoubtedly responsible.

Still another Verdi work, "Un Ballo in Maschera," is the subject of a fine recent recording at the hands of José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell, Montserrat Caballé, Patricia Payne, Sona Ghazarian, Jonathan Summers, Robert Lloyd, Gwynne Howell, and others, with the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra, conducted by Colin Davis (Philips 6769 020; six sides). This recording has four Schwann rivals, but it is a good one, with both Mr. Carreras and Mme. Caballé in fine voice.

Then, there is Mozart's "Don Giovanni"—to me the greatest of all operas—in a new recording involving Sherrill Milnes as the Don and John Macurdy, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Peter Schreier, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Walter Berry, Dale Duesing, and Edith Mathis in the other roles (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 085; six sides). The Vienna Philharmonic plays along with them, and the veteran Karl Böhm is the conductor. This recording is a perfectly splendid one, made during the 1977 Salzburg Festival. As sometimes happens in performance recordings, however, the singing is not altogether perfect. Miss Mathis, in particular, has a few wobbly moments. But this is a small flaw in what is otherwise a superb performance. The recita-



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tives this time are a bit louder than the word "secco" calls for, but they are nevertheless highly effective.

Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," an opera somewhat neglected on records, has been given a welcome new recording by London (OSA 13131; six sides). It involves Leontyne Price, René Kollo, Edita Gruberova, Walter Berry, Tatiana Troyanos, and Barry McDaniel, among others, with the London Philharmonic, under Georg Solti. The cast could not be better, and Mr. Solti's conducting gives the performance admirable balance and continuity. Miss Gruberova, an artist heretofore unknown to me, is a sparkling Zerbinetta, with stratospheric high notes, and the others, who are all well known, sing with special verve and humor.

Benjamin Britten's gloomy "Peter Grimes" is far from being my favorite opera. It is an opera in which the libretto swamps the music. But it is undeniably dramatic, and a great many operagoers like it. A superb new recording of the opera has been issued, with Jon Vickers in the title role, and with a cast that includes Heather Harper, Jonathan Summers, Elizabeth Bainbridge, and Teresa Cahill, accompanied by the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra, under the baton of Colin Davis (Philips 6769 014; six sides). The recording is good enough to set a standard.

ALICIA DE LARROCHA's inimitable style in playing the music of her native Spain, as well as many other types of music, is well known. Vox has issued a collection of her Spanish recordings, including works by Granados, Albéniz, Turina, Soler, and de Falla (SVBX 5801; six sides). These works are performed with Miss de Larrocha's usual flair. For those interested in her playing of more standard classical works, London has issued a recording of Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 25, K. 503, and 27, K. 595, performed with the London Philharmonic, under the baton of Georg Solti (CS 7109; single disc). Here Solti manages to restrain his rather aggressive temperament, and Miss de Larrocha plays like an angel. The result is truly magnificent. The concertos are from Mozart's most mature period, and they are a joy to listen to.

Martha Argerich has recorded Schumann's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 54, and Chopin's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2, Opus 21, with the help of the Washington, D.C., National Symphony, un-

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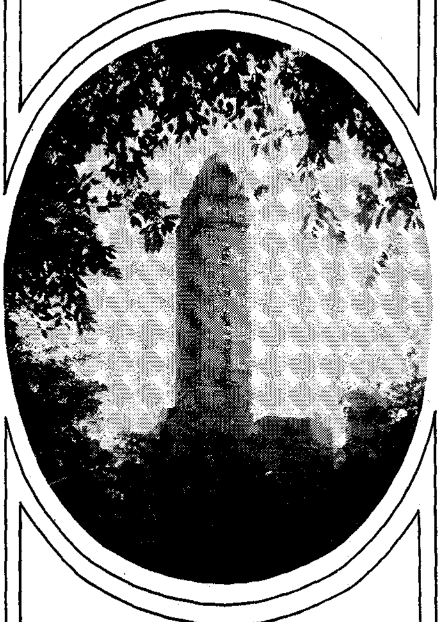

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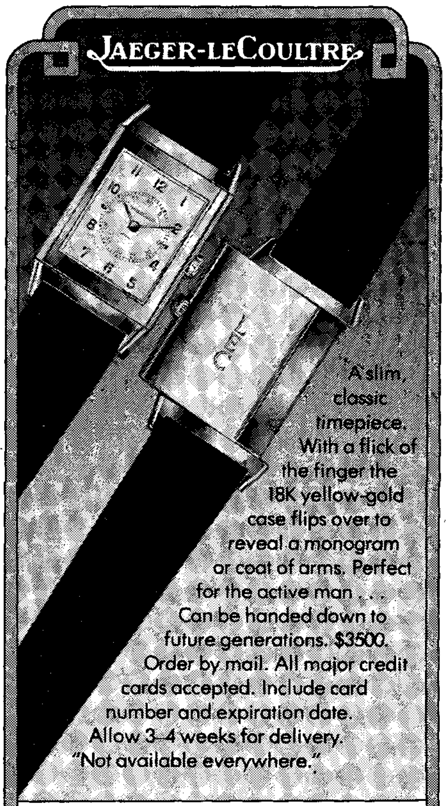

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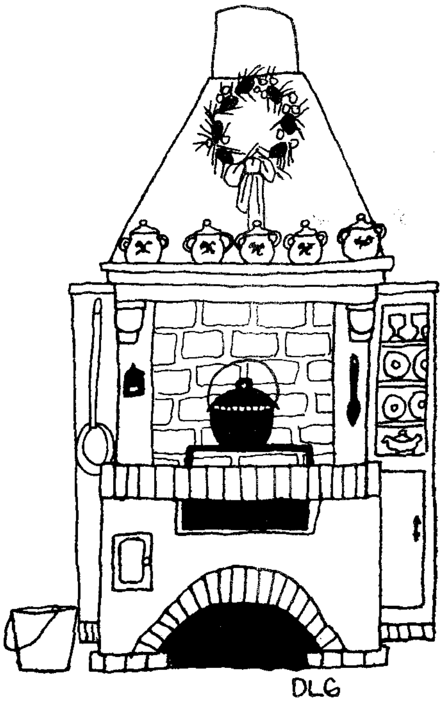
der Mstislav Rostropovich (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 042; single). Of course, nearly every leading pianist of the day has recorded these works, but Miss Argerich has a fine Romantic touch and plenty of technique and power. The orchestra plays adequately.

Twelve of Schumann's vocal duets and four songs from his Opus 98a are given sensitive and admirably controlled performances on a recent disc by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Leslie Guinn, baritone; and Gilbert Kalish, piano (Nonesuch H-71364).

Maurizio Pollini, with the Vienna Philharmonic, under Karl Böhm, has recorded Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, Opus 37, with excellent style and fluent technique (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 057; single). There are, of course, many other recordings, but this is a fine one.

A welcome addition to the list of Fauré recordings is a disc containing the two Sonatas for Violin and Piano (Philips 9500 534; single). The performers are Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Paul Crossley, piano. The works are beautiful, and the proper style is admirably retained throughout.

Two versions of Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony have recently appeared—one by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA ARL1-2945; single), the other by Vladimir Ashkenazy and the New Philharmonia Orchestra (London CS 7075; single). If you prefer the smoothness and experience of the Ormandy approach, the RCA rendition is for you. Ashkenazy's version is perhaps a bit more dramatic, not to say theatrical. The work strikes me as



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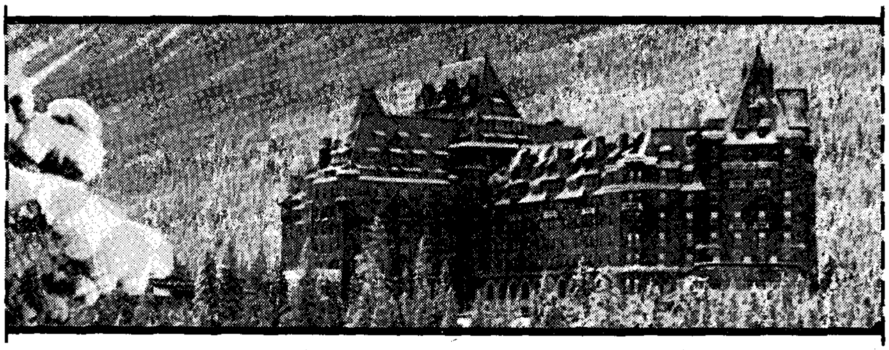

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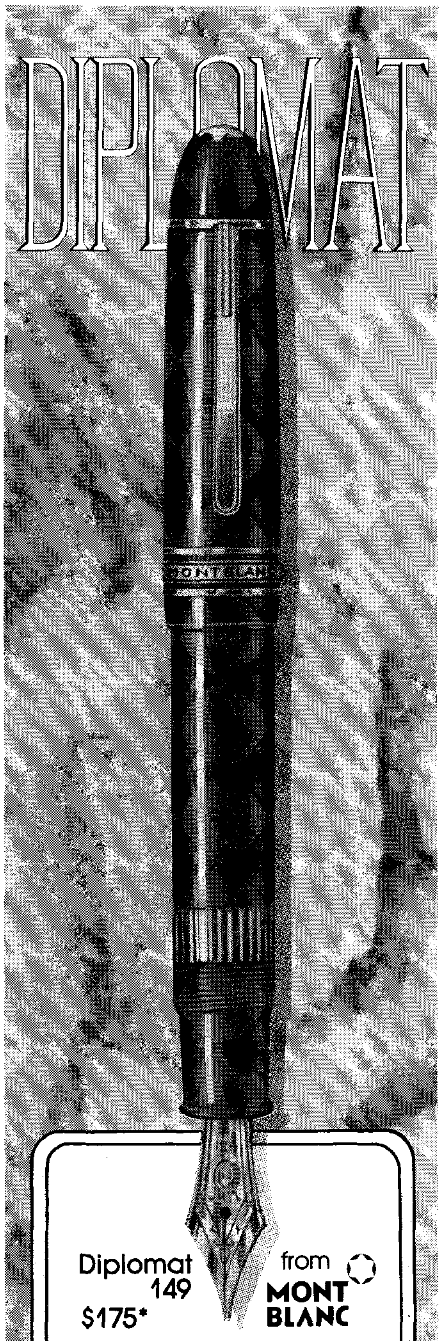

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just a lot of Romantic heroics, but Tchaikovsky enthusiasts will love every bit of it.

FERRUCCIO BUSONI was just about the first of the experimental composers of modern times. Some of his works are impressive, some prefigure the work of other composers, like Prokofiev, and some merely seem a bit silly. All these qualities are contained in his Six Sonatinas for Piano, which have been recorded by Paul Jacobs (Nonesuch H-71359; single). I find them a bit tiresome, but Mr. Jacobs has been commendably meticulous in his performances.

The two Flute Concertos of Mozart, K. 313 and 314, and his Andante, K. 315, are performed with exquisite style by Jean-Pierre Rampal, with the Jerusalem Music Center Chamber Orchestra, under—of all people—Isaac Stern (RCA ARL1-3084; single). Mr. Stern appears to be an excellent conductor (though I sometimes wish famous instrumentalists would not all try to be conductors), and the orchestra plays admirably. Mr. Rampal needs no introduction. He is probably the most recorded flutist of the day.

César Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, along with the Bach-Busoni Chaconne—arranged by Busoni from one of Bach's violin sonatas (and Busoni, despite whatever faults he may have had as a composer, was a great arranger)—and Mozart's Rondo in A Minor, K. 511, has been recorded by the grand old man of pianism, Arthur Rubinstein (RCA ARL1-3342; single). I'm not sure when this recording was made, but Rubinstein seems to be at the height of his powers, and he gives wonderfully knowing performances of all three works. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

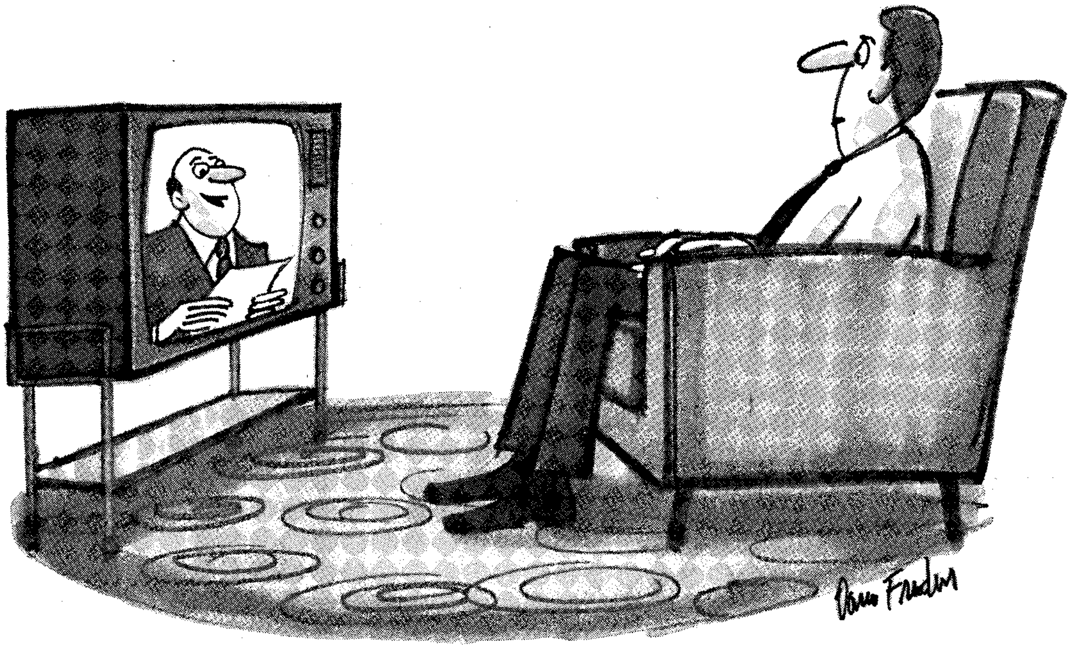
CONFIDENT that each giver will take time to reflect on the tastes and needs of a particular man, we present a few suggestions. Each is obviously not appropriate for everyone, nor can it always be put straightway to midwinter use.

MEN who camp outdoors might well appreciate a tent from a singularly beautiful choice at Moss Tent Works, Mt. Battie Street, Camden, Maine 04843. The structures often resemble stones, shells, or seabirds poised for flight. They depend for their elegance, spaciousness, and functionalism on the way the fabric is curved in tension over aluminum frames. Some of the tents are free-standing, so occupants can turn them for a change of view, and some have vents in the top, for gazing at the stars on summer nights. They range in price from the Solus, for solitary backpackers, canoeists, and cyclists, at $120, to complete vacation houses, with screen porches and storage rooms, for $1,500 or so. And an absorbing study of what Bill Moss, their designer, calls "soft architecture" is "The Tent Book," by E. M. Hatton (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95 in paperback at Scribner, Brentano's, and elsewhere). The book covers everything from Mongol yurts and Indian tepees to tents in the movies and on medieval battlefields.

Kreeger & Sons, 16 West 46th Street, has a number of warm outdoor jackets that are an alternative to the inflated-balloon look of down. A quarter-inch layer of a space-age insulating material named Thinsulate is used inside a shell of wind-beating cotton-and-nylon. This insulation is added to one version of the classic 60/40 cotton-nylon-blend parka by Sierra Designs. The fingertip-length, hooded, and multi-pocketed jacket is in navy, tan, or rust and costs $105. A shorter parka is made by The North Face, of a 65/35 blend fabric, which is used in a double layer over the shoulder area. This jacket has Thinsulate lining, corduroy-faced collar and cuffs, and plenty of practical pockets. In tan or light green, and $90. Eddie Bauer, Box 3700, Seattle, Washington 98124, has a wide array of down-filled garments and other equipment for the outdoor life. Here are tough and waterproof gear bags in richly colored PVC-covered polyester, suitable for sailing, white-water canoeing, or ferrying stuff out to a weekend place. A fold-over top is closed with Velcro tabs and cinched with nylon straps, and there are two nylon backstraps. In orange, bright pine-green, or bright blue, the size that is twenty-four inches high when packed is $34.95; a thirty-two-inch version is $36.95. Telephone orders for credit-card holders are taken at 1-800-426-8020.

Men who are drawn to stretches of frozen water may be ready for the pleasures of skate-sailing. For a dollar, Basil Kamener (14 Whitewood Road, North White Plains, New York 10603), who is commodore of the Skate-Sailing Association of America, will be happy to impart information about equipment—basically, a pair of long-bladed skates and a sail, which may have an area of between thirty and seventy square feet. For sixteen dollars, Mr. Kamener will send plans for making a special Swedish-designed sail that will travel as fast as an ice-boat. Waterfun, Box 3442 Ridgeway, Stamford, Connecticut 06905, will ship out any of three different sails, costing $120, $115, and $105, with nine-, eight-, or seven-foot mast and boom. The sizes are suitable for skaters of different weights.

Beachcombers might enjoy a new volume in the Peterson Field Guide series—"A Field Guide to the Atlantic Seashore," by Kenneth L. Gosner (Houghton Mifflin; $12.95 at Scribner and elsewhere). Through scientific yet accessible text and illustrations, those who use it may acquaint themselves with bushy bryozoans and tubicolous amphipods as well as with crabs and seaweed. A little something for the boating man may generally be uncovered at the Fulton Supply Company, just now in temporary quarters at 199 Front Street, off Fulton. They have watch caps in oiled salt-and-pepper wool, for $6; a variety of oiled-wool sweaters, for from $44 to $59; and sailors' sweaters from France, buttoned on one shoulder and striped in blue and white or blue and red, for $59. Around the corner, at 11 Fulton, the South Street Seaport Museum's Book & Chart store has glossy, pipe-dream tomes for weekend sailors, including "Challenge: Lone Sailors of the Atlantic" ($19.95); "Harbor and Haven: An Illustrated History of the Port of New York" ($25); and "Wake of the Whale" ($35). Manhattan Marine, 116 Chambers Street, has some special 7 x 50 binoculars: as sailors look through them, they see a dial that shows the compass bearing; $850. Ships' lamps and lanterns are from $30 to $85. At



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Fred Clark, the only bald-headed news commentator on TV, bringing you the six-o'clock news."

12 West 46th Street, there is an attractive new branch of Goldberg's, the Philadelphia-based marine supermarket. Among a comprehensive choice of sailing accessories we saw a yacht-racing timer-stopwatch, for $15.55, and a well-designed canary-color foul-weather suit. This is $94.44, and a matching sou'wester is $8.39.

Taking refuge from the storm and settling in to quieter pleasures, we arrive at the Mysterious Bookshop, 129 West 56th Street. This comfortable town-house shop has everything for fans of crime and detective fiction, with a downstairs devoted to paperbacks and an upstairs collection of hardbacks, many of them difficult to find, out of print, or first editions. Works by such writers as Agatha Christie, Margery Allingham, Dorothy Sayers, Freeman Wills Crofts, Cornell Woolrich, Ellery Queen, and S. S. Van Dine are generally under $10. Ffolio 72, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), has handsome and substantial-looking photograph albums. They have tabs between the pages, which are of vellum-colored acid-free French paper. (This way, they won't spread in an ungainly fashion when photographs are pasted in.) Both an eleven-and-a-half-by-thirteen-inch and a thirteen-by-twenty-inch version come covered in a choice of gray-beige Belgian linen or handmade book endpapers with leather corners and spine. The small is $70 in linen, $80 in endpaper; the large is $135 in linen, $175 in endpaper.

For men who play an instrument, there is the beautiful music stand designed by Peter Korn. The rack looks something like a Shaker design for a rake and may be set at any angle by means of a brass wing nut. The stand is adjustable through a twenty-inch range of heights and is made of kiln-dried cherry; $125 at the Makers Gallery, 124 Spring Street, or by mail from Peter Korn, Box 475, Wainscott, New York 11975 (Telephone: 516-537-3418). Shoppers who know a man with patience and a home that lends itself to reproductions of the eighteenth-century style may get a furniture kit for assembling, staining, and finishing from the Bartley Collection, 121 Schelter Road, Prairie View, Illinois 60069. A simple Chippendale-bench style has the advantage of a muslin seat just waiting to be covered by the needlepoint that many women today are producing in abundance. In mahogany or cherry and with a choice of stains; $125.

Anglophiles and "Masterpiece Theatre" enthusiasts may ramble vicarious-

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COLOGNE
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FOR MEN

ly through "The Victorian Country House"—the latest, copiously illustrated volume by Mark Girouard, author of "Life in the English Country House." "The Victorian Country House" covers all the eclectic follies and historicist grandiosity of the period, and leads the curious from smoking room to billiard room and through the winter garden to the croquet lawn. It's published by the Yale University Press and costs $29.95 at the Madison Avenue Bookshop (833 Madison, at 69th) and Books & Co. (939 Madison, at 74th), among other stores. Anglophiles with a yen for fine eighteenth-century furniture, and the purse to afford the investment prices it fetches on both sides of the Atlantic these days, may be accommodated at Vernay & Jussel, 825 Madison (69th). Here are the scent of beeswax, the patina of a more confident epoch, the ticking of long-case clocks that have marked the time since Queen Anne was on the throne. One such, with an arabesque marquetry case of holly on ebony and a brass-faced month-long movement, is $17,000. A pair of rare celestial and terrestrial table globes by Dudley Adams is $14,500. A small Sheraton mantel clock has a mahogany case, brass feet and handle, and a brass-rimmed enamel face; $950. People short on funds who know a man long on curiosity about such furniture, its period, and other aspects of collecting the decorative arts may potter comfortably at Barra Books, 819 Madison. Should they choose, antiquaries may steer clear of such treasures as a first edition of Thomas Chippendale's design book, "The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director," and discover informative, unusual works at accessible prices.

GARDENERS may save fuel for the mower by turning the odd stretch of lawn into a flower-filled meadow. The Geo. W. Park Seed Company, Greenwood, South Carolina 29647, sells various wild-flower mixtures suitable for the Eastern, Central, or Western areas of the country. One ounce of No. 1 mixture (for the East, and enough to plant two hundred and fifty square feet) is $4.35; a pound is $38.50. The homely little twenty-five-cent catalogue of Walter F. Nicke, Box 667G, Hudson, New York 12534, is called "Garden Talk" and is filled with tools and gadgets for digging, planting, hoeing, raking, watering, spraying, pruning, and propagating. A choice of the clean-slicing Sheffield-steel Rolcut secateurs includes the

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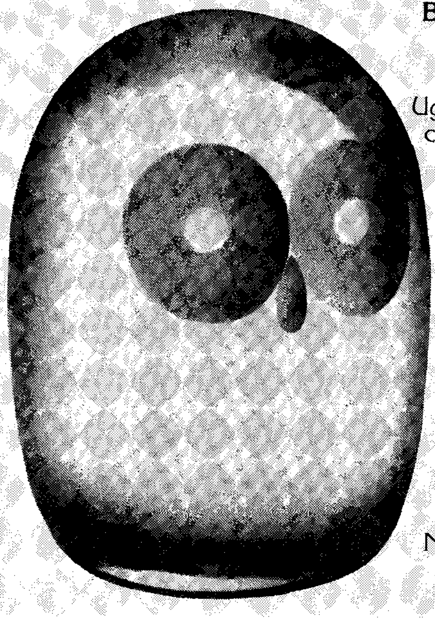
No. 1 Standard, for $6.75, and a version with clearly visible orange handles, for $7.25. Long-handled tree pruners are $29.95, and an instructional book on "The Forgotten Art of Building a Stone Wall" is $2.95. Among a choice of bird feeders is a quaint style with a peaked roof, made by English thatchers; it's $9.95. A birdhouse on the same lines is $11.95.

The National Audubon Society has endorsed a more scientific-looking bird feeder, which has proved good for keeping away all but small birds. The top half of the two-foot-tall tube is a clear-plastic seed compartment with perches too short for blue jays; squirrels bent on shinnying up or slithering down to the seed are foiled by a lower section of dark-green metal and by a domed lid; $32.95. A complete gift package might include the seed as well. Among mixtures specially made up for the Society is the Premium Blend, which is rich in that avian delicacy sunflower; $21.95 for twenty kilograms, $11.95 for ten. Seed and feeder are obtainable in person or by mail from the National Audubon Society, 950 Third Avenue, New York 10022 (57th Street). Postage for the feeder is $3; postage for the seed is included in the price.

For the green-thumbed whose field of operations is restricted to the indoors, the indoor plants and trees at the Grass Roots Garden, 75 University Place (11th), are uncommon in species and in shapes valued for their architectural and sculptural interest as well as their horticultural one. In short, they are the latest fashion in plants. Five-foot-tall parsley aralias have a scaled-down primeval-forest effect, with many very gnarled, very old stems ($400); a huge yucca rears its spiked heads above a trunk that veers sideways at elbow angles ($550); and foot-high *Beaucarnea recurvata* have a few wisps of grassy green on top but depend for interest and a bonsai effect on woody, bulbous stems that take on the shapes of rocks, elephant feet, whole animals, or birds ($75). Country Floors, 300 East 61st Street, has an array of Florentine terra-cotta pots and planters for use indoors or on the terrace. They are decorated with friezes and garlands in relief and cost from $44 to $300. Also from Italy but with a vaguely Oriental air is a ceramic jardiniere, thirteen inches high and in diameter, with its own pot inside. In a leafy pattern of inky blue or sepia on white, and $120.

A large number of out-of-print garden reference works may be found at the Pomander Bookshop, 252 West



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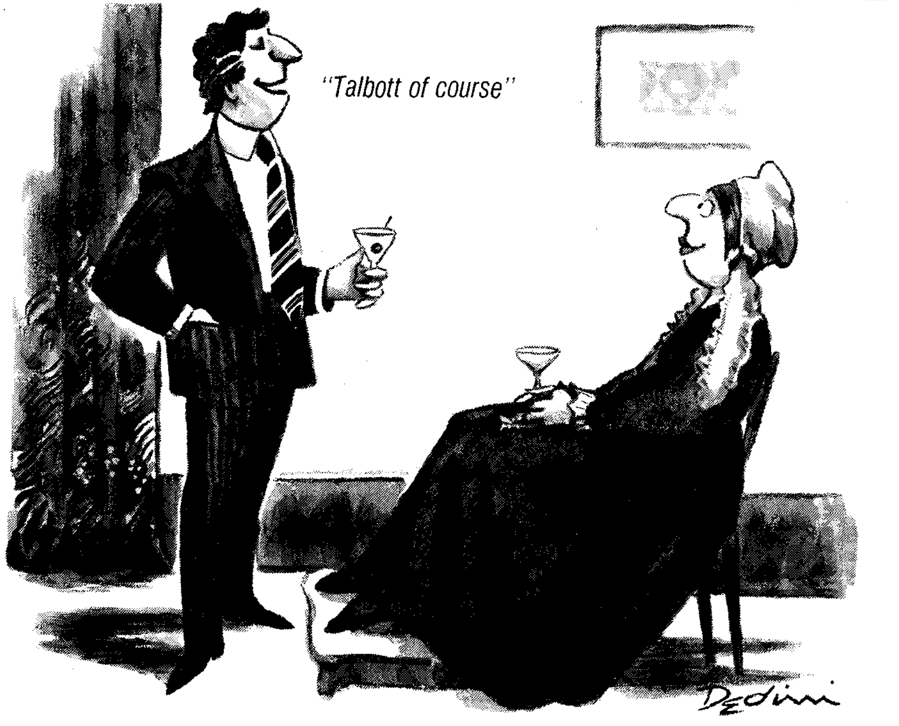

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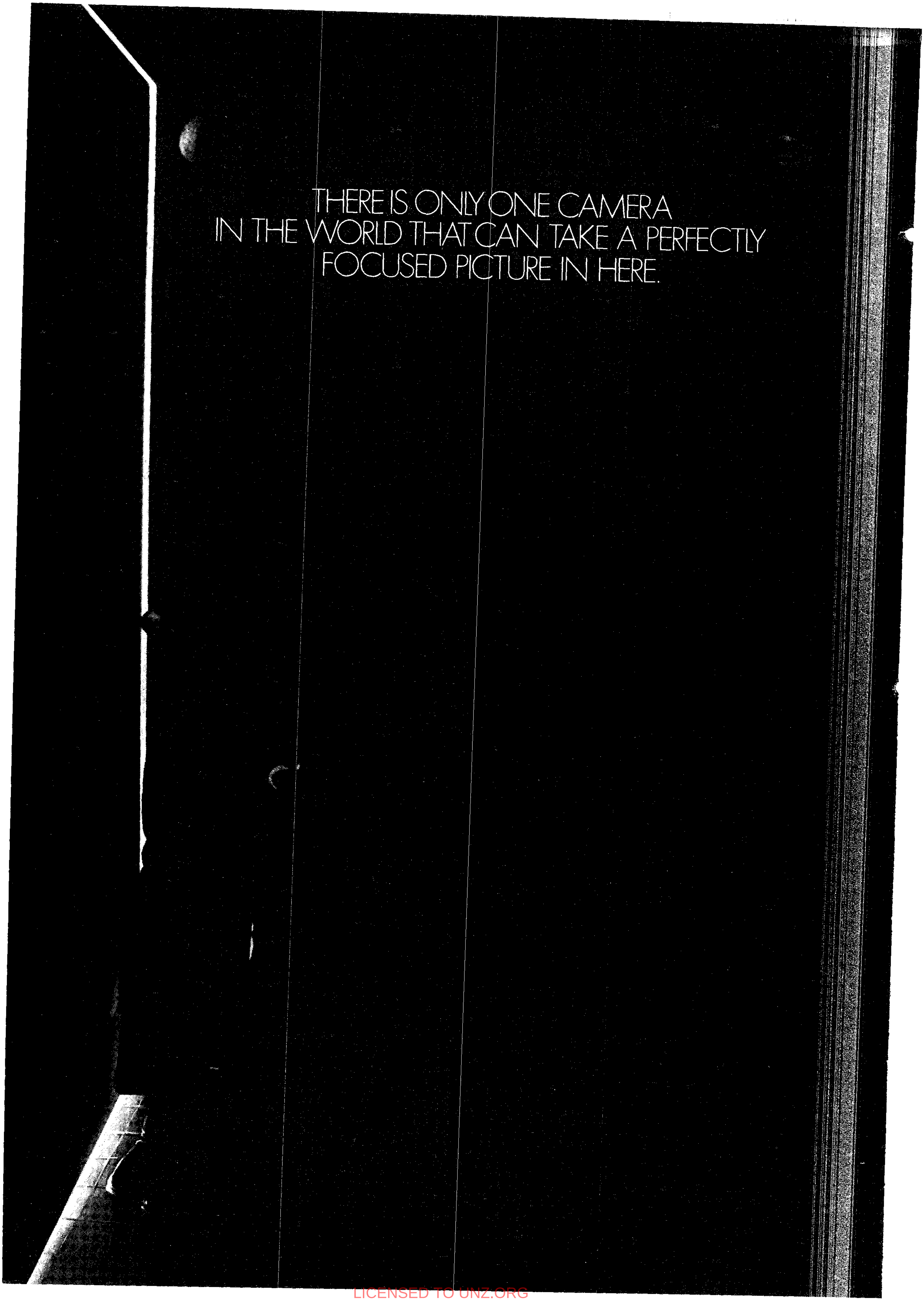
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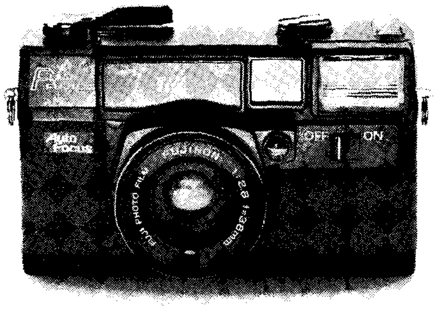

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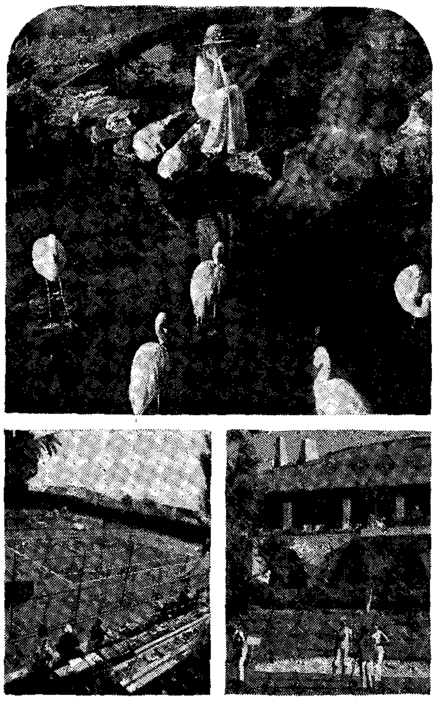

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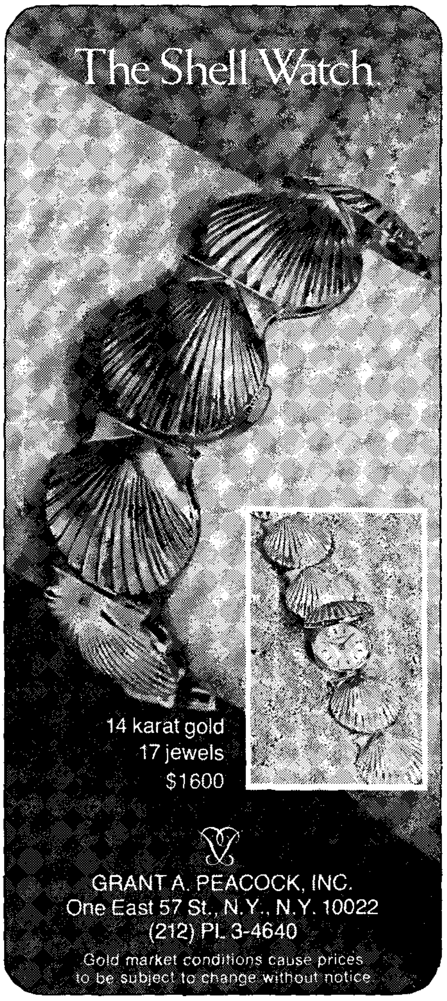
95th Street. This tidy, friendly place has out-of-print literature, too, and a large stock of old cookbooks. Except for some first editions, they are cheaper than new books. Also in the neighborhood of the Thalia movie theatre is a new shop called Funny Business, at 251 West 94th Street, which caters to fans of Batman, Captain Marvel, and their ilk. There are current comic books, and also old ones from the forties and fifties, which are bought and sold for between $2.50 and $50, depending on their rarity. (A call to 222-2927 will bring information about hours.)

A stove-top grill pan, for cooking chops and steaks in the French manner—with the meat raised on parallel ridges above its fat—is made by Le Creuset. It's of enamelled cast iron and big enough to hold a porterhouse; $25 at Pampered Kitchens, 21 East 10th Street. (The store also provides printed instructions about caring for the pan.) The man whose cooking skills have moved far beyond grilled steak and who already owns a Cuisinart and a wok might like equipment for occasional or seasonal use—an asparagus steamer, say, or a fish poacher. In stainless steel, these are $39.95 and $45, respectively, at Hammacher Schlemmer. And shoppers with the patience to scan the abundant, crowded stock of nostalgic kitchenware at Johnny Jupiter, 392 Bleecker Street, will find wineglasses, enamel colanders, Dutch ovens, old storage cannisters, waffle irons, and prewar energy-saving gadgets for puréeing, grinding, and juicing.

Elgot, 859 Madison Avenue (71st), has a number of small office refrigerators, by Sanyo, ranging in price from $124.95 to $289.95. A space-saving humidifier with an imitation-wood finish is twenty inches high, thirteen and a quarter wide, and fourteen deep; $100.

For those whose office or living room has a corner for a nineteenth-century print, the Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue (30th), has prints in black-and-white or color, and on every conceivable theme. They are stored and displayed in an appealing setting that hasn't changed much since the present owner took over the store, in 1927. Prices range from $15 to the thousands. An attractive shop, this one brand-new, called Colpitts, at 41 Perry Street, has various decorative antiques and also objects from Haiti, Morocco, and Portugal. Rugs of a thick, heavy, soft cotton are handwoven in Haiti and are trimmed with fringe at the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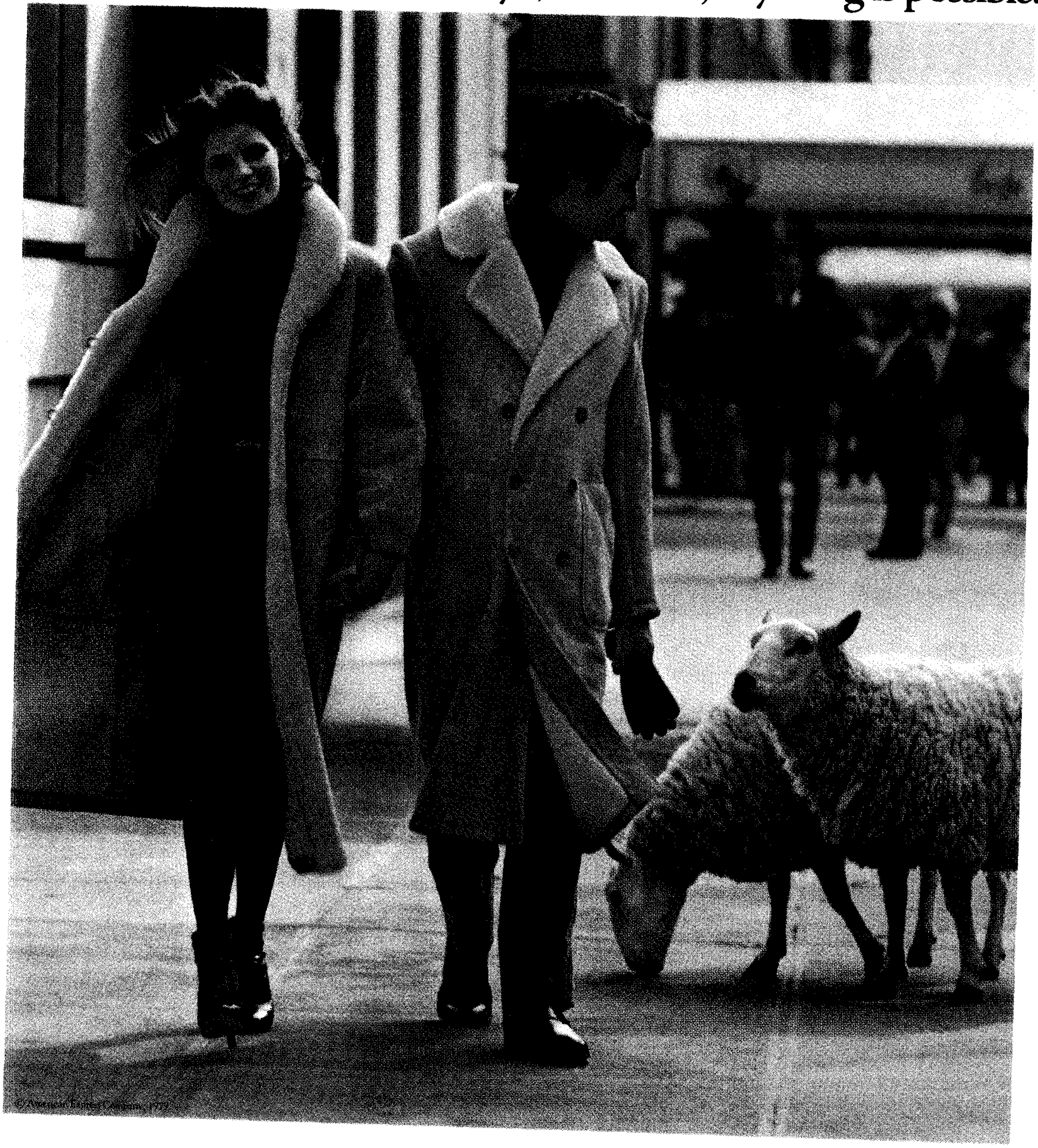

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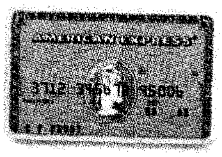

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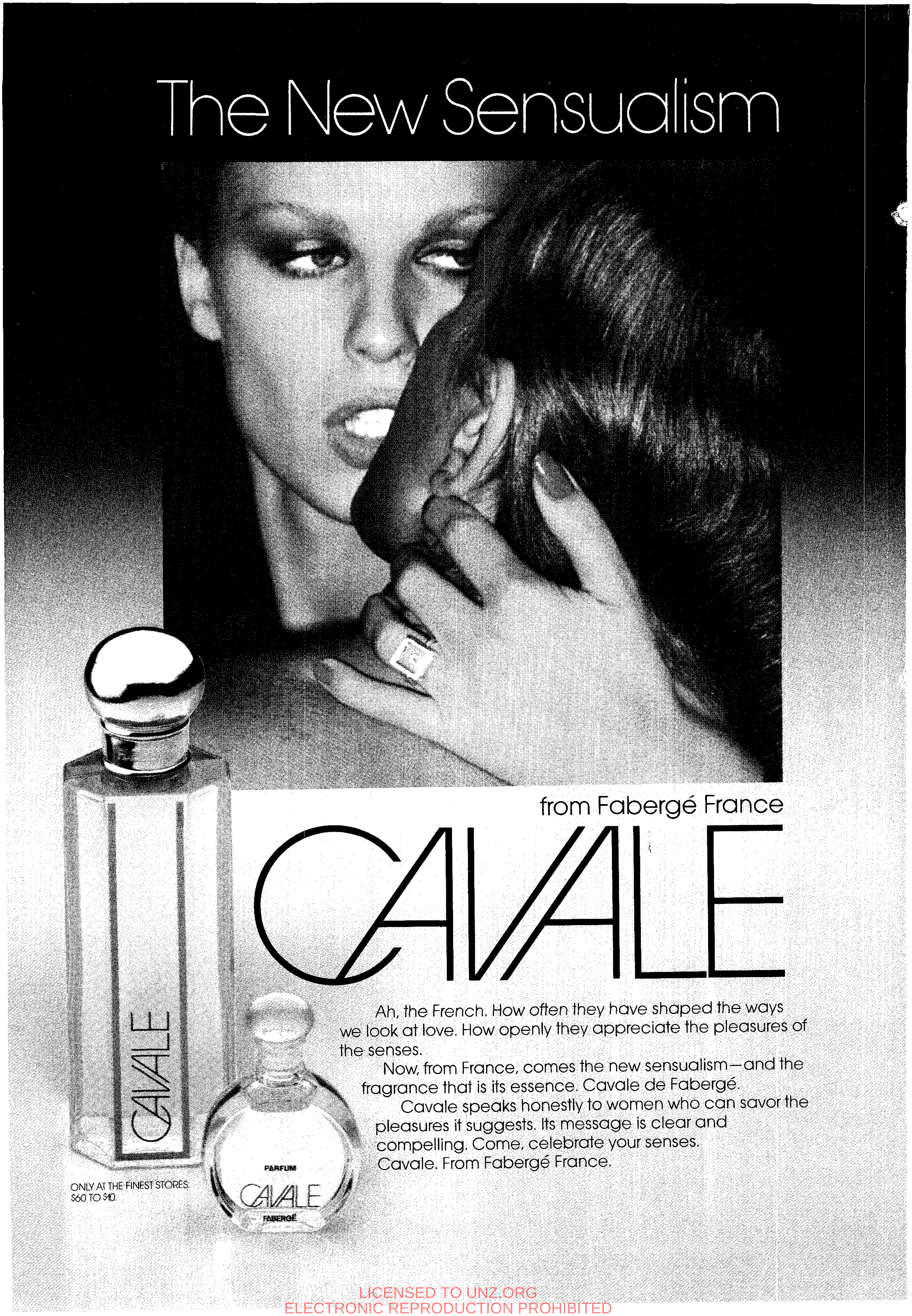
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ends. The hand-dyed colors have a particular spontaneity and depth, and schemes appropriate for a modern masculine room include stripes of cinnamon, blue, and white; charcoal and white; and rust, mustard, and white. A four-by-six-foot size is $110. (Colpitts is open only from three to eight, Wednesday through Sunday.)

THAT nippy little essential of Italian life the Vespa scooter does somewhere between seventy and a hundred and twenty miles to the gallon. The Vespa P 200 E is $1,200, and the Vespa 50 is $800. They can be ordered at Vespa, 610 West 57th Street. For the man whose aim is total independence of the gas pump, there is the new and cunningly designed folding bicycle by Bickerton. This is uniquely compact when folded, with its telescoping handlebars and seat tube, and its aluminum frame means that it weighs only twenty-three pounds. It folds into its own canvas tote for mass-transit journeying. The three-speed model is $395 from Norm Thompson, Box 3999, Portland, Oregon 97208 (add $2 postage). For credit-card orders, the telephone number is 1-800-547-1160.

You'd have to have a computer, not just a mind like one, to keep up with the dizzyingly fast-moving field of personal computers, stereo equipment, computerized clock-radios and telephones, electronic note pads, programmable video-cassette recorders, instant language translators, and cameras. (The world of technological gadgetry is, of course, highly competitive for retailers as well as for manufacturers. Shoppers will find, as we have found, that prices for the same model vary widely from store to store. Sometimes people may choose to spend more rather than fight the crowds in bargain-price establishments.) Stereo buffs, whose ears tend to be as finely tuned as an oenophile's palate, might appreciate the Advent time-delay system to add to their equipment. This changes the effect of sound in space, so that a living room can be made to sound right for chamber music, gain the acoustics of a concert hall for symphonies, or give the echoing, cathedral effect to match organ music; $600 from Liberty Music, 450 Madison Avenue (50th). And then there are the many makes of high-fidelity microcomponents, for use as a primary system (tucked into a bookshelf, perhaps) or as a supplementary one in a different room or in a car or a boat. The technology in these components is miraculously miniaturized

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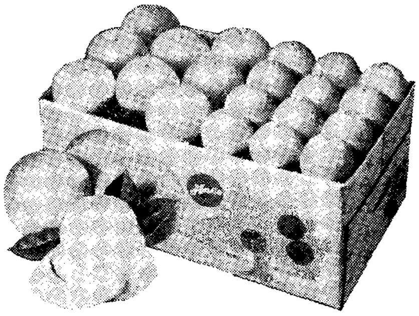

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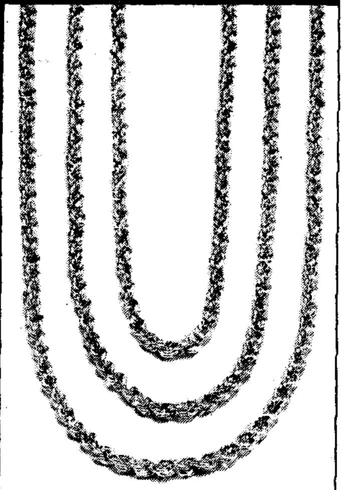

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with little sacrifice of the quality of sound, and their design is often surpassingly elegant. Sony has a new system of microcomponents consisting of a pair of ten-inch-high chromium-cased speaker-and-amplifier units, a tuner, a pre-amp, a turntable, and a tape recorder; $2,445 at Liberty.

ADS makes little speakers in satin-finish silver metal that are not much bigger than family-size cereal boxes. These are from $112.50, at Harvey Sound, 2 West 45th Street—or, to give the store its grand new title, Harvey, the Electronics Department Store. Harvey's also has a slim portable Sony clock *cum* AM/FM radio in a silver metal case. An LCD digital readout tells the station frequency as well as the month, date, hour, minute, and second. It's Model ICF-D11W, and $169. The Advent 400, a stylish two-piece (receiver and speaker) monophonic FM table radio, has a good sound; $139 at Harvey's.

In the field of hand-held computerized language translators, Texas Instruments has gone a stage beyond mere readouts by adding sound. Like other such translators, it instantaneously displays the word or phrase in the language the user needs, but it also "speaks" the word, so that he knows how to pronounce it; $360 at Hammacher Schlemmer. A language module—English, Spanish, French, or German—comes with it, and additional ones are $60 apiece. Texas Instruments also makes a credit-card-size calculator, the Business Card, suitable for all those who are keeping an anxious eye on their investments. It computes profit margins, annuities, and compound interest, and it has a constant memory; $40 at Bloomingdale's. Canon's wafer-thin pocket calculator, the Card Quartz, provides different services: it incorporates a day-date calendar and a digital alarm-clock-and-stopwatch with a most compelling beep; $39.95 at Grand Central Camera, 420 Lexington Avenue (44th).

Those who were secretly disappointed not to find one of the new auto-focussing cameras in their stocking last Christmas, when the cameras first came out, might be given the chance to catch up. These bring the focussing power of the camera close to the marvellously rapid action of the eye itself. The sonar Polaroids focus themselves—much faster than the hand could do the job—by means of ultrasonic echo ranging, which measures the time an inaudible sound takes to bounce out to the tree, baby's smile, or grandpa's comic hat and back to the camera

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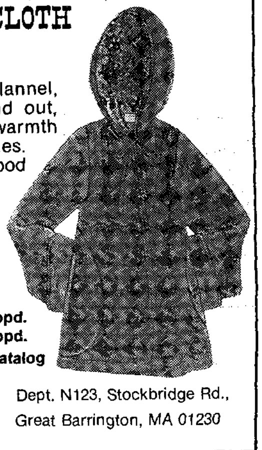

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

WHY GM CARS WILL GET BETTER MILEAGE THAN THE GOVERNMENT REQUIRES

THE EFFECT OF THE MARKETPLACE ON FORWARD PLANNING

New marketing reports indicate that public acceptance of smaller, more fuel-efficient cars is growing rapidly, especially for those models that provide the performance and the passenger and luggage space most customers want. That change in customer acceptance enables us to change both the kind of cars we build and the proportion of small cars to full-size cars.

Long before the recent gas shortage, our shift to smaller cars had been planned to meet what at that time was an evolutionary shift in customer demand. Circumstances and a dramatic change in what you, our customers, are demanding has radically altered the timing of our production plans. Smaller, more fuel-efficient cars will dominate our production much sooner than we expected.

We will continue to build a full line of cars to meet the varied needs of our customers. And we will continue to devote much of our research and engineering effort to finding new ways to make cars with greater carrying capacity more efficient. Customers with large families cannot be left without transportation.

Every advance we make in metallurgy and every breakthrough we make in engineering will make all our cars even more efficient.

Less than a year ago, it did not appear that marketplace demand for smaller cars would allow us to meet fleet-mileage standards set by the government. Stocks of smaller cars—both foreign and American makes—were building up and demand for larger cars was strong. But the picture has changed.

Today we believe the marketplace is demanding cars which, based on a fleet average, will be even more fuel efficient than those required by government. We have always believed that the disciplines of the marketplace are far better than government mandates in achieving fuel economy. It is what the customer wants to buy—and not government rules—that will determine fleet-average fuel efficiency.

And the marketplace is an unforgiving taskmaster. Either we build the cars our customers demand, or someone else will. Just meeting government mileage standards for the 1980s won't be enough to keep us in business.

The message from the marketplace is clear. Our response will be equally clear: fuel efficiency. We'll use new electronics, new designs, new engines, new metals and combinations of metals, all the resources of General Motors, to deliver the gas mileage you want. And we'll deliver on demand. That's the way the marketplace works.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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Jamaica's new resort that offers you another culture.

Instead of just another hotel.

The setting is Port Antonio, Jamaica's unspoiled jewel of mountains, waterfalls and sea.

The resort is forty-four villas on estate grounds. With acres of lawn, flowering trees and palms, an elegant pool, and tennis courts, all on a hill overlooking miles of pristine white sand beach.

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And at Jamaica Hill, artists don't simply display their talents and go. They stay for dinner, discussions, or just for fun.

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again. The Polaroid Pronto Sonar camera is $89.95, and the more complex SX-70 Sonar is $189.99, at Gimbels. For fans of lightweight and compact 35-mm. cameras, Konica has the auto-focussing C35 AF. This sets the correct exposure and focusses automatically by a different method from Polaroid's sonar idea. At the speed of light, electronic sensors give information to the camera's microcomputer, which analyzes it and adjusts the lens according to the distance of the subject. The C35 AF is $147.95 at Olden Camera, 1265 Broadway (32nd). The very latest of Konica's 35-mm. ideas is the FS-1. This is not auto-focussing, but it does a lot of other dramatic, and professionally valuable, things for itself—specifically, it automatically loads the film and winds it swiftly on from one frame to the next; $349.95 at Olden.

The stores have an enormous range of telephones for people to buy and plug into jacks. The latest gadgetry is incorporated into designs that change like fashions in anything else. G.T.E.'s Flip-Phone is one new style that is particular fun. It's very lightweight and so small—seven inches long, two inches wide, and an inch high—that one might be in danger of losing it under an ordinary letter. When the phone is picked up, it flips open to reveal the push-button panel. Instead of a ring there is a gentle little electronic warble, like a songbird's; $59.95, in brown, yellow, white, or ivory, at the Fone Booth, 137 East 57th Street, and in other stores. G.T.E. also makes a regular-size telephone that remembers nine frequently used numbers and connects with them at the push of two buttons, as well as re-dialing the last manually dialled number, should callers reach a busy signal. This phone, the Access I, which can be used only with Touch-Tone service, is $129.95 at the Fone Booth and elsewhere. Bell Telephone's PhoneCenter stores sell a number of designs for customers who prefer to hark back to the past rather than rush into the future. The "candlestick" phone is an upright, with a bell-shaped earpiece hooked on to the side. In black trimmed with brass, it looks like the instrument that "Late Show" newspapermen are forever barking into. In ivory or in a stars-and-stripes pattern, the effect is somewhat different; $72.50.

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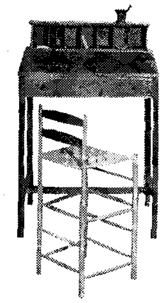

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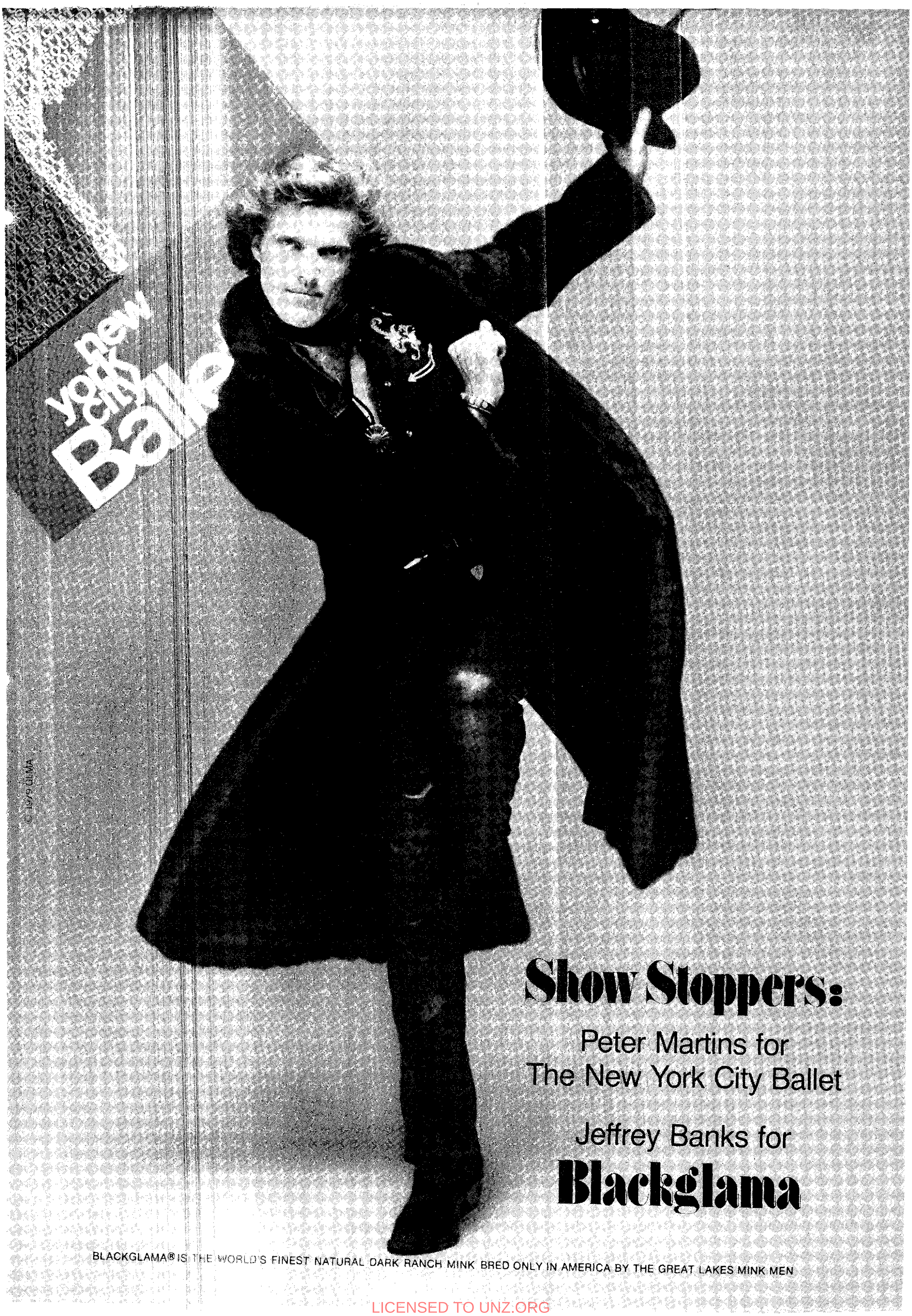
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terry cloth; $90. For more traditional tastes, there are knee-length silk robes in foulard, Paisley, or small geometric patternings; $195. Roots, a firm that has brought comfort and good design to shoes in the past, now brings them to casual clothes as well. Gray or olive wool-flannel trousers are $90, and hand-knit turtlenecks in heathery colors are $100.

Altman's first floor has cotton-corduroy trousers in a choice of a dozen colors that include hot pink, canary, and emerald, as well as more subdued shades; $32. All-wool crew-necks in any of twenty-five colors are $34. Viyella sports shirts in softly colored plaids are $45; solid-color versions are $42.50. Two-inch-wide wool ties from Italy have a weave with a braided effect; in rust, gray, or burgundy, and $10. For snow or rain, here are mid-calf boots of brown or olive vinyl with a heavy, molded sole of clear vinyl; $20.

Sea Island, 1295 Third Avenue (74th), has a number of styles that might make a fashionable young man of 1980 feel that he was set for sledding or ice-skating in 1930. Old-fashioned-looking trousers, made of heavy, flecked, and countrified brown or gray tweed, are from $67.50 to $80. Fair Isle sweater styles, in shades of green, burgundy, navy, or beige, have patterning on the front of vests, cardigans, or pullovers; $55 to $65. Hand-knit Fair Isle ski caps and gloves are $22.50. For stocking stuffers, there are inch-wide tartan suspenders, for $13, and Swiss-cotton handkerchiefs, for $4 apiece.

San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), has knee-length dressing gowns made up in some unusually fine cottons and cotton flannels that are minutely patterned in jacquard or bird's-eye weaves. Background colors are green, wine, rust, or black; $85.

Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, has some very luxurious pajamas in either white or pale-blue Sea Island cotton, for $65. In the sock department, there are over-the-calf English socks in very heavy and tweedy herringbone wool in brown with green-and-white flecks, charcoal with white, or lovat with white; $8.50. Other amusing ideas for wear on country weekends are light-blue socks of heavy Shetland wool with yellow toe, heel, and narrow band at the top; $8.50. Glove choices include wool-lined tan pigskin ($69.50); silk-lined gray or chocolate suède ($60); and chamois-lined leather in dark brown or tan ($69.50). Some handsome

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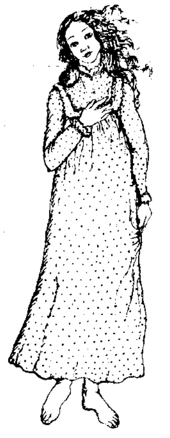

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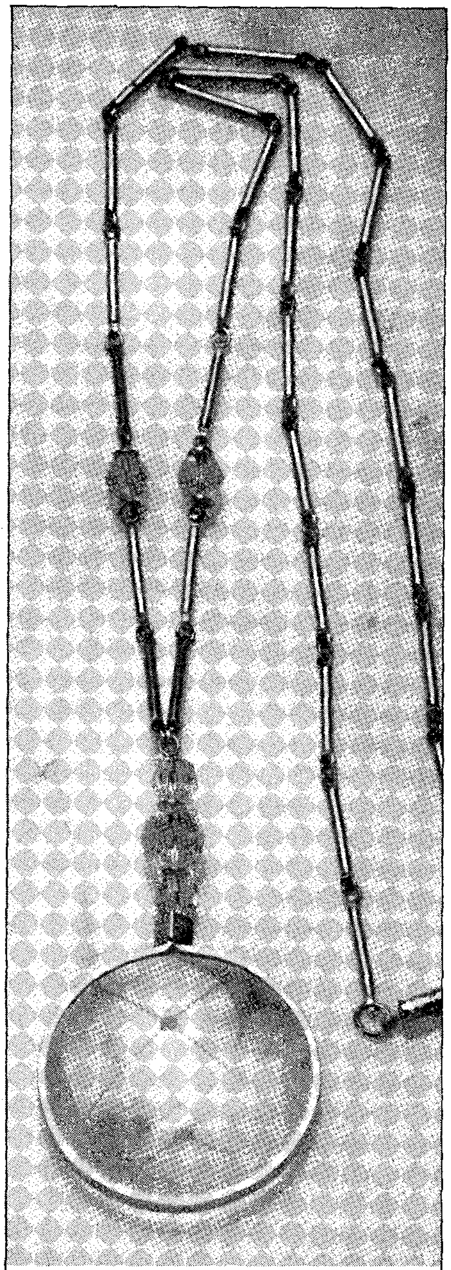
Barney's International Furnishings department has styles by Missoni Uomo, with the unpredictable textures and colorings for which that Italian knitwear firm is known. Two-and-a-half-inch neckties are of a wool-and-mohair mixture light enough to make a small, neat knot. In rich and heathery diagonal weaves or checkered, intermingled stained-glass effects, they are $45. Huge, luxurious mufflers in the necktie fabrics are $75 and $95. Alexander Julian's perfectionist approach to shape, texture, and color distinguishes the knitwear he designs for Pringle. The designer's idea for necklines on sweaters that can be worn over shirts and ties or alone is a semi-cowl, halfway between a turtle and a crew. This shows up on a tan-and-gray crow's-foot-textured sweater, for $65, and on Shetlands in several colors, including a heathered burgundy, for $60. Julian's shirts—in fabrics that work with those he designs for sweaters, suits, and jackets—include a dress shirt, with a small curved and spread collar, in an end-on-end cotton that turns out, on close analysis, to mingle threads of pale blue and tan; $60. Beautiful silk shirts in unusual shadow stripes are $95. The luggage department has a range of soft-sided pieces by the French firm of Longchamps. They are in a lightweight tan nylon with bonded rubberized lining and a trim of tan snakeskin, and cost between $85 and $240. A collection of old wristwatches, dating from the twenties to the forties, includes a Gruen Curvex, whose parts and face are shaped to fit the wrist. This is $335, but other rectangular watches—all of which are in working order, with new leather or lizard straps—cost upward of $145, with most around $200. At the counter devoted to the soft, handmade, and unpompous-looking leather goods by the Italian firm of Trussardi, there are wallets (from $37.50 to $82.50), slim tobacco pouches ($37.50), and spectacle cases ($27.50 or $35, depending on size).



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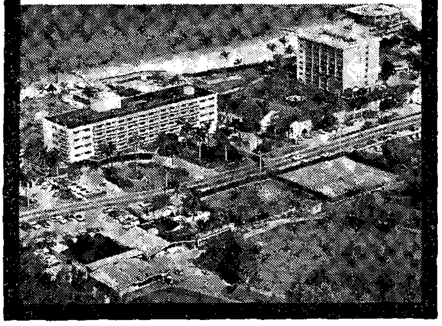

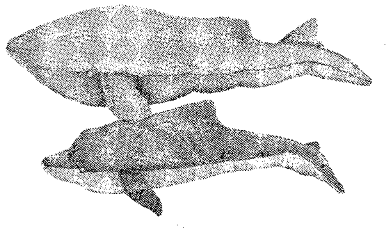

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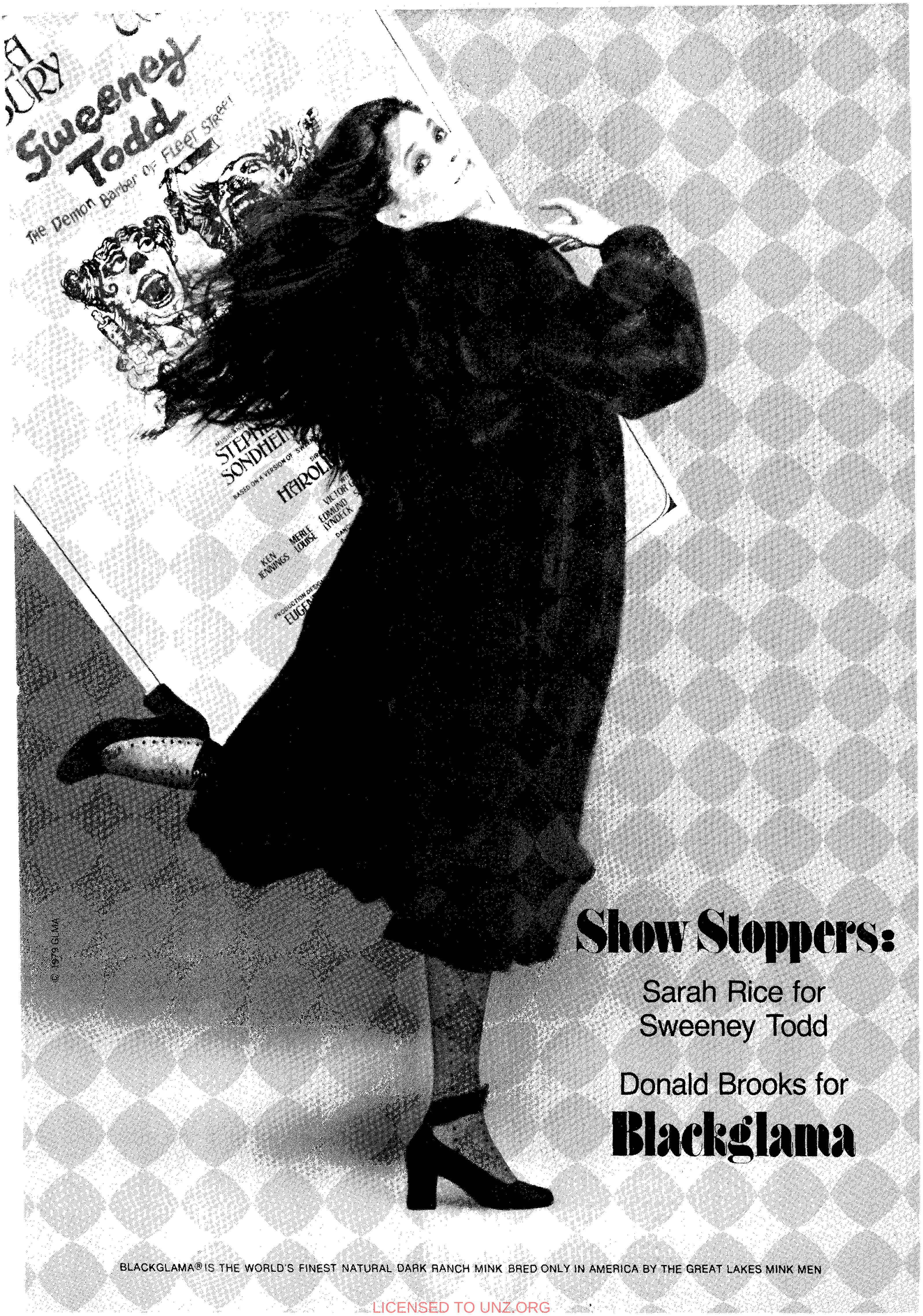
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

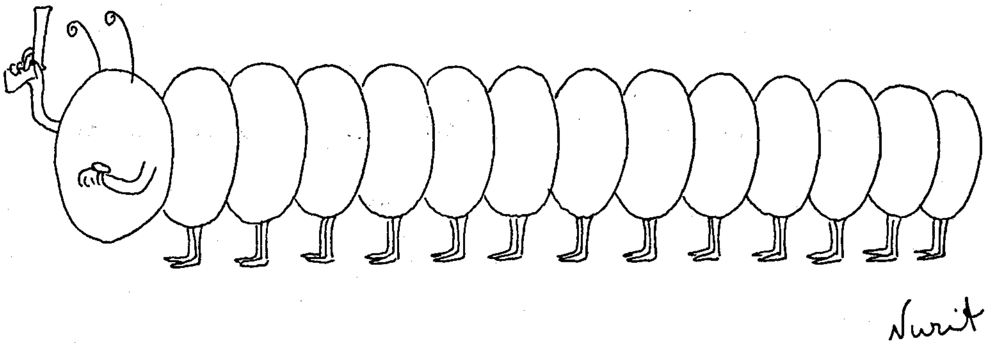
Knishes and Chocolate

OLD age is lonely. The cafeteria business isn't what it used to be. The decline of American cities continues, and just getting through the day can be a degrading and occasionally fatal experience for people who live in the wrong neighborhoods. Marriage is hard, but very long marriages have their moments of humor and beauty. The center cannot hold. A dog is a wonderful friend. Some children of pious Jews are divorced and unhappy. Cancer is a killer. Street gangs are up to no good. Old folks still think about sex. Films that deal confidently but hastily with a large number of contemporary societal anxieties are sometimes greeted with ungrateful groans and giggles by their audiences.

These are some of the conclusions drawn from a recent unrewarding ninety-eight-minute tour of the shabby environs of Coney Island, guided by Stephen Verona, who is the director and co-author (with Leigh Chapman) of "Boardwalk." The film is about the recent life and hard times of the Rosen family, which owns and operates a large but no longer popular Coney Island cafeteria (an authentic old-time wonder, by the way—as shiny and echoey and romantic as the ballroom of an ocean liner). Mr. Verona's main attention is given to the Rosen patriarch, David (Lee Strasberg), and his wife, Becky (Ruth Gordon), who, though approaching their fiftieth wedding anniversary, are acutely and cutely still in love. (She: "You want a nice piece fruit?" He: "How about a Twinky instead?") Miss Gordon here subdues some of the implacable spunkiness that has reduced so many of her recent roles to caricature, and she slips into Becky Rosen's Brooklyn accent and arthritic mannerisms as if into a comfortable old S. Klein housecoat, while Mr. Strasberg speaks in the whispery, unstressed, run-on tones of an old gent who has clearly had the last word all through his life. There is some pleasure in the company of these assured veteran performers, even during their edgy, schmalzy scenes in bed (where they look at a copy of *Playboy* together) or during family gatherings in front of the television set (they watch "The Price Is Right") with their glum-faced grownup children. But Mr. Verona, we soon discover, has nothing much to say about beloved, tyrannical elderly couples and their victims, and he quickly snatches us away to ride on his own Cyclone—a noisy and profoundly vapid succession of melodramatic swoops and swerves, which can be recalled only in a churned-stomach form of précis.

Becky is discovered to have cancer. A local gang of black (or mostly black) hoodlums fire-bombs the cafeteria. David prays, promising God that he will do housework at the local *shul* if Becky is spared further suffering. Becky is visited in the hospital by her anxious grandson Peter (a rock musician) and his girlfriend, but she tells them she will be fine. "Besides," she says, "you're interrupting my high. Such wonderful pills they give you here—you wouldn't believe it. Much better than the weed you smoke." Though terminally ill, Becky is released from the hospital so that she may celebrate her golden wedding anniversary at home. She visits the hairdressers' and instructs them to do a good job on her for the party, for David's sake. "I want him to get *excited*," she says. Becky and David waltz together. Then Becky dies in David's arms, while the rest of the family is dancing the hora. David closes the cafeteria. The hoodlums drag David under the boardwalk and beat him up. A nice young black couple drops in from next door to visit David while he is recuperating. The gang beats up and perhaps rapes a friend of the Rosens', an old lady, whose apartment it has previously burglarized. The old lady's husband comes home and finds her lying on the floor. David goes to visit the victims, only to discover that they have turned on the gas and are dead in bed. A mongrel dog picks up David on the boardwalk. David names the dog Skippy. (I held my breath when David and Skippy crossed Brighton Beach Avenue together, under the "L," but somehow they made it safely through the traffic to the other side.) David has dinner with a nice widow lady, played by Lillian Roth. (She: "You want to try a little seltzer?" He: "My Becky was everything to me.") The gang breaks into the *shul* and wrecks it, throwing the Torah around like a roll of paper towels. (An earlier comment on comparative religions was offered by David to the black gang leader: "Jesus was my cousin long before he was yours.") The hoodlums trash David's house, destroying a set of electric trains with which he has been consoling himself since his wife's death. (I caught "Boardwalk" at a theatre where its chronicle of gloom was sometimes interrupted by low cries from the patrons, indicating pain or disbelief, or perhaps both. When David's Lionel locomotive was smashed to flinders by a chain-wielding thug, a woman seated directly behind me murmured, "Some entertainment we're suffering here.") David leaves the house and goes in search of the goons. When he finds them, he strangles their leader with his bare hands, right on the boardwalk.

In this movie year, there has been hot and crowded competition for last place, and "Boardwalk," as I hope I have made plain, must now be counted among the serious contenders. Many truly bad movies are harmless, and sometimes entertaining in their own way, but I cannot dismiss "Boardwalk" with a cheerful slur. The gang of vengeful, murderous bullies that dominates the action in this film is a strange one, because it includes a young blond girl (Linda Manz). Her presence there is an ugly little nudge in the ribs from the people who made the movie: "Don't get us wrong, folks—this gang isn't black." The smiling, overdressed black couple who move in next door to the Rosens serve the same dumb, cynical purpose, which is to distract us from our certain knowledge that the hoodlums *are* black and that they are meant to scare us out of our wits. The gang leader, played by Kim Delgado, wears a tiger-claw necklace and frequently screams imprecations at the old Jews in the film and shakes a club in their faces. He and his follow-



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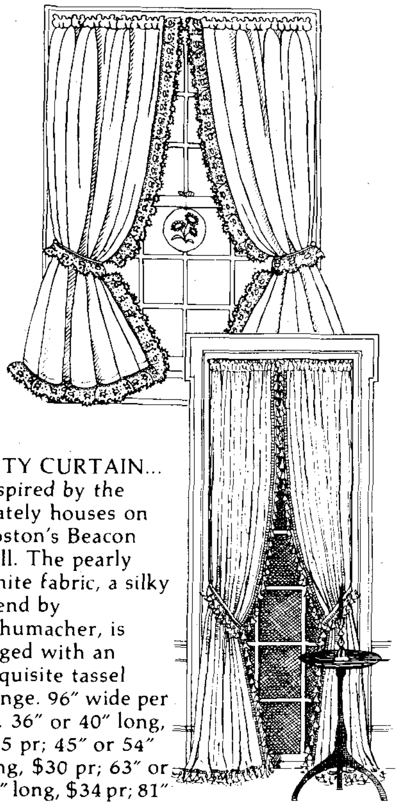

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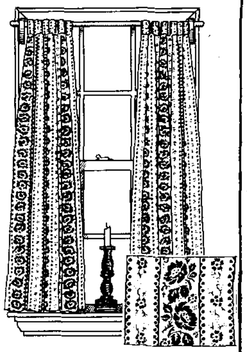

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ers, in short, behave like a band of marauding Indians in some Western made thirty or forty years ago, and whenever they pad onto the scene (in basketball shoes instead of moccasins) they are accompanied by a nervous, boppy musical theme, as predictable as the tomtoms that used to follow the galloping Apaches down from the buttes. As we all know, some elderly residents of Washington Heights and the Bronx and Brooklyn have in fact been beaten and terrorized and sometimes murdered in their run-down old neighborhoods in recent times, and in many cases the criminals have been black youths. But Mr. Verona's treatment of this difficult and horrifying situation does not qualify as news or as acceptable social comment. He and his colleagues aren't much good at making movies, but their disregard for the responsibilities of art, even at the amateurish level of "Boardwalk," is a more serious offense. The camerawork in the movie is by Billy Williams, and other actors caught up in the unhappy venture include Janet Leigh, Joe Silver, Eli Mintz, and Michael Ayr.

Nino Manfredi, who starred in a popular recent Italian import, "Bread and Chocolate," may be seen now in "Between Miracles," of which he is also the director, storywriter, and co-author. He plays a pious ninny named Benedetto, who remains a virgin almost until his fortieth year. In innumerable flashbacks, we learn that Benedetto was an orphan victimized during his childhood by a slutlike aunt, by a sanctimonious village priest, and by a succession of accidents and cruel misapprehensions. At his first Communion, the lad chokes on the Host, runs out of the church, and falls over a cliff, but is miraculously saved, perhaps by his patron saint—a lesser martyr named Eusebio. Subsequently, we find Benedetto working as a young handyman in a monastery and awaiting his call to monkhood. Ejected from the retreat for drunkenness and lust, he becomes a travelling salesman in the lingerie line, who clings confusedly and inexplicably to chastity. Eventually, he encounters a pharmacist (Lionel Stander), who affects a Fellini-esque black hat, cape, and cane, and declaims atheistic apothegms like "A curse helps you live, a prayer helps you die." Relieved of belief and innocence, Benedetto launches upon a happy unmarried liaison with the atheist's daughter. Years later, when his unspiritual adviser is dying, Benedetto sees the old

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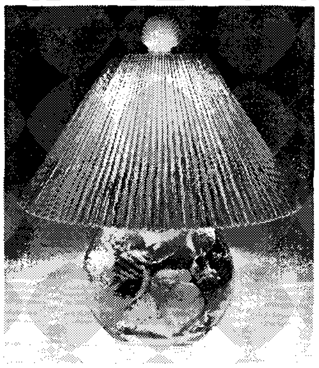

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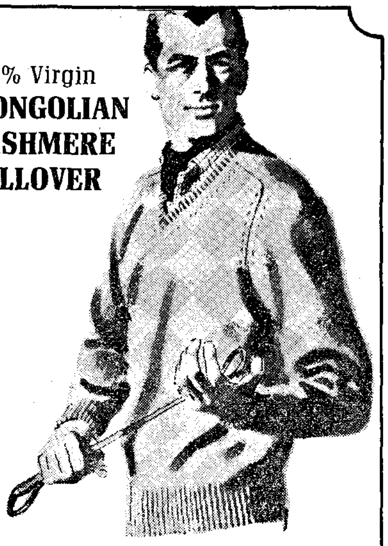

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man kiss the cross after receiving the last rites—a vision that so confounds our hero that he runs away and throws himself off a cliff (a *different* cliff). This time, his life is saved, against all odds and likelihood, by a feat of surgery, and when the *dottore* tells him, "It was a miracle," Benedetto is safely and miserably returned to the arms of Saint Eusebio.

This lasagna is composed of heavy alternate layers of sly worldliness and extreme sweetness, which were also the ingredients of "Bread and Chocolate." Mr. Manfredi has large, innocent eyes and an appealing wistfulness, but his direction and the camerawork (by Armando Nannuzzi) concentrate so frequently upon this *risus sentimentalis* that one's hopes for an occasional laugh or a cheering morsel of conversation between the parables are mostly disappointed. This is a considerable loss, because when given a better part—as the drunken garbage-heap patriarch in "Down and Dirty," for instance—Nino Manfredi is capable of an arresting comic performance. The only miracle in "Between Miracles" is the reassuring presence of Lionel Stander, whose hair has turned gray but who rolls his eyes and clowns and growls (Italian growls now) exactly as he did a thousand years ago in "The Scoundrel" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and other Hollywood offerings, before he was blacklisted by the studios during the Red scare of the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, and took his wares to a more forgiving country. He deserves better than this, and so do we. —ROGER ANGELL

EDITORS' NOTE: Our film criticism for the next several months will be written by Roger Angell. At the end of that period, Mr. Angell will resume his other writing and return to his work as one of the magazine's fiction editors.

•

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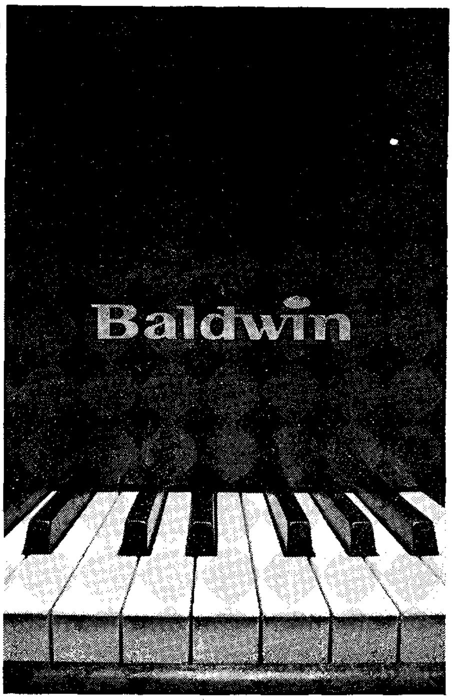

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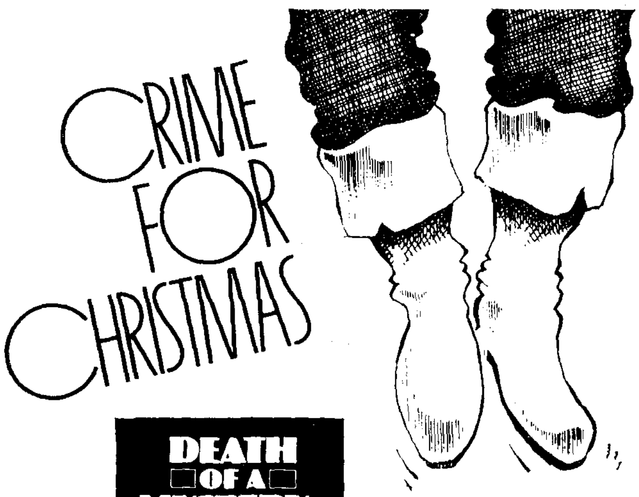
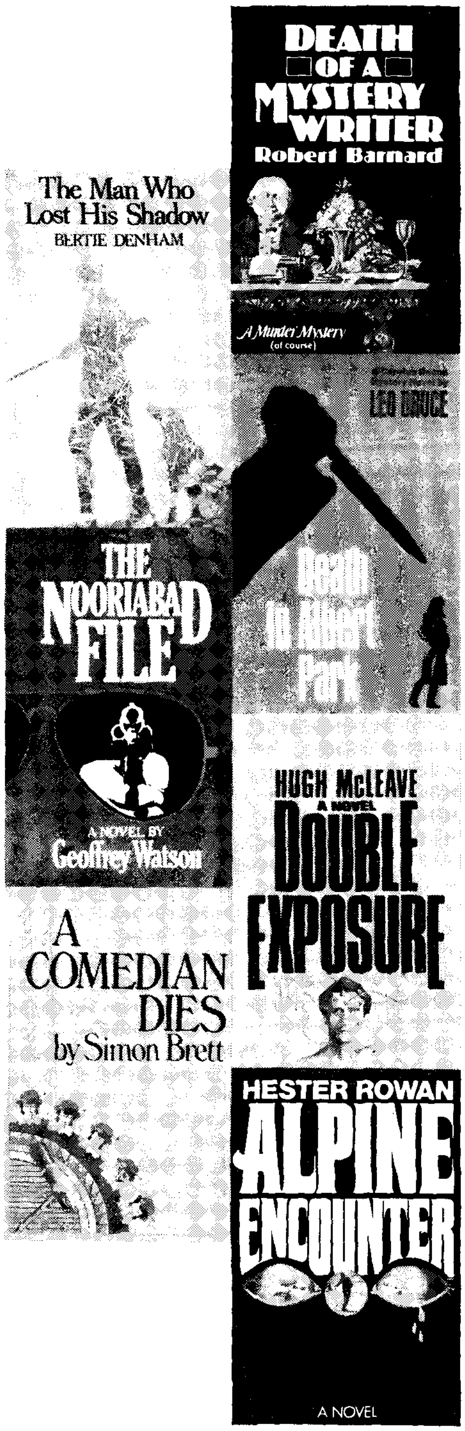
FOOTBALL

Picking Up the Pieces

At ten on Thanksgiving morning, the armed forces of New Rochelle High, who call themselves the Huguenots, and of Iona Prep, who call themselves the Gaels, assembled, in a woodland glade that is the property of the town of Mt. Vernon, to finish up their seasons' agenda. Both squadrons were in full flow, and the intensity with which they carried out their assignments and the agreeable variety of their stratagems suggested a state of buoyant good health and a knowledgeability—at least in the field of sports—far beyond their years. New Rochelle came in first, though only at nearly the last minute—the forty-fifth or sixth, say—mostly because of an enormous heave from Wiggins, at quarter, to a friend named Masterjoseph. New Rochelle 7, Iona 0. It is decreed that men in their age group play quarters of but twelve minutes, and thus no more than forty-eight minutes a match. If we ponder what has overtaken more than one stalwart varsity in the weeks since September, we reach the arguable conclusion that forty-eight minutes a match is likewise the proper diet for some of our senior-citizen outfits. And if we ponder the Ivy League, which breaks with precedent by opting for ten instead of nine matches apiece next fall, we conclude that forty minutes of play may be more than enough.

The League took up the matter of unfinished business this year with three of its comrades-in-arms in excellent fettle. But the fettle of Yale's brilliant assemblage of running backs diminished week by week, and the match with Cornell, in which Yale lost Diana for the second time, all but did the team in. (It all but did Cornell in, too.) A fumble by Hill, best of all the season's Yalies, gave Cornell a touchdown, though not a victory, but his fumbles in the final encounter, with Harvard, greatly helped the opposition, and his teammates seemed just as weary as he did. Brown, all abristle with fettle at the beginning of the campaign, lost early on to Yale only because of two lapses in its defense mechanism, but then began losing performers as well. Travel-stained and weary, it arrived some weeks later in Hanover to take over Dartmouth and came tumbling





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Geoffrey Watson. International financial shenanigans are uncovered by a U.N. investigator in this "ingenious, intriguing and exciting first thriller that will have readers looking for the next one to come." – Publishers Weekly $8.95

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Hugh McLeave. The hero of A Borderline Case returns to infiltrate a Soviet high-security camp in this "quickly paced, amazingly literate" (Publishers Weekly) thriller. $8.95

ALPINE ENCOUNTER
Hester Rowan. A young woman gets involved in international espionage when she visits the grave of her lover, supposedly killed in a skiing accident in the Austrian Tyrol. "Local color and a mini-history of the Tyrol are... plusses to the plot." – Publishers Weekly $7.95

A COMEDIAN DIES
Simon Brett. Charles Paris, the actor-sleuth, gets rave reviews in his fifth appearance. "Lively, witty theater." – Washington Post Book World "Solid entertainment." – Time. $7.95

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

down hard, on the next-to-last weekend of the League's season. And Cornell, packed with the most likely lot of lean, lithe, and hungry-looking athletes it has seen in quite a few seasons, ended its semester by picking up a neat lead on a seemingly outmatched Princeton and then coming down hard itself. Cornell, it is said, at one moment during the fall had twenty-one men on its casualty list. For what had appeared to be merely secondary aggregations in the League, season's end was rather more gleeful. Kemp, at quarter for Dartmouth, came more and more of age every Saturday, and that was all that his confreres (the best of them this season were Shula and Dufresne) needed to pick off Brown and then Pennsylvania. Princeton got its pet quarter, Reynolds, back off the shelf for the final match of its curriculum, and that was all that his confreres Crissy and the younger Van Pelt needed as they overran Cornell. Cornell graduates not much more than a dozen men next June—a fact to be kept in mind. Harvard's defeat of Yale the last weekend of the League session was the wittiest riposte of the fall. Harvard, often a loser this year, and Yale, never beaten, or even tied, seemed a perfect mismatch, especially since Harvard had, on offense, only Horner as a catcher of passes and no running attack at all. Wherefore St. John, a quarter out of action or out of sorts for most of the season, went in for Harvard and, instead of shooting for Horner, began handing off to Hollingsworth, a playmate of vast obscurity, and to Callinan, another runner of equal lack of fame. Yale, knowing (like the rest of us) nearly nothing at all about this pair, appeared incapable of dealing with a thitherto nonexistent ground offense, and there went the ballgame, though not the League championship. As for Columbia and Pennsylvania, the other residents in the League, Columbia beat only Pennsylvania this fall, and lost its eight other matches; Pennsylvania beat no one at all. It may be time for the League to arrange an intramural student-exchange plan.

THIS department has never felt it necessary to be sorry for big, hulking Nebraska. But last Saturday, watching it gaily risk running on fourth down at its own thirty-two and spring a vast surprise on its opponent, Oklahoma, which nevertheless carried off a 17–14 triumph, one had to admire. The surprise: the quarter takes the snap, then lays the ball on the ground; a guard picks it up and takes

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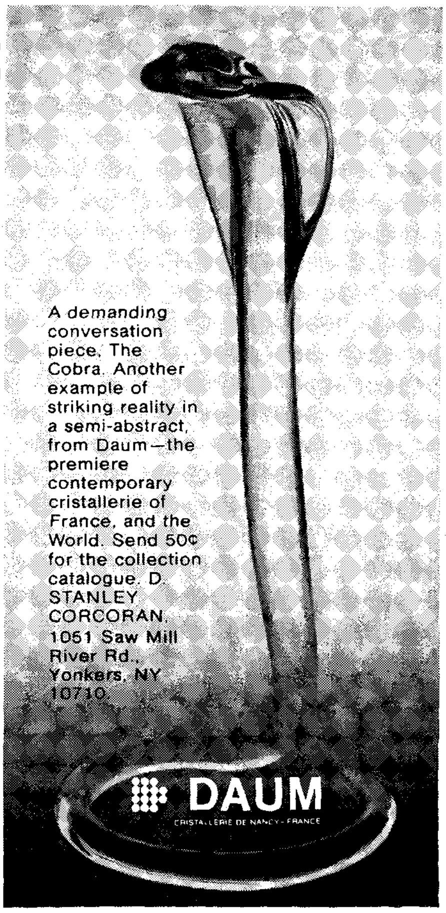

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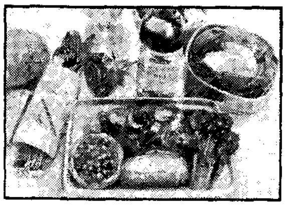

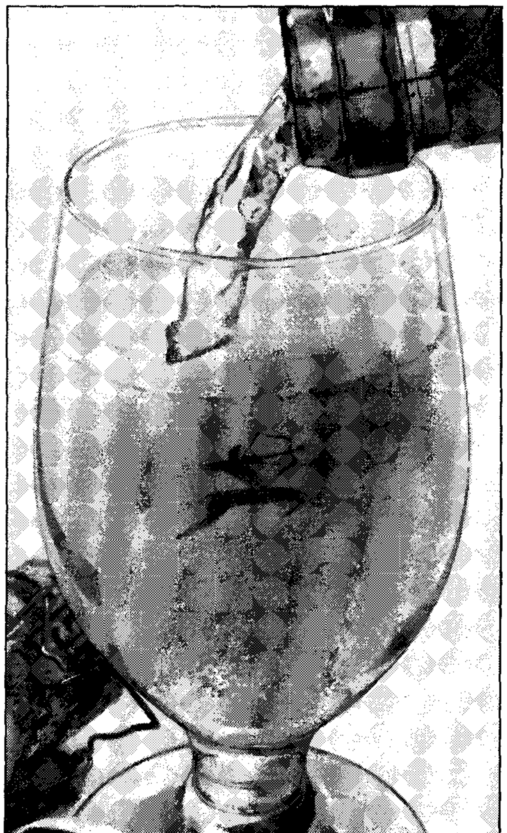

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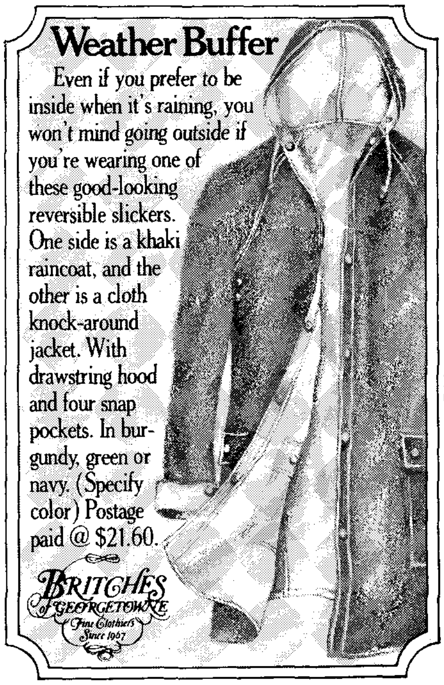

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off. The second time, the stunt went for a touchdown. This observer's chief of protocol explains it this way: by laying the ball on the ground, the quarter commits a technical fumble; the ball is therefore up for grabs, and anyone can run with it. If the quarter had handed or pitched the ball to the guard, the play would have been ruled illegal. Inasmuch as the guard who made the touchdown bears the name of Schleusener, the maneuver will probably be known as the Schleusener Connection until the rules committee discovers a way of outlawing it.

EASTERNERS who hadn't had the time to pop out to Utah, or farther, over a weekend to study Marc Wilson, the wholly improbable quarter who ended his season, and his collegiate career, on Saturday, were offered their first chance to view him—vicariously, though, for he was onscreen, and not in person. His task of the afternoon was putting away, on behalf of his affiliation, Brigham Young University, the squad fielded by San Diego State. Before he was withdrawn, in the third quarter, he had thrown the ball for four touchdowns (that's twenty-nine for his season's work) and taken it in for another. The playboys of our Western world are usually outsize and often nomadic, exchanging affiliations as readily as though they were engaged in an afternoon of Monopoly, but Wilson is not one of these. Standing six feet five and weighing out at above two hundred, he is slim all the way down. Other distinguishing characteristics: he wears no disco beard or hairdo, his face is Norman, his nose Roman, his speech pattern casual (even graceful), his demeanor calm (even collected), his movements in action effortless and devastating. This commentator has enormously enjoyed every observed moment of him, whether it involved armchair watching or in-stadium attendance. —J. W. L.

•

Relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilsey, R. 1, Kewanee, were invited by the couple's sons to participate in a surprise party for their parents at Blanchard Island Chute, south of Muscatine, Iowa, on Sunday, Aug. 4. The event was the couple's 25th wedding anniversary.

The sons are Philip and Douglas, students at Illinois State University, Normal, and Jeffrey, at home.

Guests came from Lancaster and Hebron, Ohio, and Kewanee and Galva, Ill. The Wilsey sons topped off the party by throwing their parents into the Mississippi River.—*Kewanee (Ill.) Star-Courier.*

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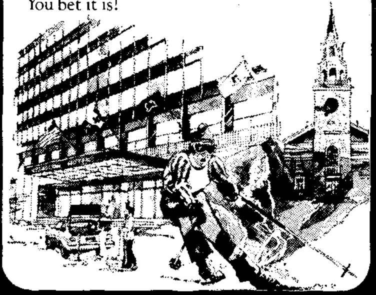

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Secrets and Surprises, by Ann Beattie (*Random House, $8.95*).

A collection of short stories, about half of which originally appeared in these pages.

Mountain Passages, by Jeremy Bernstein (*University of Nebraska Press, $12.50*).

A recounting of some of the author's high-altitude adventures, from Mont Blanc to Islamabad.

Walker Percy: An American Search, by Robert Coles (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50*).

A Profile of the American philosopher and novelist.

Great Days, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

Seven of the sixteen stories in this collection are in the form of dialogues between erudite and outrageous minds. Historical personages from Montezuma to Edward Lear loom large in the remaining nine.

America Revised: History Schoolbooks in the Twentieth Century, by Frances FitzGerald (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $9.95*).

How textbooks on American history are written and rewritten.

Too Far to Go: The Maples Stories, by John Updike (*Fawcett Crest Books, $2.25 paper*).

Seventeen stories that follow the lives of Joan and Richard Maple, from their marriage's beginning, on West Thirteenth Street, to its end, in the Cambridge City Hall, twenty-odd years later.

American Singers, by Whitney Balliett (*Oxford, $10*).

Fourteen of them, Teddi King, Alberta Hunter, Tony Bennett included.

The Pendulum and the Toxic Cloud, by Thomas Whiteside (*Yale, $15 hardcover, $4.95 paper*).

The lethal spread of contamination by dioxin: the vapor over Seveso, Italy; the oozings of the Love Canal, near Niagara Falls.

A Rose in the Heart, by Edna O'Brien (*Doubleday, $8.95*).

Short stories set in London, Vermont, Ireland, and a Mediterranean village, among other places.

A Backward Look: Germans Remember, by Daniel Lang (*McGraw-Hill, $8.95*).

A report on how a group of German schoolboys and their elders view Nazi Germany from a distance of three decades.

I Know Your Heart, Marco Polo, by Henry Bromell (*Knopf, $7.95*).

Four stories that recall a family's passage through fifty years, from our East Coast to Europe, the Near East, and back again.

Senator, by Elizabeth Drew (*Simon & Schuster, $8.95*).

A report on ten days in the life of Senator John C. Culver, Democrat, of Iowa.

Beautiful Girl, by Alice Adams (*Knopf, $8.95*).

Sixteen stories with varied characters and settings—a girl in Paris, a woman in San Francisco, two brothers at Harvard are some of them.

The Politics of Energy, by Barry Commoner (*Knopf, $10 hardcover, $4.95 paper*).

As the title states. An analysis and some suggestions.

The Best of Rhys Davies (*David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vermont, $12.95*).

From some hundred and fifty short stories published between 1927 and 1967, this Welsh writer (who died in 1978) selected a dozen personal favorites for this anthology. Seven of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Westchester: Portrait of a County, by Alex Shoumatoff (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $9.95*).

A look at its history, its land, and its people.

About Time: An Aspect of Autobiography, by Penelope Mortimer (*Doubleday, $8.95*).

A memoir focussing on the author's early years and featuring her parents and other relatives. It begins in pastoral England and ends, about twenty years later, in London, as the Second World War begins.

Days, by Mary Robison (*Knopf, $8.95*).

Twenty short stories, mostly about Middle American families.

Giving Up the Gun: Japan's Reversion to the Sword, 1543-1879, by Noel Perrin (*Godine, $8.95*).

An account of a little-known incident in history: Japan's choosing to give up an advanced military weapon and return to a primitive one.

Game, Set, and Match: The Tennis Boom of the 1960s and 70s, by Herbert Warren Wind (*Dutton, $12.95*).

An informal history of the game.

"Dr. Salaam" & Other Stories of India, by Padma Perera (*Capra, $3.95 paper*).

Many of the stories in this collection are set in and around Madras, the author's birthplace.

Onward and Upward in the Garden, by Katharine S. White (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95*).

A collection of pieces on gardening, seed catalogues, and other horticultural matters, edited and with an introduction by E. B. White.

Disturbing the Universe, by Freeman Dyson (*Harper & Row, $12.95*).

The author's reflections on his work in physics and on his life in general.

The Ghost Writer, by Philip Roth (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

A short novel.

Peter Arno: Cartoons, by Peter Arno (*Dodd, Mead, $10.95*).

More than two hundred and fifty drawings spanning the artist's forty-three-year career at this magazine.

Testimony and Demeanor, by John Casey (*Knopf, $8.95*).

Four stories told by and telling of young men born, bred, and ready for positions of power and prestige—military, political, academic, and legal.

William Steig: Drawings, by William Steig (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $19.95*).

A couple of hundred drawings from the past decade, with an introduction by Lillian Ross.

Pianist's Progress, by Helen Drees Ruttencutter (*Crowell, $8.95*).

An account of the rising fortunes of a Juilliard student, Robin McCabe.

From the Fifteenth District, by Mavis Gallant (*Random House, $8.95*).

A novella and eight stories by the Canadian writer. The settings are mostly European.

A Turning Wheel: Three Decades of the Asian Revolution, by Robert Shaplen (*Random House, $15*).

A personal examination of Southeast Asia, based on the author's thirty years' experience as a correspondent in the area.

Run to the Waterfall, by Arturo Vivante (*Scribners, $8.95*).

Fifteen stories about a Sienese family. The narrator is one of the sons—a painter and a former doctor.

A Perfect Vacuum: Perfect Reviews of Nonexistent Books, by Stanislaw Lem (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95*).

Fiction in the form of criticism of imaginary works.

Problems and Other Stories, by John Updike (*Knopf, $10*).

Twenty-three stories.

Mamaji, by Ved Mehta (*Oxford, $12.95*).

A biographical portrait of the author's mother.

Old Love, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.95*).

Eighteen tales of passion among old and middle-aged people, in Poland, New York, Spain, Brazil, and Florida, among other places.

Janet Flanner's World: Uncollected Writings, 1932-75, by Janet Flanner, edited by Irving Drutman (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95*).

The late author was this magazine's Paris correspondent.

On the Edge of the Cliff, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $8.95*).

Nine stories, in his first collection in five years.

Sinai: The Great and Terrible Wilderness, by Burton Bernstein (*Viking, $13.95*).

History and on-the-spot reporting. Many photographs.

Giving Good Weight, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95*).

A collection of writings on such matters as produce markets and pinball machines.

The Apathetic Bookie Joint, by Daniel Fuchs (*Methuen, $10*).

Short stories, autobiographical essays, and a novella, written between 1938 and 1975. The early ones describe street-wise youths in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn in the thirties; the later ones deal with people past their prime in Hollywood.

Notes from the Castle, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $10 hardcover, $5.95 paper*).

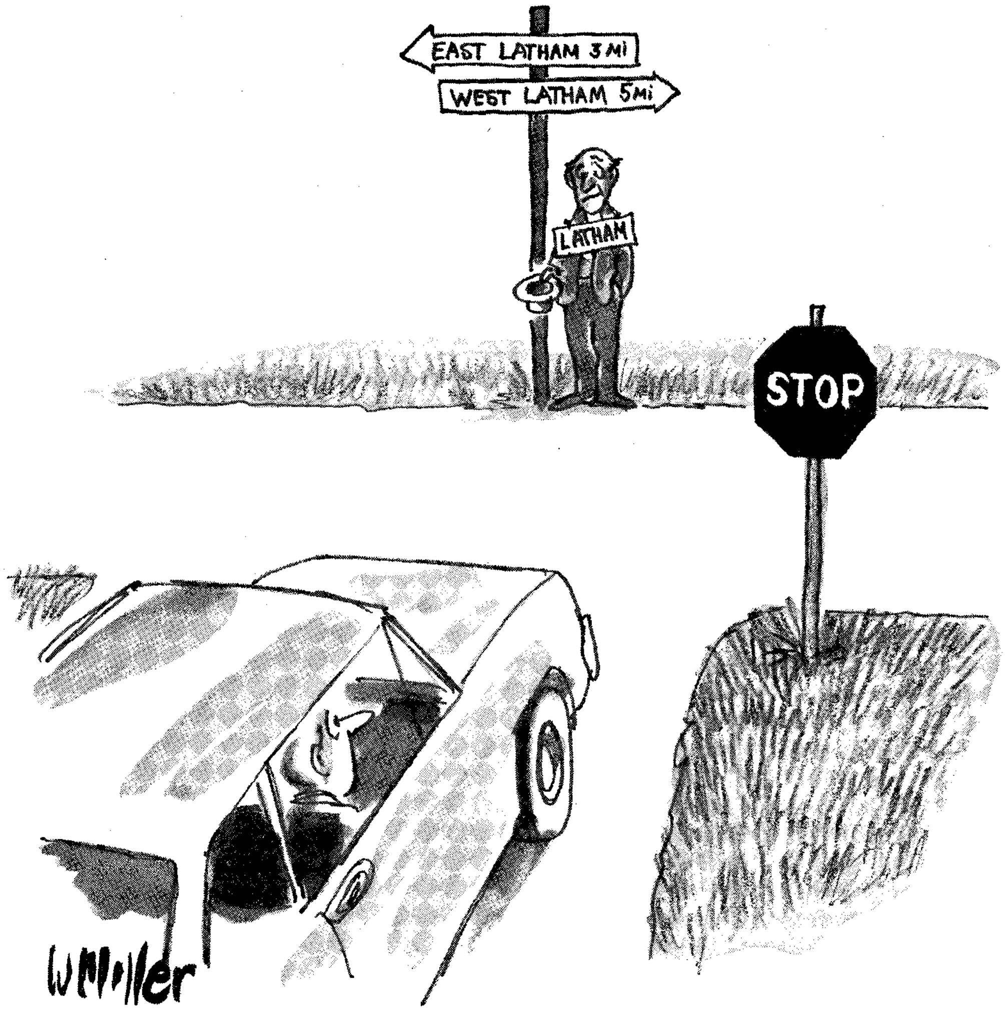
Twenty-seven poems, including two translations.

BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

THE children's-book section of a good bookstore is so rich and enticing that a shopper seeking a gift for a particular child is reduced to a helpless state of conflicting impulses and desires. Judgment seems impossible. The covers of children's books are dazzlingly successful; almost every cover does what it is supposed to do—make you want to reach out for the book. Wandering through a bookstore recently, I was overwhelmed by the color and design on display and didn't know what to reach for first. I was reminded of a friend with whom I went to a liquor store. She stood at the counter gazing dreamily at the shelves of bottles: vodka, whiskey, wine, and cordials in glowing colors. The clerk broke into her reverie to ask what she wanted. "I don't know," she replied. "They all look so delicious."

I am not alone in feeling bewildered about how to pick out a book for a child. "Grandmothers are very insecure," I was told by a bookstore owner who takes a particular interest in children's books. "At Christmas, grandmothers buy children's books more often than mothers. Kids themselves pick out very few." I had dropped into the Canterbury Book Shop, on Lexington Avenue at Seventy-fourth Street, in search of general information on the current state of literature for children. Mrs. Deirdre Adler, co-owner with her husband, offered to show me around the juvenile section. We stood among racks of picture books—shiny creations beautiful enough to hang on the wall, and often thin enough as well. Mrs. Adler presumes that one of the reasons it is grandmothers who buy books is that they can better afford the steep prices. Almost any hardcover book is seven or eight dollars. Picture books may be ten dollars or more—even those designed for readers as young as three or four. Two-year-old bibliophiles would doubtless love to get their sticky hands on them. At such prices, they seem better suited to being placed under glass than under the Christmas tree.



Further research has confirmed the impression that the art of producing children's books has reached a state of high sophistication. Illustration and design range from flashy to very good to ravishing. Not surprisingly, the words don't always match the music. Some of those lovely packages, I found, contain mostly hot air and colored ink. One reason is that fine illustration can be produced to order; fine writing usually cannot. Furthermore, the best artists are often willing to work on children's books, but only a few top-notch writers are both willing and able to write for the young. It is not as easy as it looks. Even when there is good writing available, text tends to be overpowered by illustration. A dramatic example is a new picture book containing a few snippets of Edward Lear under the title "The Owl & the Pussy-Cat & Other Nonsense" (Viking; $8.95). I happen to possess an old edition of Lear's "Complete Nonsense Book." It is a big, fat green volume, published God knows how long ago, which I read as a child. The poem "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" takes up three pages. The remaining four hundred-odd pages of my dowdy old book are filled with hundreds of limericks and whimsical odds and ends. Lear's sharp and funny drawings naturally suit them perfectly. In the new edition, the thirty-three lines of "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" are stretched out over eighteen pages so riotously illustrated, by Owen Wood, that it is hard to find the poem amidst the shrubbery. Eight limericks are thrown in as "other nonsense." Pretty stingy, it seems to me!

My "Nonsense Book" kept me busy for days, and even now, when Lear doesn't seem as funny as he once did, I would prefer four hundred pages of nonsense to the forty offered in the current edition. Perhaps this isn't economically possible, even with black-and-white illustrations, but a more likely reason for Viking's parsimony in ladling out verses by the spoonful (other snips of Lear are being published in separate books) is that thin books sell better than fat books. Librarians tell me that kids hate fat books and won't take them off the shelf—that children recoil from a book that doesn't have more pictures than text on every page. This is the visual age, they say. Children who look at the tube from the time their eyes are open are more re-

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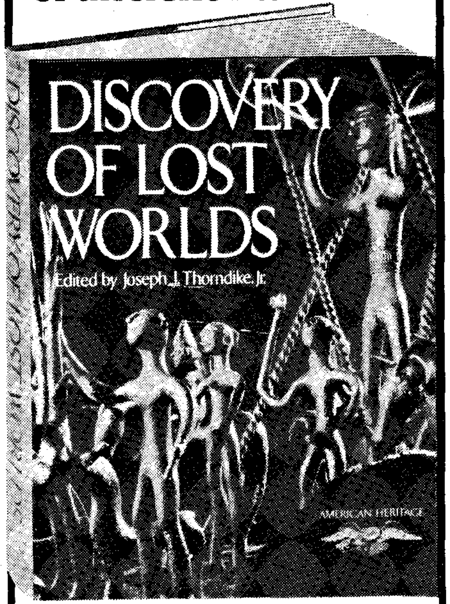

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ceptive to stories told in pictures than to ones told in words, and must be enticed into realizing that a printed word, though dull in appearance, can magically make a picture in your head. It seems that children and librarians are caught up in a circular process. Children given picture books refuse plainer fare. Their preferences influence librarians, who don't want stacks of unread books on their shelves. Librarians influence publishers, and so it goes, round and round. Wordless books, the ultimate refinement, began to appear a few years ago, and are quite popular, I'm told.

Librarians express their preferences in children's books in a number of ways. One of the most influential is by awarding prizes. There are dozens of them, but the two big ones are the Newbery Medal, given to an author, and the Caldecott, given to "the artist of the most distinguished American picture book" of the year. Both are awarded by a committee set up by the American Library Association. If the latest Caldecott winner is a fair example, the judges on this committee like the slick, slick, slick. "The Girl Who Loved Wild Horses," by Paul Goble (Bradbury; $8.95), is written for children five to seven, and has illustrations stylized in the Indian mode. They are splashy, elaborate, and dizzy with color. I'm sorry to say that I found them artificial and cold. I was somewhat astonished by the text. In a story suggesting that of Europa and the Bull, an Indian maiden is carried off on the back of a stallion that runs away with her to join a band of wild horses. In the following scene, Girl Meets Horse: "A beautiful spotted stallion was prancing to and fro in front of her, stamping his hooves and shaking his mane. He was strong and proud and more handsome than any horse she had ever dreamed of." A year later, we find the maiden riding beside the stallion and leading a spotted colt, which she gives to her tribe; but she refuses to rejoin the human race, preferring to go back to the stallion, which has become, it is subtly suggested, her mate. "They were proud and happy together," we are told, in a delicately ambiguous line. The story ends with "a beautiful mare"—the maiden transformed?—"mane and tail floating like wispy clouds about her," galloping beside "the mighty stallion." As though to head off a question that arose in this reader's mind about introducing sexual symbolism into the kindergarten, to say nothing of stereotyped sex roles, the author explains in a supplementary note

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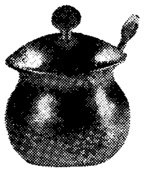

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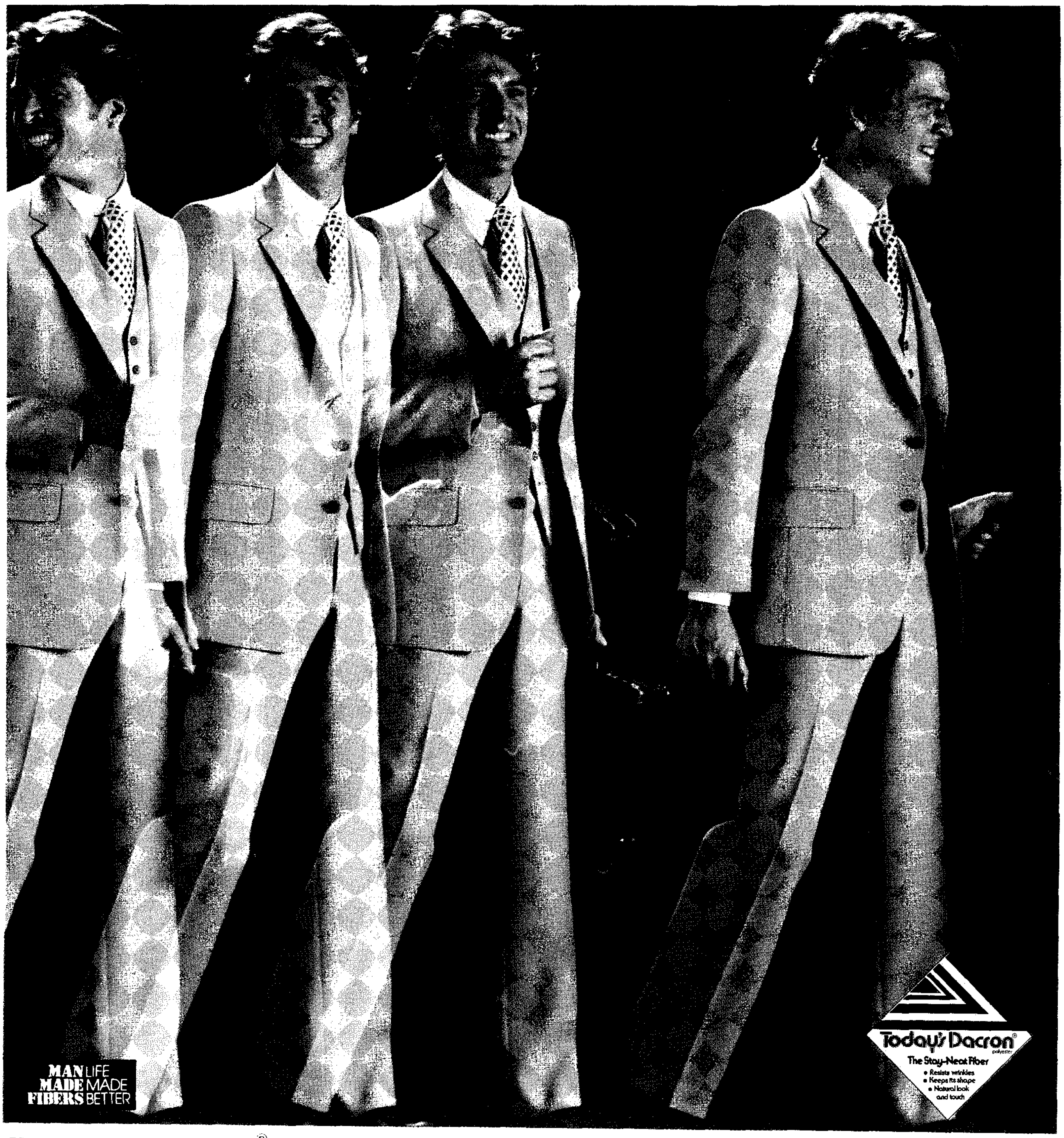
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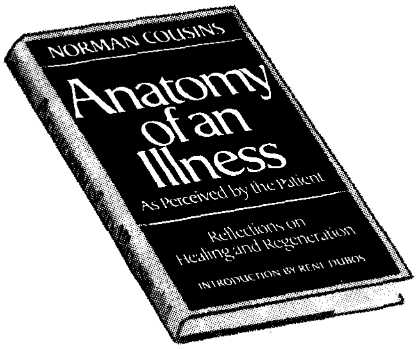
In children's-book publishing, grandmothers and other retail customers count for very little, because, unfortunately, there aren't enough of them. Bookstore sales provide a small percentage of the revenue from any book. Schools and libraries are the major customers, and it is the opinions of librarians which count. Book reviews in a trade publication such as *School Library Journal* make or break a children's book. Librarians, understandably, bend with the winds of change, and lately they have bent way over. Their social awareness has been raised to rarefied heights as they have sought to erase past sins of racism, sexism, élitism, and so on. Publishers must stay alert to avoid anything offensive to current thought. An author who wrote a story with the title "The Lady and the Spider" was warned by her editor that the word "lady" was unacceptable in the prevailing climate. Recently, I visited the Children's Book Council, an organization supported by publishers, and talked to its executive director, John Donovan. "The great effort right now," he said, "is to integrate books with American society. A great many books are being published for social rather than literary reasons. Books with a social message dominate the scene. I get a lot of letters from young Ph.D. candidates in education. They all ask about books on every conceivable ism—books that make a point or teach a lesson. Nobody asks about good writing." Donovan, a man with a round and cheerful face, who is also a writer of children's books, permitted himself a rueful sigh as together we contemplated the flat landscape of preachment. He then smiled and pointed out that didactic books are nothing new. There is a long tradition of preachy books before and after McGuffey and Dick Stover. In the present decade, however, the didacts have discovered whole mountains of new problems and perils, new virtues and vices, and are busily mining them. "Whether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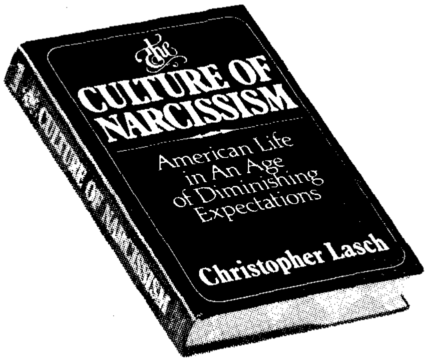
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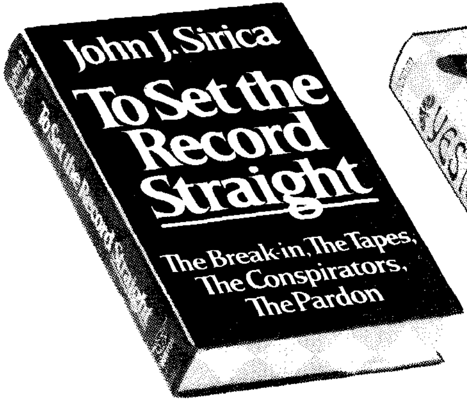
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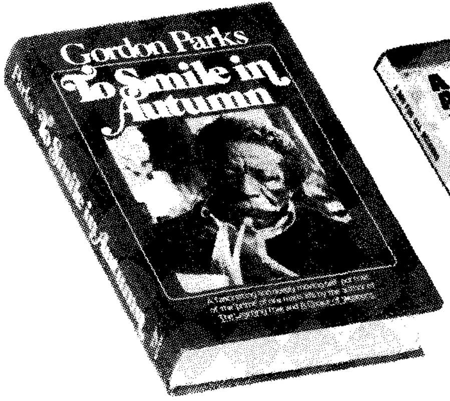
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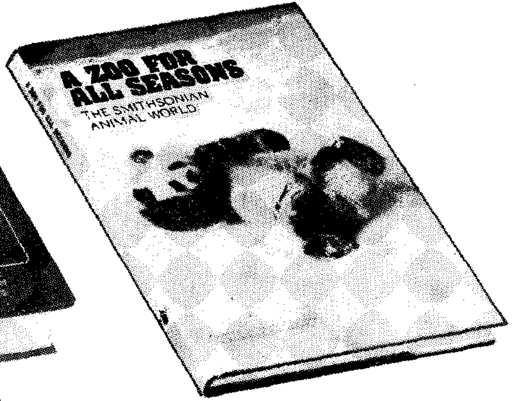
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the need is real or imagined," Donovan said, "the demand for problem books is tremendous. The vogue began about ten years ago and has been growing steadily. Problem books are the biggest thing in juvenile publishing."

Today's sermons often come in sensational wrappings. An outstanding example of this didactic fiction is a book entitled "Go Ask Alice," which swept the teen-age world on its publication, in 1971. It purports to be the diary of a girl who took drugs and ended up dying from an overdose, much like the miserable heroines of yesteryear who "went wrong" and jumped in the river. It's the work of a woman who remains alive and, as far as is known, has not been addicted to drugs. Nor has she revealed the diary on which the book is said to be based. Most reviewers accepted the story as genuine, and the book was a tremendous success both with teenagers and with librarians. Since then, the drug problem has been discussed in books for readers of every age. There are "easy-readers" about pot for seven-year-olds, and, sad to say, they quite likely provide a useful educational text. The need for books on some of the other depressing topics covered in both fact and fiction for children is less clear. Children's Press is offering a series including these titles: "My Mother Is Blind," "My Sister's Silent World," and "When Grandpa Died." A book called "Did You Hear What Happened to Andrea?" is about rape. It is somewhat pathetic that a book entitled "What's Going to Happen to Me? When Parents Separate or Divorce" is listed by its publisher as a best-seller. Death and divorce are both big right now. A trade term for this sort of thing is "bibliotherapy"—an absurd word, which makes me no less leery of what it stands for. I can see the usefulness of a book containing straight information, but therapy is another matter. Perhaps some poor kid whose grandfather has just died or whose parents are getting a divorce will find solace in a book on the topic, but it seems equally possible that the book will make him feel worse. Patent medicine taken by the wrong patient can make him sicker.

These grim problem books can't be much fun to read, but that apparently is not so of another kind of "realistic" fiction, filled with stereotyped problems, that currently holds millions enthralled. Judy Blume is the queen of a genre of novelists who provide a worm's-eye view of more nearly normal contemporary life, emphasizing its blemishes. The Judy Blume phenomenon began in 1970, with the publication

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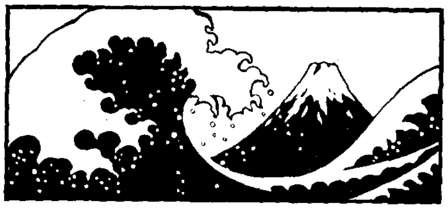

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of "Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret." Margaret, disillusioned at eleven, provides God and the reader with the running story of her pubescent tribulations described with a sharp-eyed but shallow realism that leaves few unpleasant details unnoticed. "I caught my mother sniffing under her arms," Margaret tells God on page 1. "I don't think people start to smell bad until they're at least twelve. So I've still got a few months to go." In successive books, Blume's heroines progress through the gamut of common physical, emotional, and moral difficulties. In two recent Blume books, the heroines are a bit older, and sex is their main preoccupation. These books are ostensibly for adults, but, to the dismay of some parents and librarians, Blume's little followers have no trouble finding them on the grownups' shelves.

Another writer who capitalizes on the sordid details of adolescence is Paula Danziger, whose latest book, "Can You Sue Your Parents for Malpractice?" (Delacorte; $6.95), is ruefully and relentlessly funny, in a style reminiscent of Erma Bombeck's. Danziger's heroine is fourteen, and, it says on the jacket, "her life is the pits." Among the crosses she must bear are a younger sister who annoys her; an older sister who's a beauty; parents who not only fail her emotionally but force her to wash the dishes; sexual flutterings; school days that are a drag; and so on and on. In the end, the heroine feels a lot better because, in a moment of revelation, she accepts her dreary future. "My life's not going to drastically change," she muses. "It hardly ever does when you're a kid. My parents certainly aren't going to change that much. . . . What I am sure of is that I finally did something for myself, that I'm learning to do what I think is best for me." I took the last sentence to be the redeeming social message of the book. I also noticed that throughout this book and in many other "contemporary" novels an enormous amount of hostility and resentment is expressed by young heroes and heroines. In almost all these books, realism means not only a problem but a grievance. Is this a reason they are so popular? One has a disquieting impression of legions of angry kids out there fuming over the dishes, their parents' insensitivity, and many things far worse, who are eager to identify with similarly mistreated heroes and heroines. Often, the happy ending comes when the child casts off the adult yoke and becomes his or her "own person"—a boneless phrase that sets my teeth on edge. Try-

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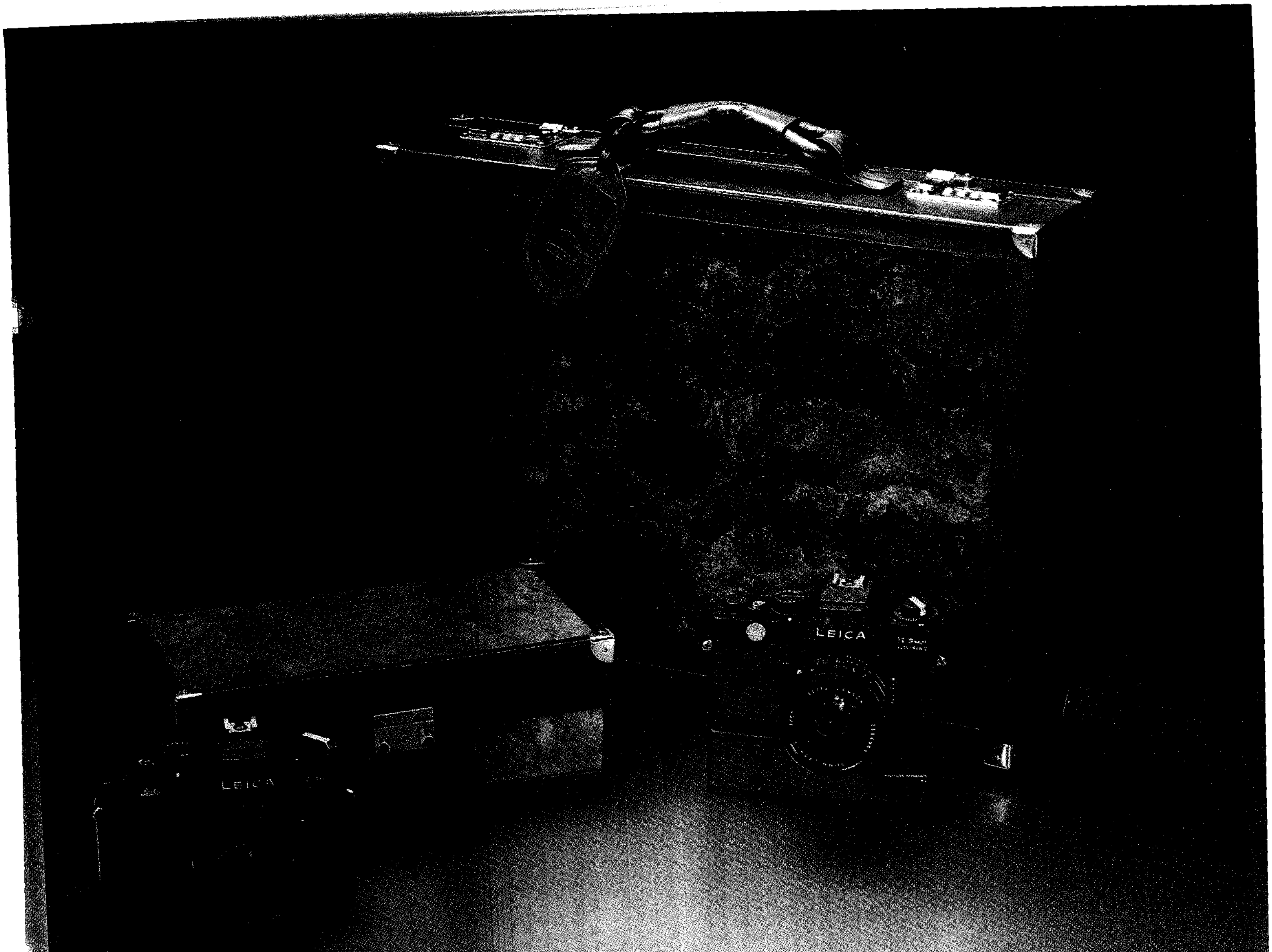

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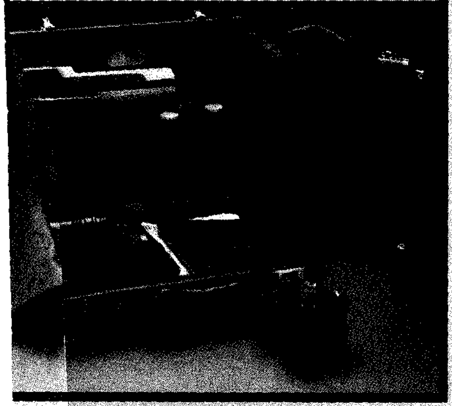

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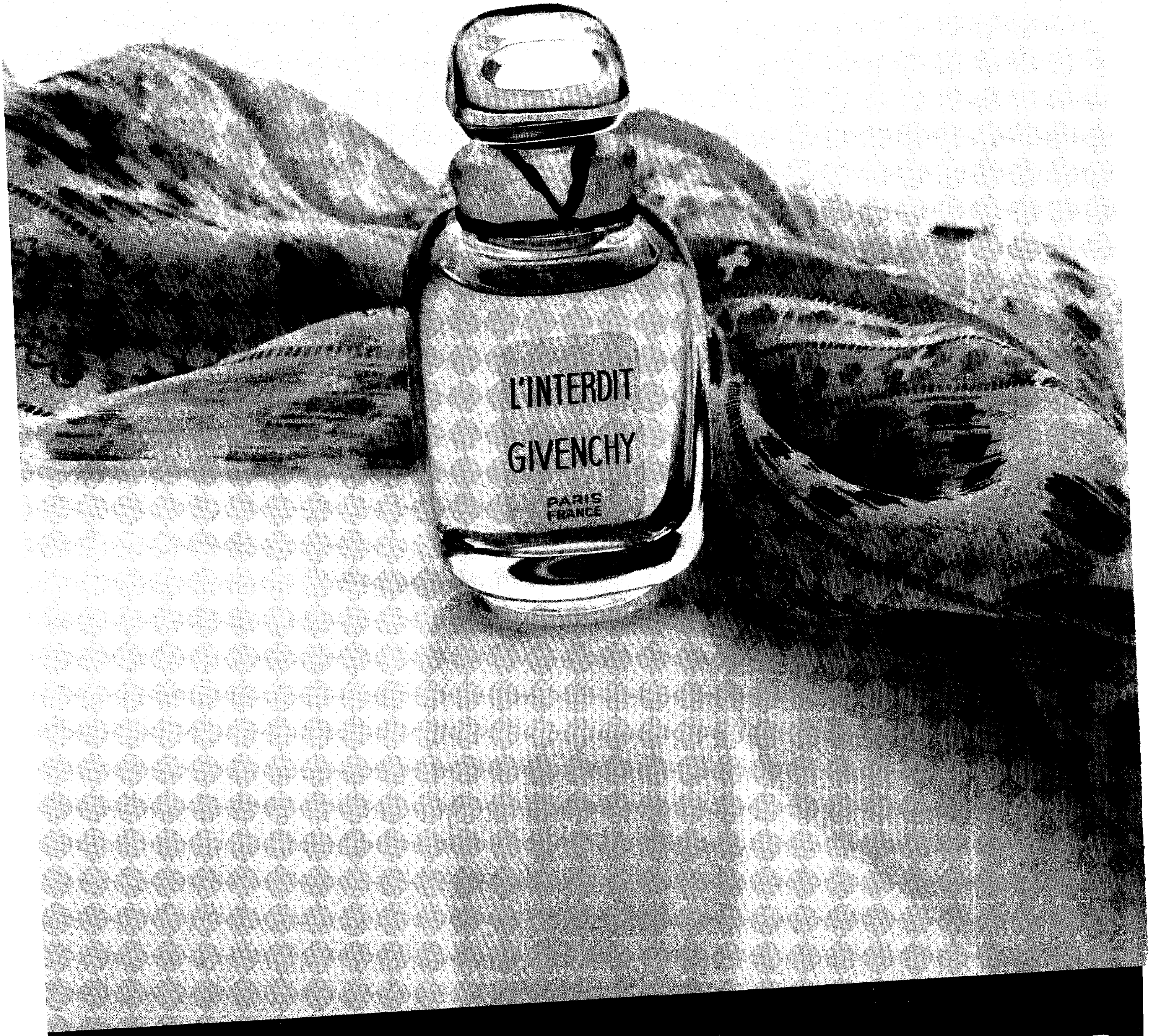
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ing to grasp its meaning is something like trying to grasp a jellyfish, but its elasticity makes it a convenient conclusion for any number of books.

What about a problem book that is in fact a fine piece of work—written, I feel sure, with complete sincerity? "The Girl Who Lived on the Ferris Wheel," by Louise Moeri (Dutton; $7.95), is such a book. It is a psychological thriller about an eleven-year-old girl called Til who lives with an increasingly abusive mother. Til sees her father only on Saturdays, when he takes her for an outing and a ride on the Ferris wheel. Til can never bring herself to tell her father what she knows he doesn't want to hear about her mother's cruelty, nor is Til sure that she doesn't deserve to be punished. Aren't parents always right? As her mother's madness grows to the point where Til realizes her mother will ultimately kill her, the child tries to get help, first from one adult, then another, but since she herself doesn't fully understand what is happening she finds it impossible to describe her danger to anyone else. Although the plot is simplified in deference to younger readers, it is convincing enough to have held this adult spellbound. Til saves herself only when she can face the fact that her own mother is malevolent. "I hoped in writing this story to show children who find themselves in this position that they are not altogether unique, and that one can face this reality [the malevolent parent] and survive," the author explains on the jacket. To me, there is an element of fantasy in her hope for what the book can do. I try to visualize a real Til finding this book, understanding its message, and applying it to her particular case. What I see instead is insecure children, whose homes are less than happy, scared out of their wits that their fathers will leave and their mothers go mad. As "bibliotherapy," this book is strong medicine.

HAPPILY, publishers are still putting out books on a great variety of subjects, old and new, that are neither depressing nor didactic. I have looked over several hundred and could go on reading long past Christmas and New Year's without running out of interesting and appealing books. The list that follows has been compiled in the hope of assisting grandmothers and other Christmas shoppers by describing what lies between some of the many lovely covers displayed in stores this year. Some of the books I liked a lot. Some of them I would have liked if I were young, or very young. I have

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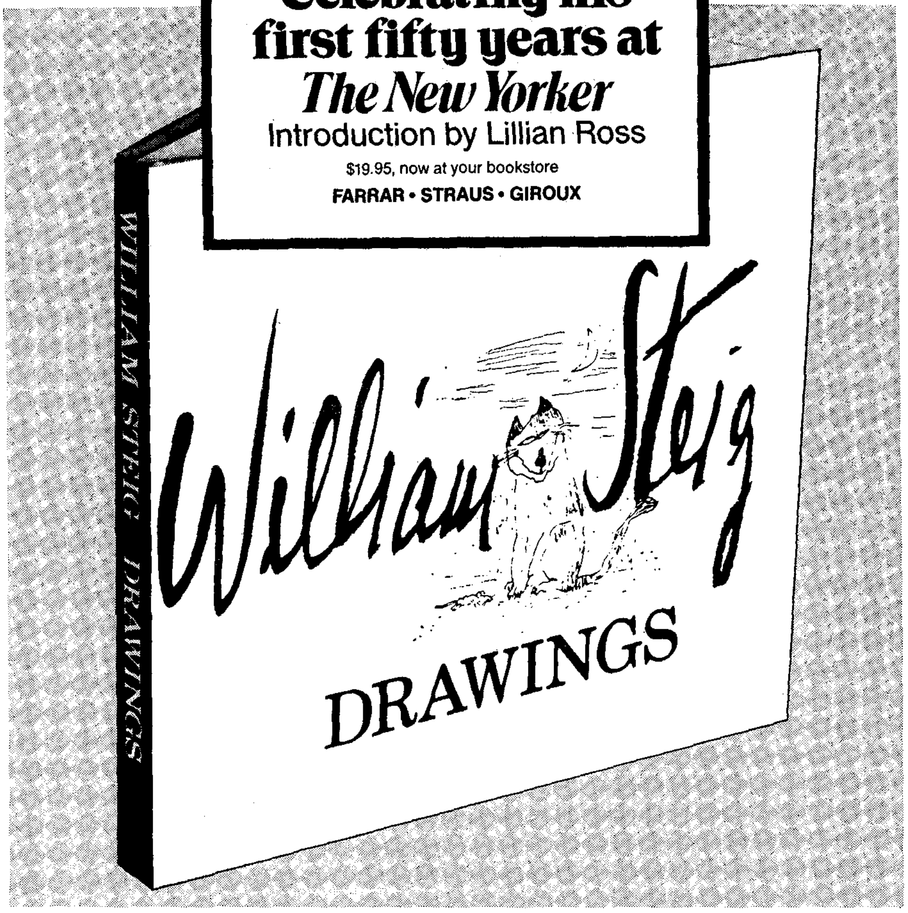

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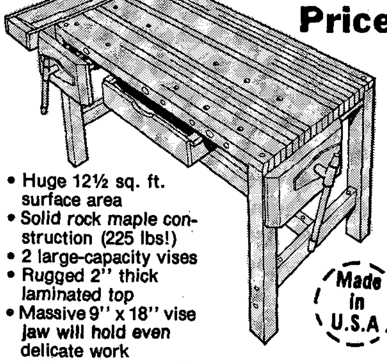
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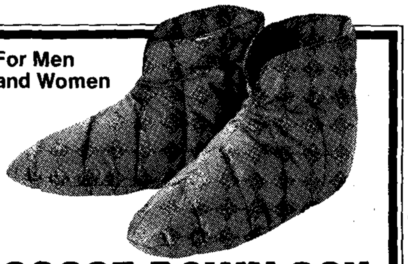
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kept an eye out for books that have something unusual about them—particularly books that seem genuine rather than machine-made.

Generalizing about the ages at which children will like a certain book is always unsatisfactory, but nevertheless one must make a stab at it. When a child begins to read to himself, at six or seven, the trick is to find a story that is easy enough for him to read but whose content doesn't insult his intelligence. I'm told that for the beginner "The Cat in the Hat" is simple and "Frog and Toad" is advanced, yet this is also the age at which a book as complex as "Alice in Wonderland," read aloud, is well received. Ten is often the age of graduation to a more nearly adult sort of book—with few illustrations or none at all—and I have chosen it as an arbitrary dividing line.

FIRST, some books with lots of pictures and suited to children younger than ten, whether read aloud or by the child himself:

"I AM CHERRY ALIVE," THE LITTLE GIRL SANG, by Delmore Schwartz, illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Harper & Row; $7.95). A poem on the wonders of being young, which reads sweetly and has tenderly romantic illustrations.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING, by Robert Frost, illustrated by Susan Jeffers (Dutton; $7.95). The famous poem makes a perfect story for a picture book. The illustrations, mainly in black-and-white, are lovely.

THE MAN IN THE MOON AS HE SAILS THE SKY, AND OTHER MOON VERSE, illustrated by Ann Schweninger (Dodd, Mead; $7.95). A collection of short poems about the moon, chosen by the artist, whose pictures are tiny and luminous.

STRANGE MONSTERS OF THE SEA, by Richard Armour, illustrated by Paul Galdone (McGraw-Hill; $7.95). The odd characteristics of a number of marine creatures are described in clever verses that are scientifically accurate as well.

THE BEAR AND THE KINGBIRD: A TALE FROM THE BROTHERS GRIMM, translated by Lore Segal, illustrated by Chris Conover (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). The story of a foolish bear who insults five scrawny baby birds and thus brings on a great war in the animal kingdom is well told in a text suited to reading aloud. Amusing illustrations ingeniously parody the action and contain a

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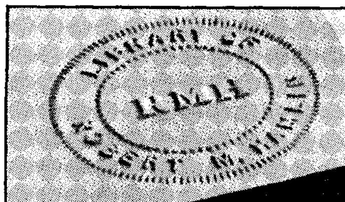

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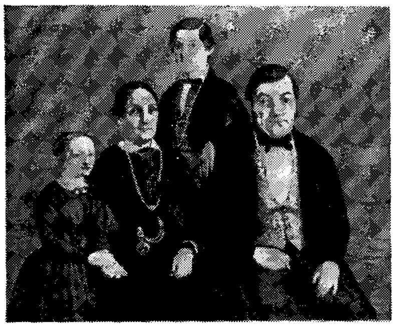

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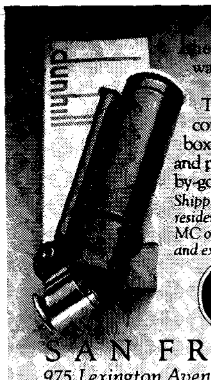

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multitude of details. A very nice book for a small child.

Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm, illustrated by Kay Nielsen, with an introduction by Bryan Holme (Viking; $12.95). The purpose of this beautiful edition is to bring back illustrations originally published in 1925. Kay Nielsen, a Danish artist, worked in Paris before the First World War, where in 1914 he produced his romantic masterpiece, the illustrations for "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." After the war, he illustrated three more volumes of fairy tales, of which this is one, before giving up illustration to go to Hollywood. No one who as a child had a book with Nielsen illustrations has ever forgotten it, and a Nielsen revival is under way. This volume combines the best elements of the original French and English editions; there are a dozen stories and a dozen Nielsen watercolors.

In the Land of Small Dragon, told by Dang Manh Kha to Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Tony Chen (Viking; $8.95). It seems that Cinderella also lived in Vietnam. In this folk tale, she is named Tam, and her good deed is to nurture a little fish, who in death becomes a pair of jewelled shoes, one of which, naturally, finds its way to the Prince. While the details differ, the discomfiture of the wicked sister is as satisfying in an Oriental setting as anywhere else. Poetic language for children is tricky stuff, but this is good, and the pictures are beautifully romantic.

Jim Flying High, by Mari Evans, illustrated by Ashley Bryan (Doubleday; $7.95). A graceful flight of fancy about a flying fish named Jim, who flies into a tree and remains there out of stubborn pride until bystanders devise a way to help him down while permitting him to save face. The story is told in a West Indian dialect that is sometimes eloquent, sometimes baffling, but interesting to figure out.

Sarah's Unicorn, by Bruce and Katherine Coville (Lippincott; $7.95). This is an especially attractive book for a child beginning to read alone. The words are easy, but the story is told with enough skill to take it out of the baby class. Sarah lives at the edge of a forest with her horrible aunt, a witch, who lends a welcome touch of wickedness. Aunt and niece struggle for possession of the bewitching unicorn. The lovely pictures make it all vivid and credible.

Mazel and Shlimazel; or, The Milk of a Lioness, by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated from the Yiddish by the author and Elizabeth Shub, illus-

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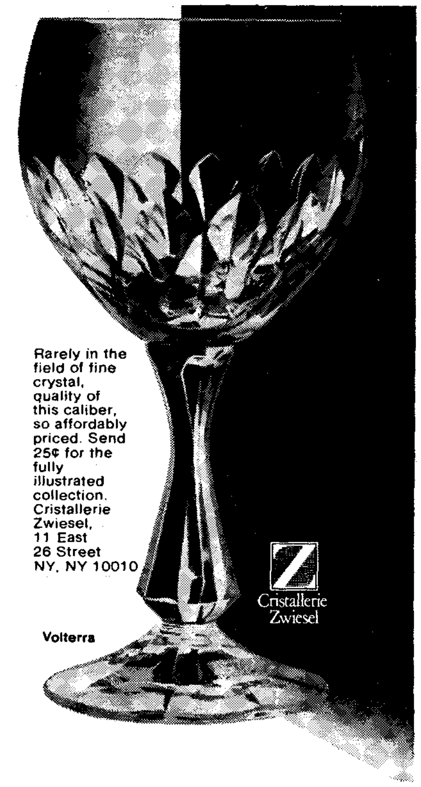

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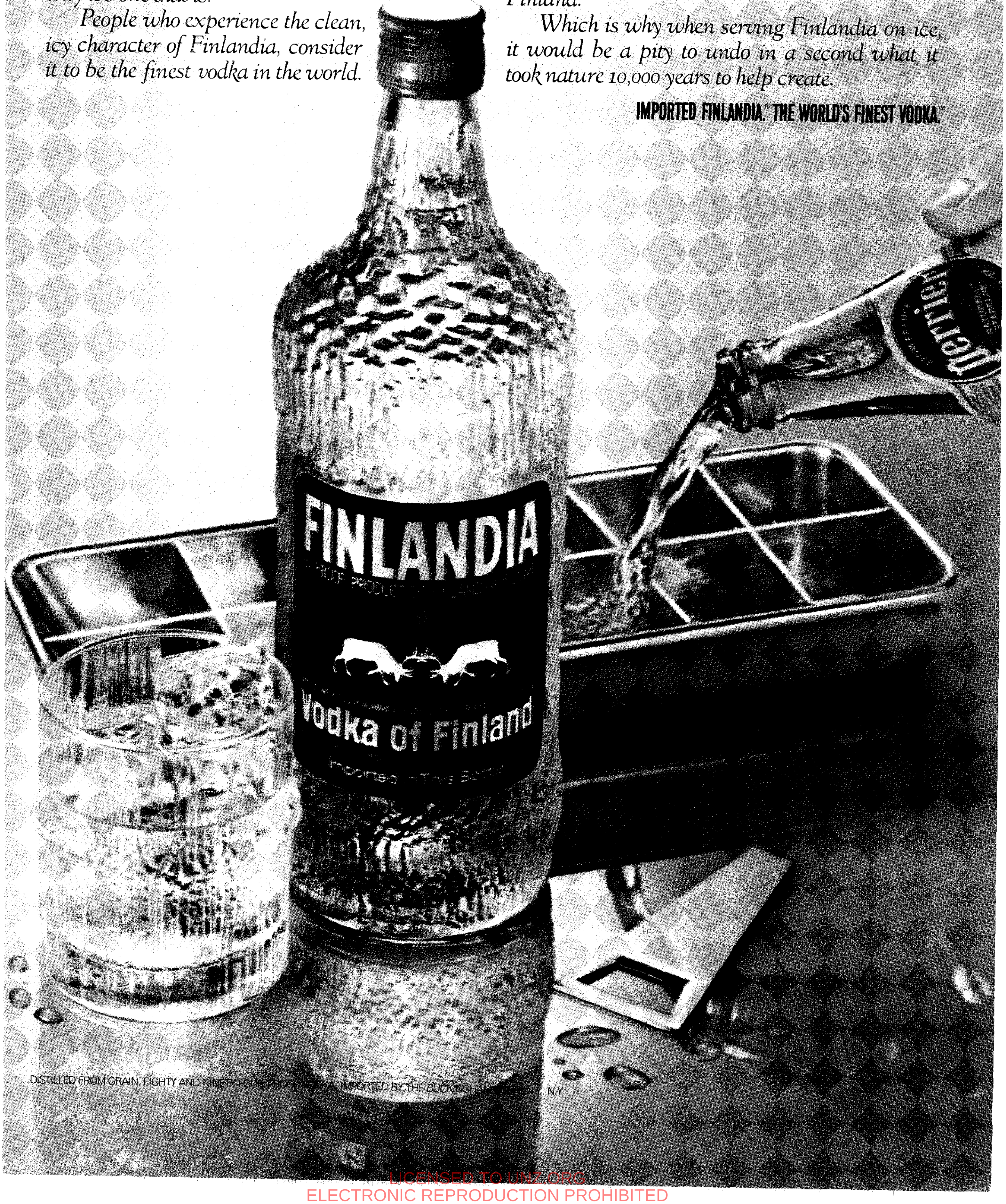

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trated by Margot Zemach (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). Mazel is the spirit of good luck, Shlimazel of bad luck. Passing through a village, the two meet, exchange boasts about their respective powers, and decide to test them on a poor peasant boy named Tam. No one is more adept at describing the caprices of fate than Singer, the master storyteller. This tale was first published a dozen years ago. Three other Singer books for children have also been reissued recently: "Elijah the Slave," "When Shlemiel Went to Warsaw," and "Alone in the Wild Forest." All these new editions are very well illustrated.

THE CHURCH MICE AT BAY, by Graham Oakley (Atheneum; $8.95). A truly funny picture book—one of a series, about the mice who peacefully inhabit a church in the English village of Wortlethorpe. The arrival of a new curate, long-haired and in jeans, threatens traditional ways, and the mice rise in arms. Detailed pictures, by the author, showing how the mice harass the curate are supplemented by a narrative full of straight-faced British humor. A non-reader can follow the pictures, while the older reader will find the text funny as well.

THE KNIGHT OF THE LION, by Gerald McDermott (Four Winds; $8.95). A free adaptation of a legend concerning an Arthurian knight named Yvain who routs the Black Knight and weds the fair Laudine. There is enough chivalry, wizardry, gore, and romance to fill the dreams of any young medievalist—preferably one about ten. A handsome book, with illustrations by the author.

FAREWELL, AUNT ISABELL, by Ilse-Margret Vogel (Harper & Row; $6.95). The author has an extraordinary ability to convey complex and subtle feelings in simple language. This is a little book—only fifty-four pages, including the author's graceful and evocative illustrations—meant for children six to ten, yet it tells of a childhood experience with a depth that is unusual in children's books. Miss Vogel describes with clarity what a girl and her sister thought and felt as children observing the mysterious scenes that occurred when their Aunt Isabell went mad. The episode may sound bizarre and unappealing, but that is an adult view, which Miss Vogel skillfully avoids. To the children in the story, Aunt Isabell's madness simply *is*, and that is what makes the book a small work of art.

THE NUTCRACKER, by E. T. A. Hoffmann, adapted by Janet Schulman, illustrated by Kay Chorao (Dutton;

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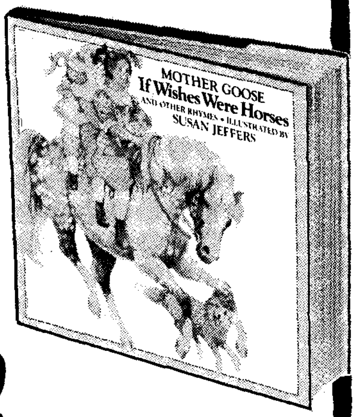

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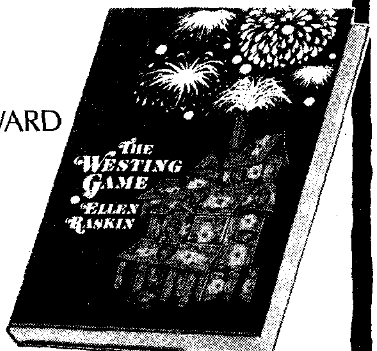

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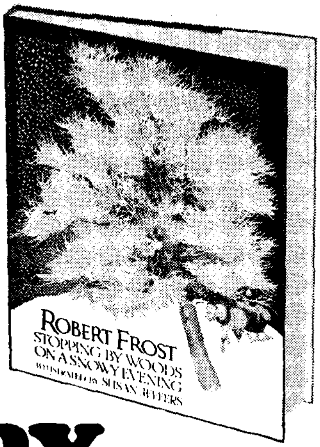

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HOW I HUNTED THE LITTLE FELLOWS, by Boris Zhitkov, translated from the Russian by Djemma Bider, illustrated by Paul O. Zelinsky (Dodd, Mead; $6.95). The authenticity of this autobiographical fragment by a distinguished Russian writer makes it unusually compelling. Zhitkov, who died in 1938, tells how as a young boy visiting his stern grandmother he became fascinated by a model steamship that she kept on a shelf and forbade him to touch. He imagined the ship peopled with tiny sailors hidden under the deck—a fantasy that became irresistible, so that he tore the ship apart trying to find them. It is a simple story, simply told, but filled with powerful emotion as the child struggles with his longing to touch forbidden fruit. The illustrations, faithfully showing every detail of a nineteenth-century Russian household, are marvellous.

THE BOY WHO TURNED INTO A TV SET, by Stephen Manes, illustrated by Michael Bass (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $6.95). A cautionary tale that made me roar with laughter. It describes the dread disease "televisionosis," which afflicts a young TV addict named Ogden. Among the uncomfortable symptoms are commercials issuing unbidden every time he opens his mouth. Doctors have no cure, but the author of this book has dis-

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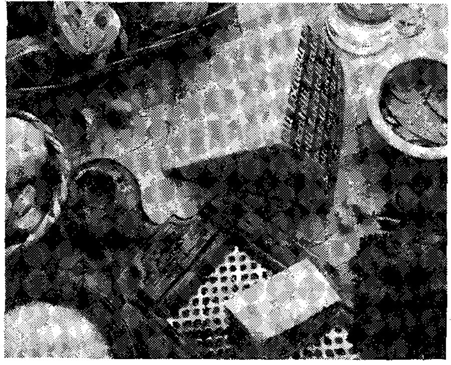

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covered one, and Ogden is spared a life of endless blabbing as a human soundtrack. It is too bad, though, that such a funny book has unattractive, unfunny pictures.

THE following books are for readers ranging from eight or ten into the teens:

THE DULCIMER BOY, by Tor Seidler, illustrated by David Hockney (Viking; $8.95). "The Dulcimer Boy" combines the most satisfying elements of classic children's literature: adventure, wickedness, goodness, and deep unvoiced emotion. As the story begins, a wicker hamper containing twin boys is delivered to a horrid couple, who become the boys' foster parents. The hamper also contains a silver-stringed dulcimer, the only clue to the children's birthright. One child thrives despite the meanness of their surroundings; his brother is broken and mute. There is, of course, magic in the dulcimer. When the stronger boy plays it, songs of haunting beauty mysteriously rise within him. He escapes with the dulcimer, but even as he gains his freedom he thinks guiltily of his sad brother, left behind. Singing for his supper, the dulcimer boy wanders through a landscape that is both real and dreamlike—a journey in which his goal is simply to survive. Ultimately, his gift of music leads him to discover where the dulcimer came from. As in all fine stories, the current of the narrative pulls the reader along on the surface while the undercurrents of meaning are felt beneath it, tugging at his emotions. For my money, Tor Seidler writes as beautifully as the dulcimer boy sings.

BUNNICULA: A RABBIT-TALE OF MYSTERY, by Deborah and James Howe, illustrated by Alan Daniel (Atheneum; $7.95). A clue to the archness of this book is that the narrator is a dog and his friend the cat is a midnight reader of horror tales. Their owners are Mom and Dad and two kids, who exchange rapid sitcom dialogue so natural you might be sitting en famille in front of your television set. Even the dog's comments might be *your* dog talking. The plot hinges on the introduction of a vampire rabbit into the family circle. "Bunnicula" is pretty slick bunkula, but quite funny at that.

FATLIPS: A STORY FOR CHILDREN, by Arnold Wesker, illustrated by Oscar Zarate (Harper & Row; $6.95). Once I got past the deplorable title, I found this fantasy absorbing. The story takes place aboard a ship carrying a group of immigrants to a new land. A silent,

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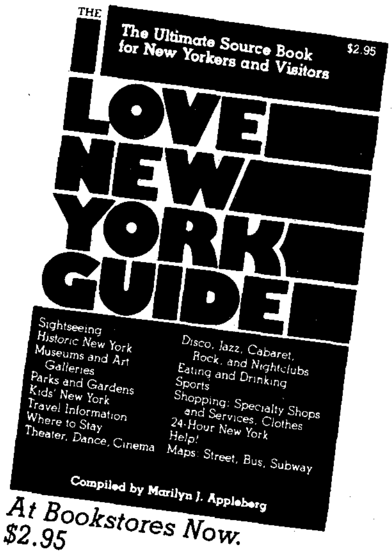
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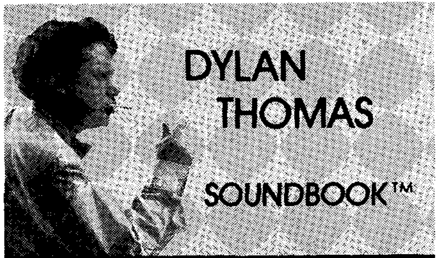
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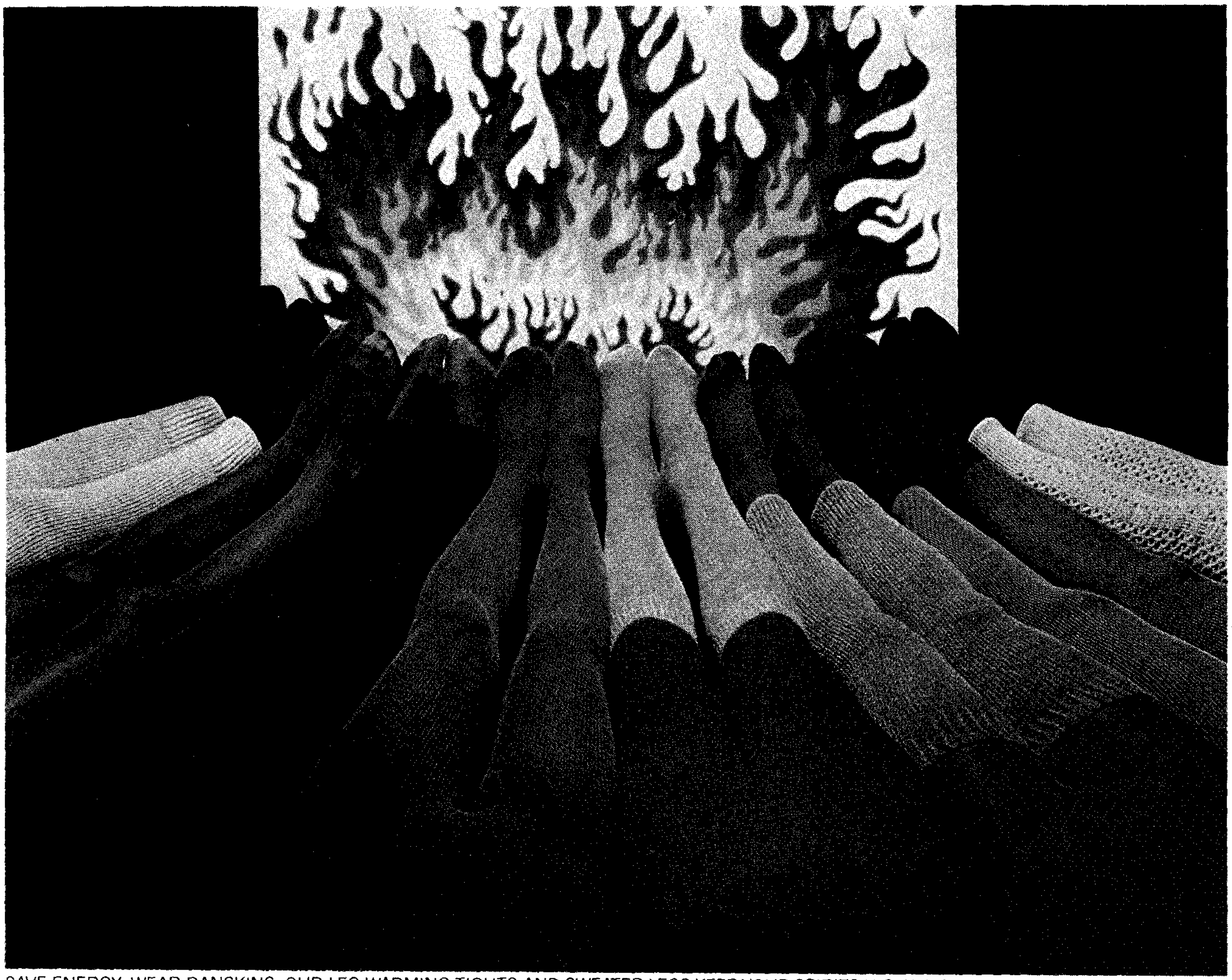

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ugly old man is noticed by the children because he possesses the compelling quality of stillness. They deride him, until they discover that he commands certain magical powers, which I take to be a metaphor for the transcendent power of will. The author is the distinguished playwright; this is his first book for children. Perhaps his plot falters a bit in its resolution, but the telling, teeming with ideas, never does.

Moth Manor: A Gothic Tale, by Martha Bacon, illustrated by Gail Burroughs (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $6.95). A little girl playing with a doll house plans a wonderful wedding: Colonel Charles, a soldier doll, is to marry the beautiful French doll Henriette. Unhappily, the ceremony does not take place. There is a squabble in the nursery during which the French doll disappears. The little girl forgets the episode. The doll house is put in the attic, where its disappointed tenants wait, unforgetting, for half a century. At times of peril, a moth with luminous wings (the lost Henriette?) haunts the attic, protecting the doll house from harm. It remains for the goddaughter of the little girl to save it from destruction, find Henriette, and fulfill promises made so long ago. Martha Bacon is witty rather than sentimental. Her dolls are not little people in dolls' clothes but purely, wonderfully doll-like. Her writing is distinguished by elegance, humor, excitement, and poetry.

The River Witches, by Ben Shecter (Harper & Row; $7.95). There are real witches, both good and evil, in this satisfying suspense story, illustrated by the author, which takes place somewhere along the Hudson River in Colonial times. A God-fearing boy named Andrew barely escapes being turned into a warlock himself as the witches battle each other with schemes and spells. Their eerie activities seem as credible to the reader as to Andrew. When the old woman who is the bad witch turns her back, lifts her cap and curls, and reveals two eyes in the back of her head, this reviewer nearly jumped out of her skin.

Samantha on Stage, by Susan Clement Farrar, illustrated by Ruth Sanderson (Dial; $7.95). Eleven-year-old Samantha is an ardent ballet pupil to whom the Bolshoi is merely a glamorous abstraction until a Russian girl who has studied there joins her class. The story begins with their rivalry and ends with understanding, friendship, applause, and roses for them both. The author is a ballet teacher as well as a charming writer, and the

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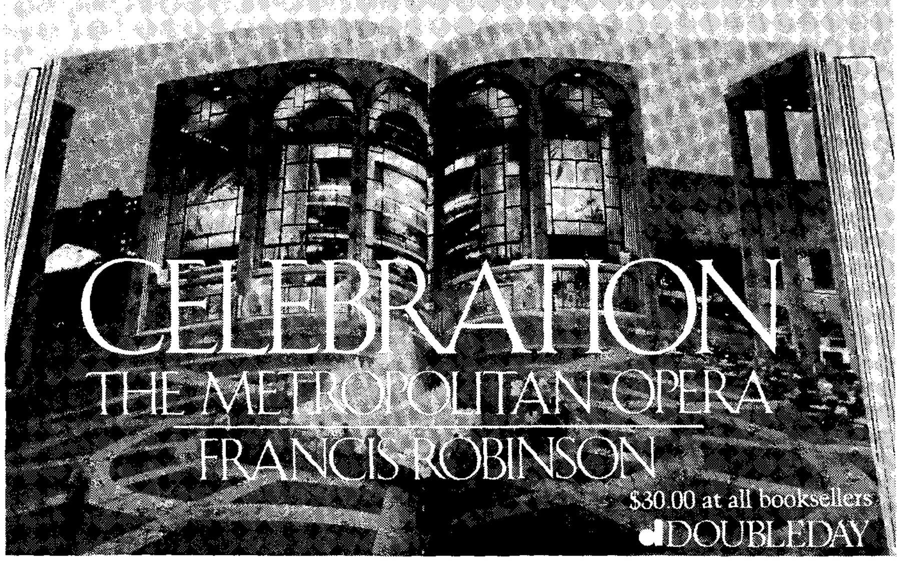

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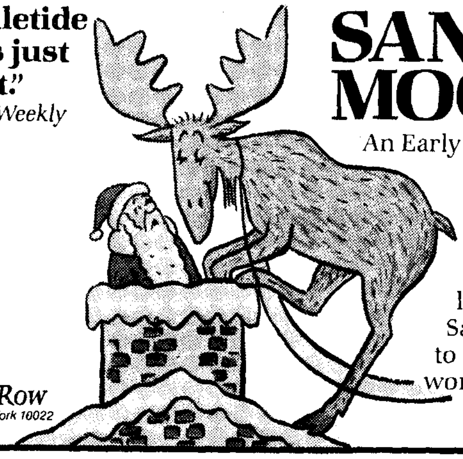

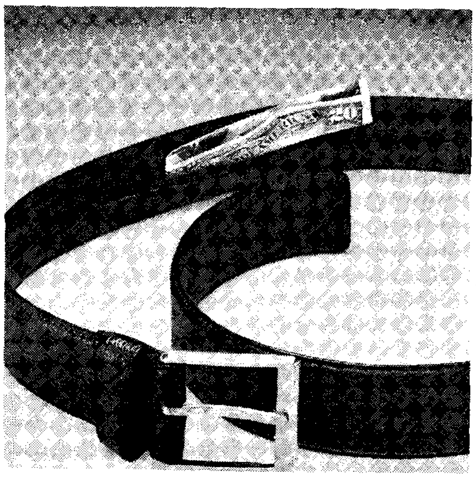

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background is authentic and instructive. The drawings are lovely. Highly recommended for ballet fans.

SPORT, by Louise Fitzhugh (Delacorte; $7.95). A very funny book written from the cynical viewpoint of an eleven-year-old boy called Sport, who lives in New York with his father, a lovable but improvident author. Sport is running the household, scrimping and saving to make ends meet, when he suddenly inherits thirty million dollars, inspiring an unwelcome surge of maternal love in his rapacious mother. Sport's efforts to evade her clutches result in a wild farce and a wonderfully satisfactory book. Its lack of any social message other than how to survive an inheritance of thirty million is only one of its many virtues.

THE KINGDOM OF WOLVES, by Scott Barry (Putnam; $8.95). New studies of wolves have given us a portrait quite different from that of the villainous animal of popular belief, but children still receive a great deal of anti-wolf propaganda in song and story. Ultimately, public opinion will decide whether wolves are to be allowed to survive. In the hope of gathering future pro-wolf votes, Scott Barry works to spread an enlightened view. This book contains a good summary of current scientific findings on the true nature of wolves, together with photographs, by the author, illustrating their complex family life.

THE ROAD FROM HOME: THE STORY OF AN ARMENIAN GIRL, by David Kherdian (Greenwillow; $8.95). As a child, the author's mother was living with her Armenian family in Turkey when the government decided to exterminate or deport every Armenian within its boundaries. The story of the little girl, Veron, begins with the moment "Heaven cracked and shattered over our lives, and we were abandoned by the sun and blown like scattered seed across the Arabian desert," and ends with her safe landing in Greece, whence at the age of seventeen she embarked for America as a mail-order bride, bound for a strange place called "Veeskahntzsun." Veron's story is more than a record of tragedies, horrors, and escapes. There is also dignity, simplicity, and a haunting view of Veron's people, which reminds us of the strength and the vulnerability of any minority at any place or time.

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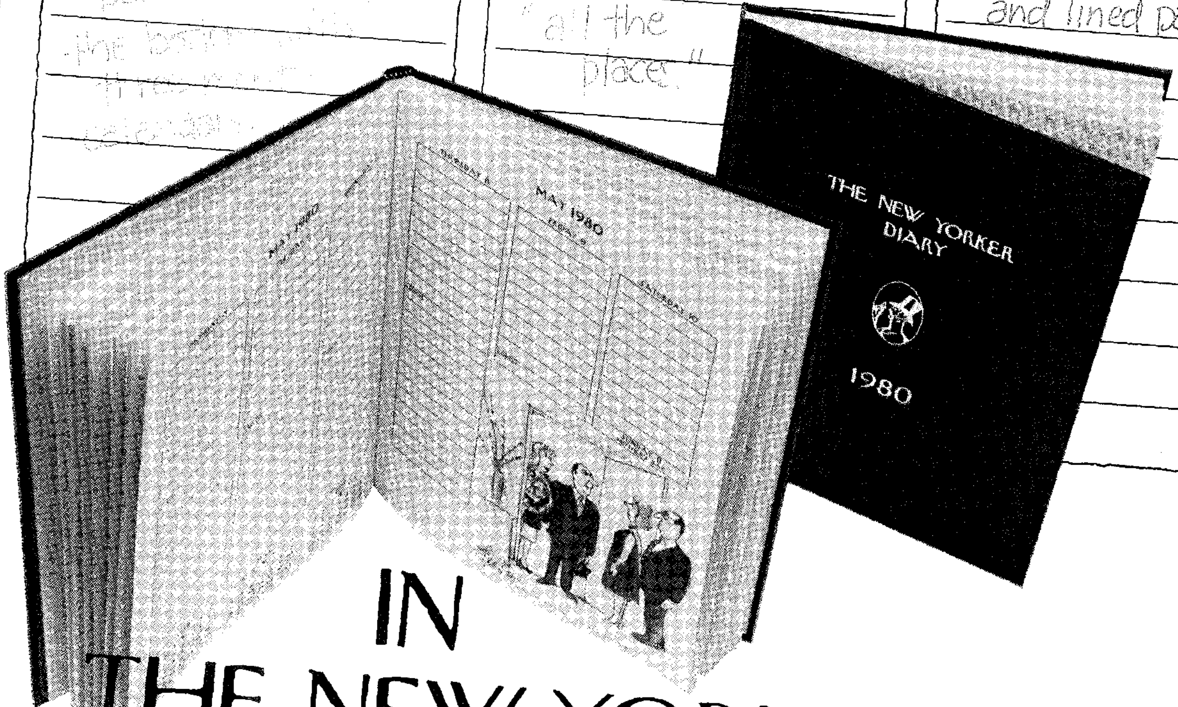

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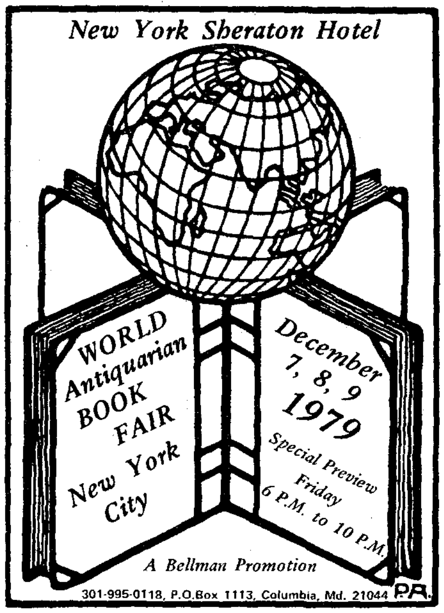

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and are captured by a goblinlike creature and brought to Fundindelve, last stronghold of the High Magic of olden days. Their help is enlisted by the great wizard Cadellin Silverbrow, guardian of the Cave of the Sleepers, where a king lies in enchanted sleep surrounded by his knights, each with his milk-white mare, waiting for the moment to wake and battle the spirit of Evil for possession of the world. The moment is close at hand, and the children are, of course, involved in the struggle. This fantasy of myth and magic is in the spirit of Tolkien but is in no way imitative. Garner is a fine and original writer, well known in England, where these stories were first published. They are enchanting books in every sense.

GAME'S END, by Milton Dank (Lippincott; $8.95). The hero of this novel of the Second World War is a nineteen-year-old French Resistance fighter who parachutes into German-occupied France and serves with the Allied forces through D Day, the liberation of Paris, and the final campaigns that brought down the Third Reich. This is no fantasy romance but a realistic and compelling story of personal adventure, much of it derived from the recollections of the author, who was a combat glider pilot with the First Allied Airborne Army in 1944-45, and later served as a liaison officer with the French authorities. The writing is clean and swift. "Game's End" is a sequel to "The Dangerous Game," in which the young hero fought with the Resistance.

TULKU, by Peter Dickinson (Dutton; $8.95). The year is 1900, the time of the Boxer Rebellion in China, and the scene is the high mountains on the Tibetan border. An American boy named Theodore, whose father, a missionary, has been killed by rebels, takes to the road, joining an eccentric English woman botanist, pregnant by her Chinese companion. The odd trio find their way to a gold-domed monastery where Theodore encounters what seem to him demonic powers. For their part, the monks believe that the unborn baby may be the reincarnated Holy Spirit—or Tulku—whose birth they have been expecting. This is a smashing adventure story, well written and filled with exotic atmosphere and information.

ARCHOSAURIA: A NEW LOOK AT THE OLD DINOSAUR, by John C. McLoughlin (Viking; $10.95). The blood of dinosaurs—hot or cold? The implications of the question are far-reaching. If, as some scientists now

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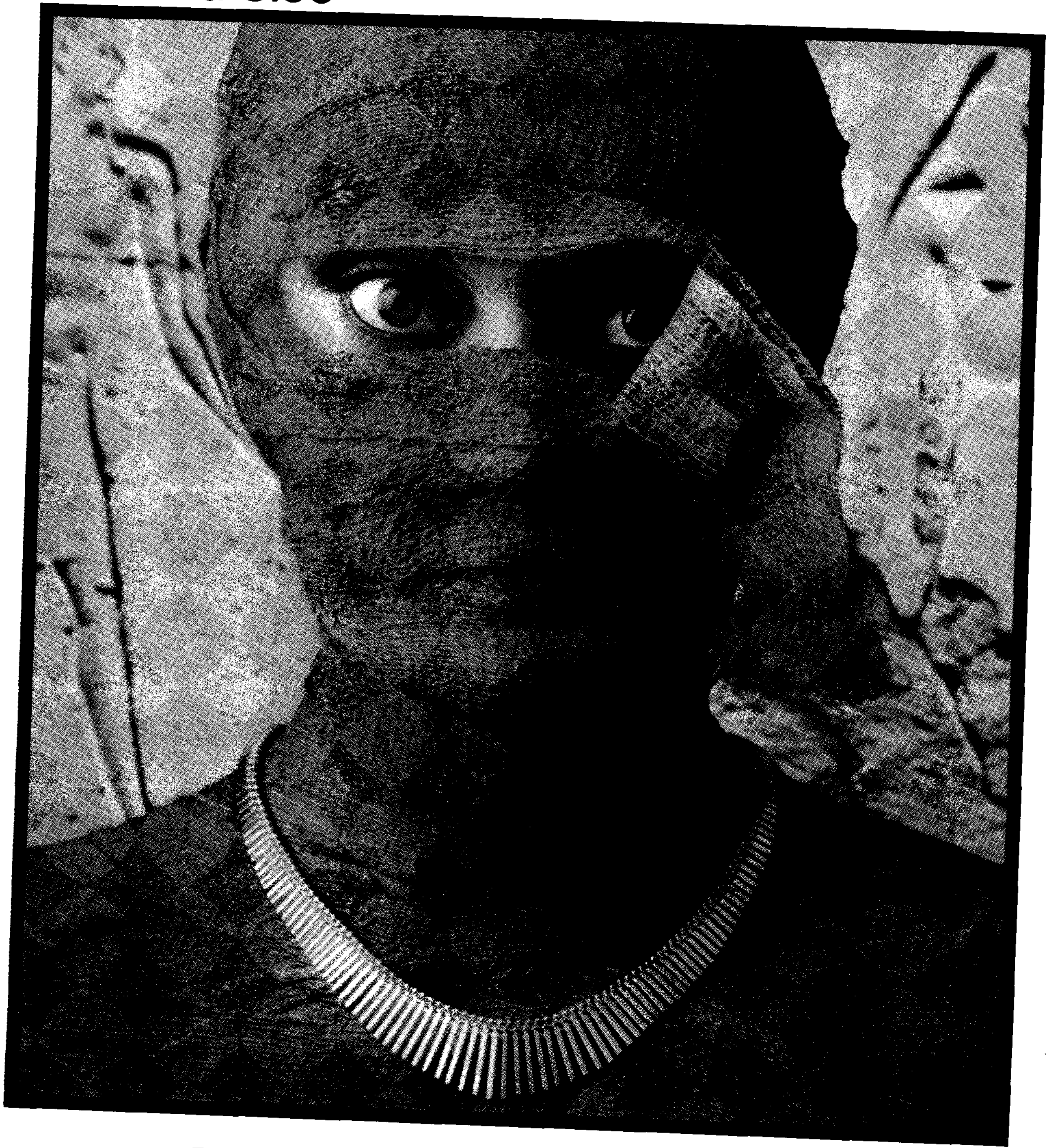

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suggest, dinosaurs were warm-blooded, our entire concept of their lost world must be revised. The author of this work—who leans toward hot—summarizes the evidence and, in doing so, describes many wondrous beasts. It is assumed that the reader has a working knowledge of basic biological theory and scientific language; some of the text may be tough going for those who do not. The illustrations, by the author, are dramatic and, as far as I am concerned, utterly convincing. Take a look at dromaeosaurus kicking its prey to death with its big toe.

LET us close with an attractive miscellany for assorted ages:

REVOLVING PICTURES: A REPRODUCTION FROM AN ANTIQUE BOOK, by Ernest Nister (Collins; $5.95). This little book, whose pictures can be magically altered by twirling a concealed disc, must have amused many a Victorian child when it was first published, in 1892. I cannot say what today's child will make of the angelic boys and girls portrayed here in sailor suits and sunbonnets or the antique nursery verses that accompany the pictures, but the trick is still a good one, and the book gave this reviewer a moment of sentimental delight.

THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE, by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; $7.95). This is a book without words, and it needs none. In a sequence of fine watercolors, almost photographic in detail, the growth of an English village is shown from the fourteenth century to the present time. Interior views of a house as it evolves from a thatched cottage are interspersed with views of the village crossroads. Tracing the changes wrought by each century is fun until we come to the final pages, and the inevitably shocking view of the village today, buried under traffic and ugly concrete. The book is more cheerful viewed backward, but either way it is an engaging piece of work.

HAUNTED HOUSE, by Jan Pieńkowski (Dutton; $7.95). Popup books are in vogue. Most are pretty dull, but this one is so wild and nutty that even though it is more Halloweenish than Yulish it might be the right thing for a Christmas stocking. Within the house, an octopus undulates in the kitchen sink, a bat flaps in the attic, and a gorilla rises out of an easy chair. These remarkable effects are the work of a "paper engineer" named Tor Lokvig; an ingenious man, Mr. Lokvig.

FROGS AND THE BALLET, by Donald Elliott, illustrated by Clinton Arro-

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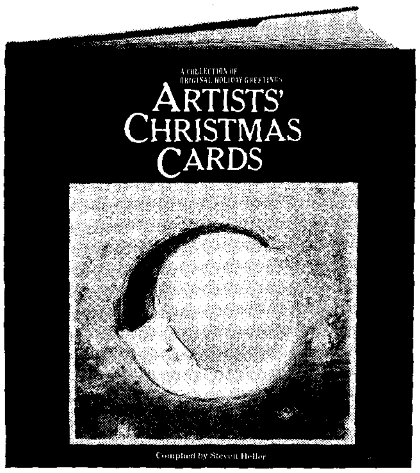
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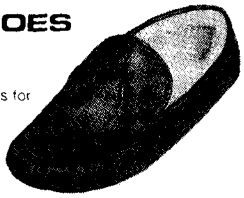

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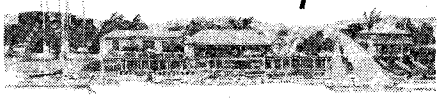

wood (Gambit; $9.95). If classical ballet were performed by frogs, the effect would be exactly what is depicted in these funny deadpan drawings—designed, the author says, "to whet your appetite for the ballet and, possibly, for the hitherto unsuspected elegance of the Family Ranidae." Frog dancers demonstrate the basic positions and movements and, not incidentally, the fine line between the sublime and the ridiculous. The text does the same. This book is the sequel to a look at music as performed by an orchestra of alligators.

The Little House Cookbook, by Barbara M. Walker, illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper & Row; $8.95). Throughout Laura Ingalls Wilder's stories—"Little House in the Big Woods" and its sequels—a great deal happens in the kitchen. Feeding the family was a never-ending and usually cheerful task about which much else in frontier life revolved. Mrs. Wilder often gives detailed descriptions of how food was prepared by pioneer cooks in the eighteen-sixties and seventies, and tantalizing descriptions of how good it tasted. Mrs. Walker has gathered together many of these passages, along with appropriate recipes, so that Wilder fans can explore for themselves the delights of old-time cooking—a brilliant notion intelligently carried out. Chicken pie that had simmered for five hours amid growing skepticism in one test kitchen was pronounced divine even by those who had never read a "Little House" book.

The Story of American Photography: An Illustrated History for Young People, by Martin W. Sandler (Little, Brown; $16.95). Said to be the first history of photography for "young people," this book does its job superbly. It is large—over three hundred pages—and elegantly made. The photographs—more than two hundred of them—instantly draw the reader in. The text describes how photography evolved from its beginnings, in 1839, and sketches the lives of eminent photographers, from Brady to the present. An informative and very beautiful book.

Enchanted World: Pictures to Grow Up With, by Bryan Holme (Oxford; $9.95). As the subtitle implies, this is a collection of fine art, selected from many periods and places, and designed to catch the interest of a child and make the point that the ways artists record the world are numberless. There are ninety-six illustrations, forty-four in color, of works ranging from the Bayeux Tapestry to

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an Alexander Calder, loosely held together by captions that form a simple, chatty text. The reproduction is excellent. The pictures are almost all masterpieces, from a wide variety of genres, and they make exciting viewing.

PEOPLE AND SPACES: A VIEW OF HISTORY THROUGH ARCHITECTURE, by Anita Abramovitz, illustrated by Susannah Kelly (Viking; $14.95). Ever since human beings left caves for shelters of their own making, they have been as busy as ants building variations on the theme of four walls and a roof, with each structure, town, and city reflecting its time and culture as intimately as handwriting reflects a person. Mrs. Abramovitz describes how buildings ranging from thatched huts to Greek temples, Gothic cathedrals, and Manhattan skyscrapers came to be. The book is said to be for those over twelve. Though it is written clearly, it makes no juvenile concessions; the right reader will be greatly rewarded.

THE NEW YORK KID'S BOOK (Doubleday; $8.95). A wonderful compendium of just about everything concerning the city which could possibly amuse and interest a child. It was conceived as a gift to the children's rooms of the New York Public Library, and they will receive the first two years' royalties. A hundred and sixty-nine children's writers and artists have contributed bits and pieces—stories, poems, games, jokes, odd or useful facts, and practical advice on how to have fun in the city. There are bits of history, too. Excerpts from the diary of a ten-year-old girl who lived in New York in 1849 are haunting: "I am still living in our Ninth Street house. It is a beautiful house and has glass sliding doors with birds of Paradise sitting on palm trees painted on them. And back of our dining room is a piazza, and a grape vine . . . Fifth Avenue is very muddy above Eighteenth Street . . . We had a picnic on the grounds of Mr. Waddell's country seat [at the corner of Thirty-seventh Street] and it was so muddy I spoiled my new light cloth gaiter boots." —FAITH MCNULTY

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Media guru David Garth, who said no to both Kennedy and Carter camps, thinks it's much too early to make any predictions about the presidential race—in either party.

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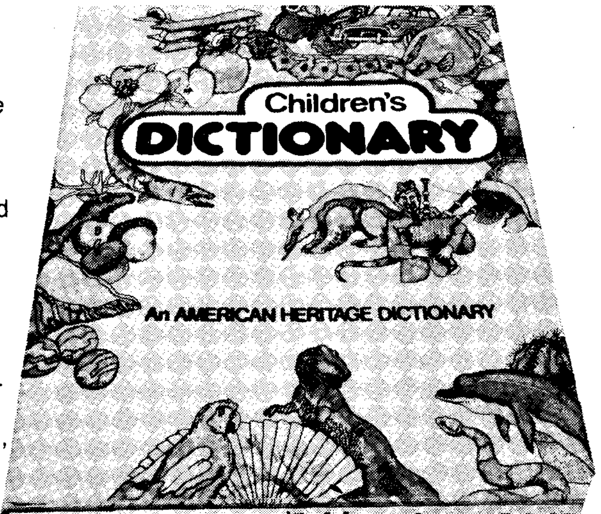

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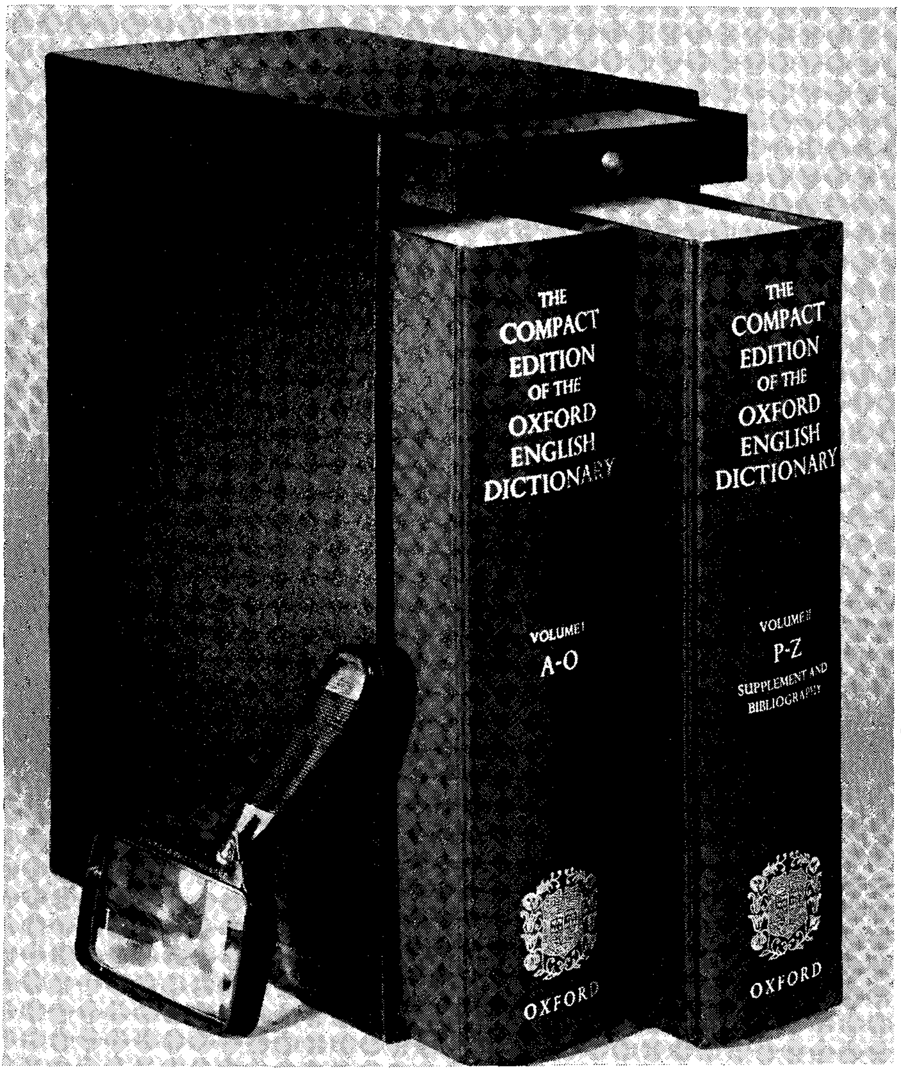
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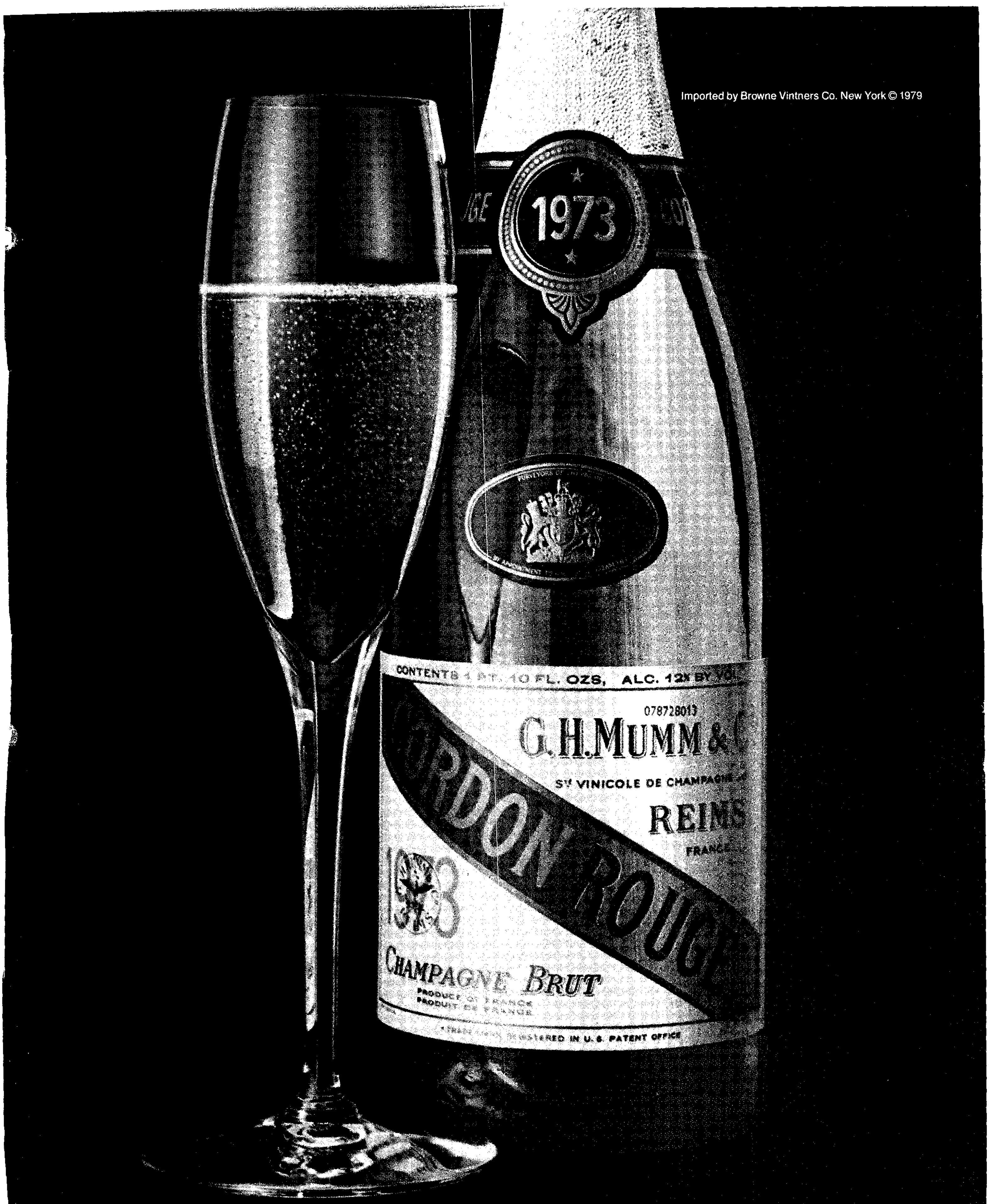
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